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Terence
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The Complete Works of
TERENCE

(c.195–159 BC)



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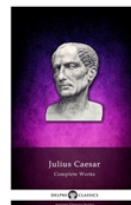
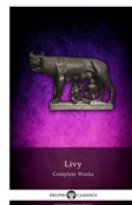
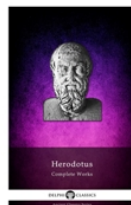
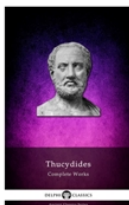


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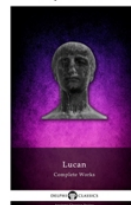
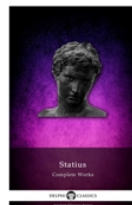
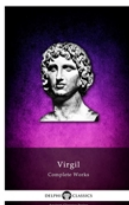
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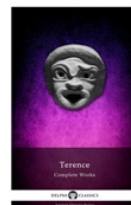
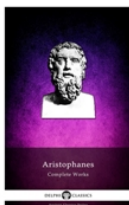
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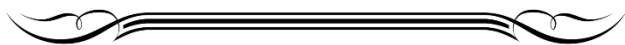
By Delphi Classics, 2013

The Translations



Ancient Carthage — believed to be the birthplace of Publius Terentius Afer, whose mother was a Carthaginian slave

THE GIRL FROM ANDROS



Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

This comedy was Terence's first play, which was based on a Greek original by the Athenian playwright Menander, who flourished over a hundred and fifty years before Terence's time. Roman art often looked back to Greek models for inspiration and the master of New Comedy, Menander, was always a popular choice with audiences. *The Girl from Andros* was first performed at Rome in 170 BC.

Unlike the mythical or fantasy-themed farces of Old Comedy, of which genre Aristophanes was the undoubted master, New Comedy instead offered tales of modern life, where everyday characters were faced with social issues and comedic complications. These plays often featured the reckless sons of noblemen and their unlucky romantic relationships, cunning slaves that try their hardest to help their masters — often with hilarious consequences — and long-lost relatives eventually being reunited with their families and other similar 'twist-at-the-end' events.

The Girl from Andros introduces the character Pamphilus, who has promised to wed Glycerium, a low-born girl from the Greek island of Andros. However, Pamphilus' father Simo is aware of his son's intentions and arranges a 'fake' wedding to a rich noblewoman in order to test the loyalty of his son and his devious slave Davus.



An original papyrus fragment of Menander's play

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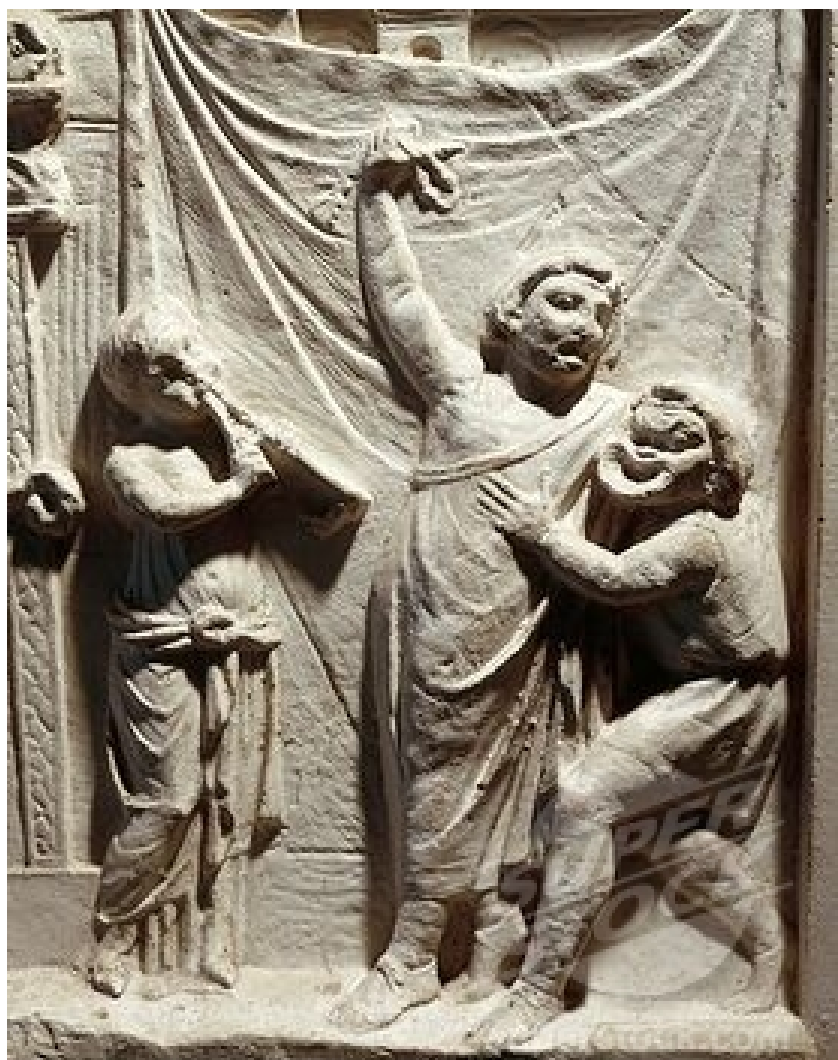
Scene III.

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Scene VII.



A Roman relief depicting a scene from this play

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Simo, an aged Athenian.

Pamphilus, son of Simo.

Sosia, freedman of Simo.

Chremes, an aged Athenian.

Charinus, a young Athenian, in love with Philumena.

Crito, a native of Andros.

Davus, servant of Simo.

Dromo, servant of Simo.

Byrrhia, servant of Charinus.

Glycerium, a young woman beloved by Pamphilus.

Mysis, her maid-servant.

Lesbia, a midwife.

Scene. — Athens; before the houses of Simo and Glycerium.

THE SUBJECT.

Chremes and Phania were brothers, citizens of Athens. Chremes going to Asia, leaves his daughter, Pasibula, in the care of his brother Phania, who, afterward setting sail with Pasibula for Asia, is wrecked off the Isle of Andros. Escaping with their lives, they are kindly received by a native of the island; and Phania soon afterward dies there. The Andrian changes the name of the girl to Glycerium, and brings her up, as his own child, with his daughter Chrysis. On his death, Chrysis and Glycerium sail for Athens to seek their fortune there. Chrysis being admired by several Athenian youths, Pamphilus, the son of Simo, an opulent citizen, chances to see Glycerium, and falls violently in love with her. She afterward becomes pregnant by him, on which he makes her a promise of marriage. In the mean time, Chremes, who is now living at Athens, and is ignorant of the fate of Pasibula, agrees with Simo, the father of Pamphilus, to give Philumena, another daughter, in marriage to Pamphilus. While these arrangements are being made, Chrysis dies; on which Simo accidentally discovers his son's connection with Glycerium. Chremes, also coming to hear of it, declines the match, having no idea that Glycerium is really his own daughter. Simo, however, in order to test his son's feelings, resolves to pretend that the marriage-day is fixed. Meeting Pamphilus in the town, he desires him to go home and prepare for the wedding, which is to take place immediately. In his perplexity, the youth has recourse to his servant Davus, who, having heard of the refusal of Chremes, suspects the design of Simo. At this conjuncture, Charinus, a friend of Pamphilus, who is enamored of Philumena, but has been rejected by her father, entreats Pamphilus to put off the marriage, for at least a few days. Disclosing his own aversion to the match, Pamphilus readily engages to do this. In order the more effectually to break it off, Davus advises Pamphilus to pretend a readiness to comply with his father's wishes, supposing that of course Chremes will steadily persist in his refusal. Pamphilus does as he is advised, on which Simo again applies to Chremes, who, after some entreaty, gives his consent. Just at this conjuncture, Glycerium is delivered of a son; and by the advice of

Davus, it is laid before the door of Simo's house. Chremes happening to see it there, and ascertaining that Pamphilus is its father, again refuses to give him his daughter. At this moment, Crito, a native of Andros, arrives, who, being a relative of Chrysis, has come to Athens to look after her property. Through him, Chremes discovers that Glycerium is no other than his long-lost daughter, Pasibula; on which he consents to her immediate marriage with Pamphilus, who promises Charinus that he will use his best endeavors to obtain for him the hand of Philumena.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

Performed at the Megalensian Games; M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio being Curule Æediles. Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music, to a pair of treble flutes and bass flutes alternately. And it is entirely Grecian. Published — M. Marcellus and Cneius Sulpicius being Consuls.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

Pamphilus seduces Glycerium, wrongfully supposed to be a sister of a Courtesan, an Andrian by birth; and she having become pregnant, he gives his word that she shall be his wife; but his father has engaged for him another, the daughter of Chremes; and when he discovers the intrigue he pretends that the nuptials are about to take place, desiring to learn what intentions his son may have. By the advice of Davus, Pamphilus does not resist; but Chremes, as soon as he has seen the little child born of Glycerium, breaks off the match, *and* declines him for a son-in-law. Afterward, this Glycerium, unexpectedly discovered *to be* his own daughter, he bestows as a wife on Pamphilus, the other on Charinus.

THE PROLOGUE.

The poet, when first he applied his mind to writing, thought that the only duty which devolved on him was, that the Plays he should compose might please the public. But he perceives that it has fallen out entirely otherwise; for he is wasting his labor in writing Prologues, not for the purpose of relating the plot, but to answer the slanders of a malevolent old Poet. Now I beseech you, give your attention to the thing which they impute as a fault. Menander composed the Andrian and the Perinthian. He who knows either of them well, will know them both; they are in plot not very different, and yet they have been composed in different language and style. What suited, he confesses he has transferred into the Andrian from the Perinthian, and has employed them as his own. These parties censure this proceeding; and on this point they differ *from him*, that Plays ought not to be mixed up together. By being *thus* knowing, do they not show that they know nothing at all? For while they are censuring him, they are censuring Nævius, Plautus, *and* Ennius, whom our *Poet* has for his precedents; whose carelessness he prefers to emulate, rather than the mystifying carefulness of those parties. Therefore, I advise them to be quiet in future, and to cease to slander; that they may not be made acquainted with their own misdeeds. Be well disposed, then; attend with unbiased mind, and consider the matter, that you may determine what hope is left; whether the Plays which he shall in future compose anew, are to be witnessed, or are rather to be driven off *the stage*.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Simo and Sosia, followed by Servants carrying provisions.

Simo (*to the Servants.*) Do you carry those things away in-doors; begone. (*Beckoning to Sosia.*) Sosia, just step here; I want a few words with you.

Sosia. Consider it as said; that these things are to be taken care of, I suppose.

Sim. No, it's another matter.

Sos. What is there that my ability can effect for you more than this?

Sim. There's no need of that ability in the matter which I have in hand; but of those *qualities* which I have ever known as existing in you, fidelity and secrecy.

Sos. I await your will.

Sim. Since I purchased you, you know that, from a little child, your servitude with me has always been easy and light. From a slave I made you my freedman; for this reason, because you served me with readiness. The greatest recompense that I possessed, I bestowed upon you.

Sos. I bear it in mind.

Sim. I am not changed.

Sos. If I have done or am doing aught that is pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad that it has been done; and that the same has been gratifying to you, I consider *sufficient* thanks. But this is a cause of uneasiness to me; for the recital is, as it were, a censure to one forgetful of a kindness. But tell me, in one word, what it is that you want with me.

Sim. I'll do so. In the first place, in this affair I give you notice: this, which you suppose to be such, is not a real marriage.

Sos. Why do you pretend it then?

Sim. You shall hear all the matter from the beginning; by that means you'll be acquainted with both my son's mode of life and my own design, and what I want you to do in this affair. For after he had passed youthfulness, Sosia, and had obtained free scope of living, (for before, how could you know or understand his disposition, while *youthful* age, fear, *and* a master were checking him?) —

Sos. That's true.

Sim. What all young men, for the most part, do, — devote their attention to some particular pursuit, either to training horses or dogs for hunting, or to the philosophers; in not one of these did he engage in particular beyond the rest, and yet in all of them in a moderate degree. I was pleased.

Sos. Not without reason; for this I deem in life to be especially advantageous; that *one do* nothing to excess.

Sim. Such was his mode of life; readily to bear and to comply with all; with whomsoever he was in company, to them to resign himself; to devote himself to their pursuits; at variance with no one; never preferring himself to them. Thus most readily you may acquire praise without envy, and gain friends.

Sos. He has wisely laid down his rule of life; for in these days obsequiousness begets friends; sincerity, dislike.

Sim. Meanwhile, three years ago, a certain woman from Andros removed hither into this neighborhood, driven by poverty and the neglect of her relations, of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.

Sos. Ah! I'm afraid that this Andrian will bring some mischief.

Sim. At first, in a modest way, she passed her life with thriftiness and in hardship, seeking a livelihood with her wool and loom. But after an admirer made advances, promising her a recompense, *first* one and then another; as the disposition of all mankind has a downward tendency from industry toward pleasure, she accepted their proposals, *and* then began to trade *upon her beauty*. Those who then were her admirers, by chance, as it *often* happens, took my son thither that he might be in their company. Forthwith I *said* to myself, "He is surely caught; he is smitten." In the morning I used to observe their servant-boys coming or going away; I used to make inquiry, "Here, my lad, tell me, will you, who had Chrysis yesterday?" for that was the name of the Andrian (*touching Sosia on the arm*).

Sos. I understand.

Sim. Phædrus, or Clinias, or Niceratus, they used to say; for these three then loved her at the same time. "Well now, what *did* Pamphilus *do*?" "What? He gave his contribution; he took part in the dinner." Just so on another day I made inquiry, but I discovered nothing whatever that affected Pamphilus. In fact, I thought him sufficiently proved, and a great pattern of continence; for he who is brought into contact with dispositions of that sort, and his feelings are not aroused even under such circumstances, you may be sure that he is already capable of undertaking the governance of his own life. This pleased me, and every body with one voice *began* to say all *kinds of* flattering things, and to extol my *good* fortune, in having a son endowed with such a disposition. What need is there of talking? Chremes, influenced by this report, came to me of his own accord, to offer his only daughter as a wife to my son, with a very large portion. It pleased me; I betrothed him; this was the day appointed for the nuptials.

Sos. What then stands in the way? Why should they not take place?

Sim. You shall hear. In about a few days after these things had been agreed on, Chrysis, this neighbor, dies.

Sos. Bravo! You've made me happy. I was afraid for him on account of Chrysis.

Sim. Then my son was often there, with those who had admired Chrysis; with them he took charge of the funeral; sorrowful, in the mean time, he sometimes wept *with them* in condolence. Then that pleased me. Thus I reflected: "He by reason of this slight intimacy takes her death so much to heart; what if he himself had wooed her? What will he do for me his father?" All these things I took to be the duties of a humane disposition and of tender feelings. Why do I detain you with many *words*? Even I myself, for his sake, went forth to the funeral, as yet suspecting no harm.

Sos. Ha! what is this?

Sim. You shall know. She is brought out; we proceed. In the mean time, among the females who were there present, I saw by chance one young woman of beauteous form.

Sos. Very likely.

Sim. And of countenance, Sosia, so modest, so charming, that nothing could surpass. As she appeared to me to lament beyond the rest, and as she was of a figure handsome and genteel beyond the other women, I approached the female attendants; I inquired who she was. They said that she was the sister of Chrysis. It instantly struck my mind: "Ay, ay, this is it; hence those tears, hence that sympathy."

Sos. How I dread what you are coming to!

Sim. The funeral procession meanwhile advances; we follow; we come to the burying-place. She is placed upon the pile; they weep. In the mean time, this sister, whom I mentioned, approached the flames too incautiously, with considerable danger. There, at that moment, Pamphilus, in his extreme alarm, discovers his well-dissembled and long-hidden passion; he runs up, clasps the damsel by the waist. "My Glycerium," says he, "what are you doing? Why are you going to destroy yourself?" Then she, so that you might easily recognize their

habitual attachment, weeping, threw herself back upon him — how affectionately!

Sos. What do you say?

Sim. I returned thence in anger, and hurt at heart: and *yet there was* not sufficient ground for reproving him. He might say; “What have I done? How have I deserved *this*, or offended, father? She who wished to throw herself into the flames, I prevented; I saved her.” The defense is a reasonable one.

Sos. You judge aright; for if you censure him who has assisted to preserve life, what are you to do to him who causes loss or misfortune *to it*?

Sim. Chremes comes to me next day, exclaiming: “Disgraceful conduct!” — that he had ascertained that Pamphilus was keeping this foreign woman as a wife. I steadfastly denied that to be the fact. He insisted that it was the fact. In short, I then left him refusing to bestow his daughter.

Sos. Did not you then *reprove* your son?

Sim. Not even this was a cause sufficiently strong for censuring him.

Sos. How so? Tell me.

Sim. “You yourself, father,” *he might say*, “have prescribed a limit to these proceedings. *The time* is near, when I must live according to the humor of another; meanwhile, for the present allow me to live according to my own.”

Sos. What room for reproving him, then, is there left?

Sim. If on account of his amour he shall decline to take a wife, that, in the first place, is an offense on his part to be censured. And now for this am I using my endeavors, that, by means of the pretended marriage, there may be real ground for rebuking him, if he should

refuse; at the same time, that if *that* rascal Davus has any scheme, he may exhaust it now, while *his* knaveries can do no harm: who, I do believe, with hands, feet, *and* all his might, will do every thing; and more for this, no doubt, that he may do me an ill turn, than to oblige my son.

Sos. For what reason?

Sim. Do you ask? Bad heart, bad disposition. Whom, however, if I do detect — But what need is there of talking? If it should turn out, as I wish, that there is no delay on the part of Pamphilus, Chremes remains to be prevailed upon by me; and I do hope that all will go well. Now it's your duty to pretend these nuptials cleverly, to terrify Davus; and watch my son, what he's about, what schemes he is planning with him.

Sos. 'Tis enough; I'll take care; now let's go in-doors.

Sim. You go first; I'll follow.

Sosia goes into the house of Simo.

Sim. (to himself.) There's no doubt but that my son doesn't wish for a wife; so alarmed did I perceive Davus to be just now, when he heard that there was going to be a marriage. But the very man is coming out of the house.

Stands aside.

Scene II.

Enter Davus from the house of Simo.

Dav. (aloud to himself.) I was wondering if this matter was to go off thus; and was continually dreading where my master's good humor would end; for, after he had heard that a wife would not be given to his son, he never uttered a word to any one of us, or took it amiss.

Sim. (apart, overhearing him.) But now he'll do *so*: and that, I fancy, not without heavy cost to you.

Dav. (to himself.) He meant this, that we, thus unsuspecting, should be led away by delusive joy; that now in hope, *all* fear being removed, we might during our supineness be surprised, so that there might be no time for planning a rupture of the marriage. How clever!

Sim. (apart.) The villain! what does he say?

Dav. (overhearing him, to himself.) It's my master, and I didn't see him.

Sim. Davus.

Dav. Well, what is it?

Sim. Just step this way to me.

Dav. (to himself.) What does he want?

Sim. What are you saying?

Dav. About what?

Sim. Do you ask the question? There's a report that my son's in love.

Dav. The public troubles itself about that, of course.

Sim. Will you attend to this, or not?

Dav. Certainly, I *will*, to that.

Sim. But for me to inquire now into these matters, were the part of a severe father. For what he has done hitherto, doesn't concern me at all. So long as his time *of life* prompted to that course, I allowed him to indulge his inclination: now this day brings on another mode of life, demands other habits. From this time forward, I do request, or if it is reasonable, I do entreat you, Davus, that he may now return to the *right* path.

Dav. (aside.) What can this mean?

Sim. All who are intriguing take it ill to have a wife given them.

Dav. So they say.

Sim. And if any one has adopted a bad instructor in that course, he generally urges the enfeebled mind to pursuits still more unbecoming.

Dav. I'faith, I do not comprehend.

Sim. No? Ha ——

Dav. No — I am Davus, not Œdipus.

Sim. Of course then, you wish me to speak plainly in what further I have to say.

Dav. Certainly, by all means.

Sim. If I this day find out that you are attempting any trickery about this marriage, to the end that it may not take place; or are desirous that in this matter it should be proved how knowing you are; I'll hand you over, Davus, beaten with stripes, to the mill, even to your dying day, upon this condition and pledge, that if *ever* I release you, I shall grind in your place. Now, do you understand this? Or not yet

even this?

Dav. Yes, perfectly: you have now spoken so plainly upon the subject, you have not used the least circumlocution.

Sim. In any thing would I more willingly allow myself to be imposed upon than in this matter.

Dav. Fair words, I entreat.

Sim. You are ridiculing *me*: you don't at all deceive me. I give you warning, don't act rashly, and don't say you were not warned. Take care.

Shaking his stick, goes into the house.

Scene III.

Davus alone.

Dav. (to himself.) Assuredly, Davus, there's no room for slothfulness or inactivity, so far as I've just now ascertained the old man's mind about the marriage; which if it is not provided against by cunning, will be bringing either myself or my master to ruin. What to do, I am not determined; whether I should assist Pamphilus or obey the old man. If I desert the former, I fear for his life; if I assist him, I *dread* the other's threats, on whom it will be a difficult matter to impose. In the first place, he has now found out about this amour; with hostile feelings he watches me, lest I should be devising some trickery against the marriage. If he discovers it, I'm undone; or even *if* he chooses to allege any pretext, whether rightfully or wrongfully, he will consign me headlong to the mill. To these evils this one is besides added for me. This Andrian, whether she is *his* wife, or whether *his* mistress, is pregnant by Pamphilus. It is worth while to hear their effrontery; for it is an undertaking *worthy* of those in their dotage, not of those who dote in love; whatever she shall bring forth, they have resolved to rear; and they are now contriving among themselves a certain scheme, that she is a citizen of Attica. There was formerly a certain old man of this place, a merchant; he was shipwrecked off the Isle of Andros; he died. *They say* that there, the father of Chrysis, on that occasion, sheltered this girl, thrown on shore, an orphan, a little child. What nonsense! To myself at least it isn't very probable; the fiction pleases them, however. But Mysis is coming out of the house. Now I'll *betake* myself hence to the Forum, that I may meet with Pamphilus, lest his father should take him by surprise about this matter.

Exit.

Scene IV.

Enter Mysis from the house of Glycerium.

Mys. (speaking at the door to Archylis within.) I've heard you already, Archylis; you request Lesbia to be fetched. Really, upon my faith, she is a wine-bibbing and a rash woman, and not sufficiently trustworthy for you to commit to her care a female at her first delivery; is she still to be brought? *(She receives an answer from within, and comes forward.)* Do look at the inconsiderateness of the old woman; because she is her pot-companion. Ye Gods, I do entreat you, give her ease in her delivery, and to that woman an opportunity of making her mistakes elsewhere in preference. But why do I see Pamphilus so out of spirits? I fear what it may be. I'll wait, that I may know whether this sorrow portends any disaster.

Stands apart.

Scene V.

Enter Pamphilus, wringing his hands.

Pam. (to himself.) Is it humane to do or to devise this? Is this the duty of a father?

Mys. (apart.) What does this mean?

Pam. (to himself.) O, by our faith in the Gods! what is, if this is not, an indignity? He had resolved that he himself would give me a wife to-day; ought I not to have known this beforehand? Ought it not to have been mentioned previously?

Mys. (apart.) Wretched me! What language do I hear?

Pam. (to himself.) What *does* Chremes *do*? He who had declared that he would not intrust his daughter to me as a wife; because he *himself* sees me unchanged he has changed. Thus perversely does he lend his aid, that he may withdraw wretched me from Glycerium. If this is effected, I am utterly undone. That any man should be so unhappy in love, or *so* unfortunate as I am! Oh, faith of Gods and men! shall I by no device be able to escape *this* alliance with Chremes? In how many ways *am* I contemned, *and* held in scorn? Every thing done, *and* concluded! Alas! *once* rejected I am sought again; for what reason? Unless perhaps it is this, which I suspect it is: they are rearing some monster, *and* as she can not be pushed off upon any one *else*, they have recourse to me.

Mys. (apart.) This language has terrified wretched me with apprehension.

Pam. (to himself.) But what am I to say about my father? Alas! that he should so thoughtlessly conclude an affair of such importance! Passing me in the Forum just now, he said, "Pamphilus, you must be married to-day: get ready; be off home." He seemed to me to say this: "Be off this instant, and go hang yourself." I was amazed; think

you that I was able to utter a single word, or any excuse, even a frivolous, false, *or* lame one? I was speechless. But if any one were to ask me now what I would have done, if I had known this sooner, *why*, I would have done any thing rather than do this. But now, what course shall I first adopt? So many cares beset me, which rend my mind to pieces; love, sympathy for her, the worry of this marriage; then, respect for my father, who has ever, until now, with such an indulgent disposition, allowed me to do whatever was agreeable to my feelings. Ought I to oppose him? Ah me! I am in uncertainty what to do.

Mys. (apart.) I'm wretchedly afraid how this uncertainty is to terminate. But now there's an absolute necessity, either for him to speak to her, or for me *to speak* to him about her. While the mind is in suspense, it is swayed by a slight impulse one way or the other.

Pam. (overhearing her.) Who is it speaking here? (*Seeing her.*) Mysis? Good-morrow to you.

Mys. Oh! Good-morrow to you, Pamphilus.

Pam. How is she?

Mys. Do you ask? She is oppressed with grief, and on this account the poor thing is anxious, because some time ago the marriage was arranged for this day. Then, too, she fears this, that you may forsake her.

Pam. Ha! could I attempt that? Could I suffer her, poor thing, to be deceived on my account? She, who has confided to me her affection, and her entire existence? She, whom I have held especially dear to my feelings as my wife? Shall I suffer her mind, well and chastely trained and tutored, to be overcome by poverty and corrupted? I will not do it.

Mys. I should have no fear if it rested with yourself alone; but whether you may be able to withstand compulsion —

Pam. Do you deem me so cowardly, so utterly ungrateful, inhuman, *and* so brutish, that neither intimacy, nor affection, nor shame, can move or admonish me to keep faith?

Mys. This one thing I know, that she is deserving that you should not forget her.

Pam. Forget her? Oh Mysis, Mysis, at this moment are those words of Chrysis concerning Glycerium written on my mind. Now at the point of death, she called me; I went to her; you had withdrawn; we were alone; she began: "My dear Pamphilus, you see her beauty and her *youth*; and it is not unknown to you to what extent both of these are now of use to her, in protecting both her chastity and her interests. By this right hand I do entreat you, and by your *good* Genius, by your own fidelity, and by her bereft condition, do not withdraw yourself from her, or forsake her; if I have loved you as my own brother, or if she has always prized you above all others, or has been obedient to you in all things. You do I give to her as a husband, friend, protector, father. This property of mine do I intrust to you, and commit to your care." She placed her in my hands; that instant, death came upon her. I accepted her; having accepted, I will protect her.

Mys. So indeed I hope. (*Moving.*)

Pam. But why are you leaving her?

Mys. I'm going to fetch the midwife.

Pam. Make all haste. And — do you hear? — take care, *and* not one word about the marriage, lest that too *should add* to her illness.

Mys. I understand.

Exeunt severally.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Charinus and Byrrhia.

Char. How say you, Byrrhia? Is she to be given in marriage to Pamphilus to-day?

Byr. It is so.

Char. How do you know?

Byr. I heard *it* just now from Davus at the Forum.

Char. Woe unto wretched me! As, hitherto, until now, my mind has been racked amid hope and fear; so, since hope has been withdrawn, wearied with care, it sinks overwhelmed.

Byr. By my troth, Charinus, since that which you wish can not come to pass, prithee, do wish that which can.

Char. I wish for nothing else but Philumena.

Byr. Alas! How much better were it for you to endeavor to expel that passion from your mind, than to be saying that by which your desire is to no purpose still more inflamed.

Char. We all, when we are well, with ease give good advice to the sick. If you were in my situation, you would think otherwise.

Byr. Well, well, just as you like.

Char. (*looking down the side scene.*) But I see Pamphilus; I'm determined I'll try every thing before I despair.

Byr. (*aside*) What does he mean?

Char. I will entreat his own self; I will supplicate him; I will disclose to him my love. I think that I shall prevail upon him to put off the

marriage for some days at least; in the mean time, something will turn up, I trust.

Byr. That something is nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, how seems it to you? Shall I accost him?

Byr. Why not? Should you not prevail, that at least he may look upon you as a gallant *ready* provided for him, if he marries her.

Char. Away with you to perdition with that vile suggestion, you rascal!

Scene II.

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. I espy Charinus. (*Accosting him.*) Good-morrow!

Char. O, good-morrow. Pamphilus, I'm come to you, seeking hope, safety, counsel, *and* assistance.

Pam. I'faith, I have neither time for counsel, nor resources for assistance. But what's the matter now?

Char. To-day you are going to take a wife?

Pam. So they say.

Char. Pamphilus, if you do that, you behold me this day for the last time.

Pam. Why so?

Char. Ah me! I dread to tell it; prithee, do you tell it, Bvrrhia.

Byr. I'll tell it.

Pam. What is it?

Byr. He's in love with your betrothed.

Pam. Assuredly he's not of my way of thinking. Come now, tell me, have you had any more *to do* with her, Charinus?

Char. Oh Pamphilus, nothing.

Pam. How much I wish *you had*.

Char. Now, by our friendship and by my affection, I do beseech you, in the first place, not to marry her.

Pam. For my own part I'll use my endeavors.

Char. But if that can not be, or if this marriage is agreeable to you —

Pam. Agreeable to me?

Char. Put it off for some days at least, while I go elsewhere, that I may not be witness.

Pam. Now listen, once for all: I think it, Charinus, to be by no means the part of an ingenuous man, when he confers nothing, to expect that it should be considered as an obligation on his part. I am more desirous to avoid this match, than you to gain it.

Char. You have restored me to life.

Pam. Now, if you can do any thing, either you yourself, or Byrrhia here, manage, fabricate, invent, contrive *some means*, whereby she may be given to you; this I shall aim at, how she may not be given to me.

Char. I am satisfied.

Pam. Most opportunely I perceive Davus, on whose advice I have depended.

Char. (*turning to Byrrhia.*) But you, i'faith, *tell* me nothing, except those things which there is no need for knowing. (*Pushing him away.*) Get you gone from here.

Byr. Certainly I *will*, and with all my heart.

Exit.

Scene III.

Enter Davus in haste.

Dav. (not seeing Pamphilus and Charinus.) Ye gracious Gods, what good news I bring! But where shall I find Pamphilus, that I may remove the apprehension in which he now is, and fill his mind with joy — ?

Char. (apart to Pamphilus.) He's rejoiced about something, I don't know what.

Pam. (apart.) It's of no consequence; he hasn't yet heard of these misfortunes.

Dav. (to himself.) For I do believe now, if he has already heard that a marriage is prepared for him —

Char. (apart.) Don't you hear him?

Dav. (to himself.) He is seeking me distractedly all the city over. But where shall I look for him? Or in which direction now first to betake me —

Char. (apart to Pamphilus.) Do you hesitate to accost him?

Dav. (to himself.) I have it. (*Moving on.*)

Pam. Davus, come here! Stop!

Dav. Who's the person that's — (*Turning round.*) O Pamphilus, you are the very man I'm looking for. Well done, Charinus! both in the nick of time: I want you *both*.

Char. Davus, I'm undone!

Dav. Nay but, do hear this.

Pam. I'm utterly ruined!

Dav. I know what you are afraid of.

Char. I'faith, my life indeed is really in danger.

Dav. (*to Charinus.*) And what you *are afraid of*, I know.

Pam. My marriage —

Dav. As if I did not know it?

Pam. This day —

Dav. Why keep dinning me *with it*, when I know it all? (*To Pamphilus.*) This are you afraid of, lest you should marry her; and you (*to Charinus,*) lest you should not marry her.

Char. You understand the matter.

Pam. That's the very thing.

Dav. And that very thing is in no danger; trust me for that.

Pam. I do entreat you, release wretched me as soon as possible from this apprehension.

Dav. Well, then, I will release you; Chremes is not going to give you his daughter at present.

Pam. How do you know?

Dav. You shall know. Your father just now laid hold of me; he said that a wife was to be given you to-day, and many other things as well, which just now I haven't time to relate. Hastening to you immediately, I ran on to the Forum that I might tell you these things. When I didn't find you, I ascended there to a high place. I looked around; you were nowhere. There by chance I saw Byrrhia, his *servant* (*pointing to Charinus*). I inquired of him; he said he hadn't

seen you. This puzzled me. I considered what I was to do. As I was returning in the mean time, a surmise from the circumstances themselves occurred to me: "How now, — a very small amount of good cheer; he out of spirits; a marriage all of a sudden; *these things* don't agree."

Pam. But to what purpose this?

Dav. I forthwith *betook* myself to the house of Chremes. When I arrived there — stillness before the door; then I was pleased at that.

Char. You say well.

Pam. Proceed.

Dav. I stopped *there*. In the mean time I saw no one going in, no one going out; no matron at the house, no preparation, no bustle. I drew near; looked in —

Pam. I understand; a considerable indication.

Dav. Do these things seem to accord with a wedding?

Pam. I think not, Davus.

Dav. Think, do you say? You don't view it rightly; the thing is certain. Besides, coming away from there I saw the servant-boy of Chremes carrying some vegetables and little fishes, an obol's worth, for the old man's dinner.

Char. This day, Davus, have I been delivered by your means.

Dav. And yet not at all.

Char. Why so? Surely he will not give her to him, after all this. (*Pointing to Pamphilus.*)

Dav. You silly fellow! as though it were a necessary consequence that if he doesn't give her to him you should marry her: unless,

indeed, you look about you; unless you entreat *and* make court to the old man's friends.

Char. You advise well. I'll go; although, upon my faith, this hope has often eluded me already. Farewell!

Exit.

Scene IV.

Pamphilus and Davus.

Pam. What then does my father mean? Why does he *thus* make pretense?

Dav. I'll tell you. If now he were angry *with you*, because Chremes will not give you a wife, he would seem to himself to be unjust, and that not without reason, before he has ascertained your feelings as to the marriage, how they are disposed. But if you refuse to marry her, in that case he will transfer the blame to you; then such disturbances will arise.

Pam. I will submit to any thing *from him*.

Dav. He is your father, Pamphilus. It is a difficult matter. Besides, this woman is defenseless. No sooner said than done; he will find some pretext for driving her away from the city.

Pam. Driving her away?

Dav. Aye, and quickly too.

Pam. Tell me then, Davus, what am I to do?

Dav. Say that you will marry her.

Pam. (*starting.*) Ha!

Dav. What's the matter?

Pam. What, am I to say so?

Dav. Why not?

Pam. Never will I do it.

Dav. Don't say so.

Pam. Don't attempt to persuade me.

Dav. Consider what will be the result of it.

Pam. That I shall be deprived of the one, *and* fixed with the other.

Dav. Not so. In fact, I think it will be thus: Your father will say: "I wish you to marry a wife to-day." You reply: "I'll marry her." Tell me, how can he raise a quarrel with you? Thus you will cause all the plans which are now arranged by him to be disarranged, without any danger; for this is not to be doubted, that Chremes will not give you his daughter. Therefore do not hesitate in those measures which you are taking, on this account, lest he should change his sentiments. Tell your father that you consent; so that although he may desire it, he may not be able to be angry at you with reason. For that which you rely on, I will easily refute; "No one," *you think*, "will give a wife to *a person of* these habits." But he will find a beggar for you, rather than allow you to be corrupted *by a mistress*. If, however, he shall believe that you bear it with a contented mind, you will render him indifferent; at his leisure he will look out for another *wife for you*; in the mean time something lucky may turn up.

Pam. Do you think so?

Dav. It really is not a matter of doubt.

Pam. Consider to what you are persuading me.

Dav. Nay, but do be quiet.

Pam. Well, I'll say it; but, that he mayn't come to know that she has had a child by me, is a thing to be guarded against; for I have promised to bring it up.

Dav. Oh, piece of effrontery.

Pam. She entreated me that I would give her this pledge, by which she might be sure she should not be deserted.

Dav. It shall be attended to; but your father's coming. Take care that he doesn't perceive that you are out of spirits.

Scene V.

Enter Simo, at a distance.

Sim. (apart to himself.) I've come back to see what they are about, or what scheme they are hatching.

Dav. (to Pamphilus.) He has no doubt at present but that you'll refuse to marry. Having considered his course, he's come from a retired spot somewhere or other; he hopes that he has framed a speech by which to disconcert you; do you take care, then, to be yourself.

Pam. If I am only able, Davus.

Dav. Trust me for that, Pamphilus, I tell you; your father will never this day exchange a single word with you, if you say that you will marry.

Scene VI.

Enter Byrrhia, unperceived, at a distance behind Simo.

Byr. (apart to himself.) My master has ordered me, leaving my business, to keep an eye on Pamphilus to-day, what he is doing with regard to the marriage. I was to learn it; for that reason, I have now followed him (*pointing to Simo*) as he came *hither*. Himself, as well, I see standing with Davus close at hand; I'll note this.

Sim. (apart to himself.) I see that both of them are here.

Dav. (in a low voice to Pamphilus.) Now then, be on your guard.

Sim. Pamphilus!

Dav. (in a low voice.) Look round at him as though taken unawares.

Pam. (turning round sharply.) What, my father!

Dav. (in a low voice.) Capital!

Sim. I wish you to marry a wife to-day, as I was saying.

Byr. (apart.) Now I'm in dread for our side, as to what he will answer.

Pam. Neither in that nor in any thing else shall you ever find any hesitation in me.

Byr. (apart.) Hah!

Dav. (in a low voice to Pamphilus.) He is struck dumb.

Byr. (apart.) What a speech!

Sim. You act as becomes you, when that which I ask I obtain with *a good* grace.

Dav. (*aside to Pamphilus.*) Am I right?

Byr. My master, so far as I learn, has missed his wife.

Sim. Now, then, go in-doors, that you mayn't be causing delay when you are wanted.

Pam. I'll go.

Goes into the house.

Byr. (*apart.*) Is there, in no case, putting trust in any man? That is a true proverb which is wont to be commonly quoted, that "all had rather it to be well for themselves than for another." I remember noticing, when I saw her, *that she was* a young woman of handsome figure; wherefore I am the more *disposed to excuse* Pamphilus, if he has preferred that he himself, rather than the other, should embrace her in his slumbers. I'll carry back these tidings, that, in return for this evil he may inflict evil upon me.

Exit.

Scene VII.

Simo and Davus.

Dav. (*aside, coming away from the door of the house.*) He now supposes that I'm bringing some trick to bear against him, and that on that account I've remained here.

Sim. What does he say, Davus?

Dav. Just as much as nothing.

Sim. What, nothing? Eh?

Dav. Nothing at all.

Sim. And yet I certainly was expecting something.

Dav. It has turned out contrary to your expectations. (*Aside.*) I perceive it; this vexes the man.

Sim. Are you able to tell me the truth?

Dav. I? Nothing more easy.

Sim. Is this marriage at all disagreeable to him, on account of his intimacy with this foreign woman?

Dav. No, faith; or if at all, it is a two or three days' annoyance this — you understand. It will then cease. Moreover, he himself has thought over this matter in a proper way.

Sim. I commend him.

Dav. While it was allowed him, and while his years prompted him, he intrigued; *even* then it *was* secretly. He took precaution that that circumstance should never be a cause of disgrace to him, as behooves a man of principle; now that he must have a wife, he has

set his mind upon a wife.

Sim. He seemed to me to be somewhat melancholy in a slight degree.

Dav. Not at all on account of her, but there's something he blames you for.

Sim. What is it, pray?

Dav. It's a childish thing.

Sim. What is it?

Dav. Nothing at all.

Sim. Nay but, tell me what it is.

Dav. He says that you are making too sparing preparations.

Sim. What, I?

Dav. You. — He says that there has hardly been fare provided to the amount of ten drachmæ.—"Does he seem to be bestowing a wife on his son? Which one now, in preference, of my companions shall I invite to the dinner?" And, it must be owned, you really *are providing* too parsimoniously — I do not commend you.

Sim. Hold your tongue.

Dav. (*aside.*) I've touched him up.

Sim. I'll see that these things are properly done. (*Davus goes into the house.*) What's the meaning of this? What does this old rogue mean? But if there's any knavery here, why, he's sure to be the source of the mischief.

Goes into his house.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Simo and Davus from the house of the former. Mysis and Lesbia are coming toward the house of Glycerium.

Mys. (not seeing Simo and Davus.) Upon my faith, the fact is really as you mentioned, Lesbia, you can hardly find a man constant to a woman.

Sim. (apart to Davus.) This maid-servant comes from the Andrian.

Dav. (apart to Simo.) What do you say?

Sim. (apart to Davus.) It is so.

Mys. But this Pamphilas ——

Sim. (apart to Davus.) What is she saying?

Mys. Has proved his constancy.

Sim. (apart.) Hah!

Dav. (apart to himself.) I wish that either he were deaf, or she struck dumb.

Mys. For the child she brings forth, he has ordered to be brought up.

Sim. (apart.) O Jupiter! What do I hear! It's all over, if indeed this woman speaks the truth.

Les. You mention a good disposition on the part of the young man.

Mys. A most excellent one. But follow me in-doors, that you mayn't keep her waiting.

Les. I'll follow.

Mysis and Lesbia go into Glycerium's house.

Scene II.

Simo and Davus.

Dav. (aside.) What remedy now shall I find for this mishap?

Sim. (to himself aloud.) What does this mean? Is he so infatuated? *The child* of a foreign woman? Now I understand; ah! scarcely even at last, in my stupidity, have I found it out.

Dav. (aside to himself.) What does he say he has found out?

Sim. (aside.) This piece of knavery is being now for the first time palmed upon me by this fellow; they are pretending that she's in labor, in order that they may alarm Chremes.

Gly. (exclaiming from within her house.) Juno Lucina, grant me thine aid, save me, I do entreat thee!

Sim. Whew! so sudden? What nonsense! As soon as she has heard that I'm standing before the door, she makes all haste. These *incidents*, Davus, have not been quite happily adapted by you as to the points of time.

Dav. By me?

Sim. Are your scholars forgetful?

Dav. I don't know what you are talking about.

Sim. (aside.) If he at the real marriage *of my son* had taken me off my guard, what sport he would have made of me. Now it is at his own risk; I'm sailing in harbor.

Scene III.

Re-enter Lesbia from the house of Glycerium.

Les. (speaking to Archylis at the door, and not seeing Simo and Davus.) As yet, Archylis, all the customary symptoms which ought to exist toward recovery, I perceive in her. Now, in the first place, take care and let her bathe; then, after that, what I ordered to be given her to drink, and as much as I prescribed, do you administer: presently I will return hither. *(To herself aloud.)* By all that's holy, a fine boy has been born to Pamphilus. I pray the Gods that he may survive, since *the father* himself is of a good disposition, and since he has hesitated to do an injustice to this most excellent young woman.

Exit.

Scene IV.

Simo and Davus.

Sim. Even this, who is there that knows you that would not believe that it originated in you?

Dav. Why, what is this?

Sim. She didn't order in their presence what was requisite to be done for the woman lying in; but after she has come out, she bawls from the street to those who are in the house. O Davus, am I thus trifled with by you? Or pray, do I seem to you so very well suited to be thus openly imposed upon by your tricks? At all events *it should have been* with precaution; that at least I might have seemed to be feared if I should detect it.

Dav. (aside.) Assuredly, upon my faith, it's he that's now *deceiving* himself, not I.

Sim. I gave you warning, I forbade you with threats to do it. Have you been awed? What has it availed? Am I to believe you now in this, that this woman has had a child by Pamphilus?

Dav. (aside.) I understand where he's mistaken; and I see what I must do.

Sim. Why are you silent?

Dav. What would you believe? As though word had not been brought you that thus it would happen.

Sim. Any word brought to me?

Dav. Come now, did you of your own accord perceive that this was counterfeited?

Sim. I am being trifled with.

Dav. Word has been brought you; for *otherwise* how could this suspicion have occurred to you?

Sim. How? Because I knew you.

Dav. As though you meant to say that this has been done by my contrivance.

Sim. Why, I'm sure of it, to a certainty.

Dav. Not yet even do you know me sufficiently, Simo, what sort of person I am.

Sim. I, not *know* you!

Dav. But if I begin to tell *you* any thing, at once you think that deceit is being practiced upon you in guile; therefore, upon my faith, I don't dare now *even* to whisper.

Sim. This one thing I am sure of, that no person has been delivered here. (*Pointing to Glycerium's house.*)

Dav. You have discovered *that*? Still, not a bit the less will they presently be laying the child here before the door. Of this, then, I now warn you, master, that it will happen, that you may be aware of it. Don't you hereafter be saying that this was done through the advice or artifices of Davus. I wish this suspicion of yours to be entirely removed from myself.

Sim. How do you know that?

Dav. I've heard so, and I believe it: many things combine for me to form this conjecture. In the first place then, she declared that she was pregnant by Pamphilus; that has been proved to be false. Now, when she sees that preparations are being made for the wedding at our house, the maid-servant is directly sent to fetch the midwife to her,

and to bring a child at the same time. Unless it is managed for you to see the child, the marriage will not be at all impeded.

Sim. What do you say *to this*? When you perceived that they were adopting this plan, why didn't you tell Pamphilus immediately?

Dav. Why, who has induced him to leave her, but myself? For, indeed, we all know how desperately he loved her. Now he wishes for a wife. In fine, do you intrust me with that affair; proceed however, as before, to celebrate these nuptials, just as you are doing, and I trust that the Gods will prosper this matter.

Sim. Very well; be off in-doors; wait for me there, and get ready what's necessary to be prepared. (*Davus goes into the house.*) He hasn't prevailed upon me *even* now altogether to believe these things, and I don't know whether what he has said is all true; but I deem it of little moment; this is of far greater importance to me — that my son himself has promised me. Now I'll go and find Chremes; I'll ask him for a wife for my son; if I obtain my request, at what other time rather than to-day should I prefer these nuptials taking place? For as my son has promised, I have no doubt but that if he should prove unwilling, I can fairly compel him. And look! here's Chremes himself, just at the very time.

Scene V.

Enter Chremes.

Sim. I greet you, Chremes.

Chrem. O, you are the very person I was looking for.

Sim. And I for you.

Chrem. You meet me at a welcome moment. Some persons have been to me, to say that they had heard from you, that my daughter was to be married to your son to-day; I've come to see whether they are out of their senses or you.

Sim. Listen; in a few words you shall learn both what I want of you, and what you seek *to know*.

Chrem. I am listening; say what you wish.

Sim. By the Gods, I do entreat you, Chremes, and *by* our friendship, which, commencing with our infancy, has grown up with our years, and by your only daughter and by my own son (of preserving whom the entire power lies with you), that you will assist me in this matter; and that, just as this marriage was about to be celebrated, it may be celebrated.

Chrem. O, don't importune me; as though you needed to obtain this of me by entreaty. Do you suppose I am different now from what I was formerly, when I promised her? If it is for the advantage of them both that it should take place, order her to be sent for. But if from this course there would result more harm than advantage for each, this I do beg of you, that you will consult for their common good, as though she were your own *daughter*, and I the father of Pamphilus.

Sim. Nay, so I intend, and so I wish it to be, Chremes; and I would not ask it of you, did not the occasion itself require it.

Chrem. What is the matter?

Sim. There is a quarrel between Glycerium and my son.

Chrem. (*ironically*) I hear you.

Sim. So much so, that I'm in hopes they may be separated.

Chrem. Nonsense!

Sim. It really is so.

Chrem. After this fashion, i'faith, I tell you, "the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love."

Sim. Well — this I beg of you, that we may prevent it. While an opportunity offers, and while his passion is cooled by affronts, before the wiles of these women and their tears, craftily feigned, bring back his love-sick mind to compassion, let us give him a wife. I trust, Chremes, that, when attached by intimacy and a respectable marriage, he will easily extricate himself from these evils.

Chrem. So it appears to you; but I do not think that either he can possibly hold to her with constancy, or that I can put up with it if he does not.

Sim. How then can you be sure of that, unless you make the experiment?

Chrem. But for that experiment to be made upon a daughter is a serious thing ——

Sim. Why look, all the inconvenience in fine amounts to this — possibly, which may the Gods forbend, a separation may take place. But if he is reformed, see how many are the advantages: in the first place, you will have restored a son to your friend; you will obtain a sure son-in-law for yourself, and a husband for your daughter.

Chrem. What is *one to say* to all this? If you feel persuaded that this

is beneficial, I don't wish that any advantage should be denied you.

Sim. With good reason, Chremes, have I always considered you a most valuable friend.

Chrem. But how say you —— ?

Sim. What?

Chrem. How do you know that they are now at variance?

Sim. Davus himself, who is privy to *all* their plans, has told me so; and he advises me to expedite the match as fast as I can. Do you think he would do so, unless he was aware that my son desired it? You yourself as well shall presently hear what he says. (*Goes to the door of his house and calls.*) Halloo there! Call Davus out here. Look, here he is; I see him just coming out.

Scene VI.

Enter Davus from the house.

Dav. I was coming to you.

Sim. Why, what's the matter?

Dav. Why isn't the bride sent for? It's now growing late in the day.

Sim. Do you hear me? I've been for some time not a little apprehensive of you, Davus, lest you should do that which the common class of servants is in the habit of doing, namely, impose upon me by your artifices; because my son is engaged in an amour.

Dav. What, I do that?

Sim. I fancied *so*; and therefore, fearing that, I concealed from you what I shall now mention.

Dav. What?

Sim. You shall know; for now I almost feel confidence in you.

Dav. Have you found out at last what sort of a person I am?

Sim. The marriage was not to have taken place.

Dav. How? Not *to have taken place*?

Sim. But I was making pretense, that I might test you *all*.

Dav. (*affecting surprise.*) What is it you tell me?

Sim. Such is the fact.

Dav. *Only* see! I was not able to discover that. Dear me! what a cunning contrivance!

Sim. Listen to this. Just as I ordered you to go from here into the house, he (*pointing to Chremes*) most opportunely met me.

Dav. (aside.) Ha! Are we undone, then?

Sim. I told him what you just now told me.

Dav. (aside.) Why, what am I to hear?

Sim. I begged him to give his daughter, and with difficulty I prevailed upon him.

Dav. (aside.) Utterly ruined!

Sim. (overhearing him speaking.) Eh — What was it you said?

Dav. Extremely well done, I say.

Sim. There's no delay on his part now.

Chrem. I'll go home at once; I'll tell her to make due preparation, and bring back word here.

Exit.

Sim. Now I do entreat you, Davus, since you by yourself have brought about this marriage for me ——

Dav. I myself, indeed!

Sim. Do your best still to reform my son.

Dav. Troth, I'll do it with all due care.

Sim. Do it now, while his mind is agitated.

Dav. You may be at ease.

Sim. Come then; where is he just now?

Dav. A wonder if he isn't at home.

Sim. I'll go to him; and what I've been telling you, I'll tell him as well.

Goes into his house.

Scene VII.

Davus alone.

Dav. (to himself.) I'm a lost man! What reason is there why I shouldn't take my departure straightway hence for the mill? There's no room left for supplicating; I've upset every thing now; I've deceived my master; I've plunged my master's son into a marriage; I've been the cause of its taking place this very day, without his hoping for it, and against the wish of Pamphilus. Here's cleverness *for you!* But, if I had kept myself quiet, no mischief would have happened. (*Starting.*) But see, I espy him; I'm utterly undone! Would that there were some spot here for me, from which I might this instant pitch myself headlong!

Stands apart.

Scene VIII.

Enter Pamphilus in haste from Simo's house.

Pam. Where is he? The villain, who this day — I'm ruined; and I confess that this has justly befallen me, for being such a dolt, so devoid of sense; that I should have intrusted my fortunes to a frivolous slave! I am suffering the reward of my folly; still he shall never get off from me unpunished for this.

Dav. (apart.) I'm quite sure that I shall be safe in future, if for the present I get clear of this mishap.

Pam. But what now am I to say to my father? Am I to deny that I am ready, who have just promised to marry? With what effrontery could I presume *to do* that? I know not what to do with myself.

Dav. (apart.) Nor I with myself, and *yet* I'm giving all due attention to it. I'll tell him that I will devise something, in order that I may procure some respite in this dilemma.

Pam. (Catching sight of him.) Oho!

Dav. (apart.) I'm seen.

Pam. (sneeringly.) How now, good sir, what are you about? Do you see how dreadfully I am hampered by your devices?

Dav. Still, I'll soon extricate you.

Pam. You, extricate *me*?

Dav. Assuredly, Pamphilus.

Pam. As you *have* just *done*, I suppose.

Dav. Why no, better, I trust.

Pam. What, am I to believe you, you scoundrel? You, indeed, make good a matter that's all embarrassment and ruin! Just see, in whom I've been placing reliance — you who this day from a most happy state have been and plunged me into a marriage. Didn't I say that this would be the case?

Dav. You did say *so*.

Pam. What do you deserve?

Dav. The cross. But allow me a little time to recover myself; I'll soon hit upon something.

Pam. Ah me! not to have the leisure to inflict punishment upon you as I desire! for the present conjuncture warns me to take precautions for myself, not to be taking vengeance on you.

Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Charinus, wringing his hands.

Char. (to himself.) Is this to be believed or spoken of; that malice so great could be inborn in any one as to exult at misfortunes, and to derive advantage from the distresses of another! Oh, is this true? Assuredly, that is the most dangerous class of men, in whom there is only a slight degree of hesitation at refusing; afterward, when the time arrives for fulfilling their promises, then, obliged, of necessity they discover themselves. They are afraid, and yet the circumstances compel them to refuse. Then, in that case, their very insolent remark is, “Who are you? What are you to me? What *should I give up* to you what’s my own? Look you, I am the most concerned in my own interests.” But if you inquire where is honor, they are not ashamed. Here, where there is occasion, they are not afraid; there, where there is no occasion, they are afraid. But what am I to do? Ought I not to go to him, and reason with him upon this outrage, and heap many an invective upon *him*? Yet some one may say, “you will avail nothing.” Nothing? At least I shall have vexed him, and have given vent to my own feelings.

Scene II.

Enter Pamphilus and Davus.

Pam. Charinus, unintentionally I have ruined both myself and you, unless the Gods in some way befriend us.

Char. Unintentionally, is it! An excuse has been discovered at last. You have broken your word.

Pam. How so, pray?

Char. Do you expect to deceive me a second time by these speeches?

Pam. What does this mean?

Char. Since I told you that I loved her, she has become quite pleasing to you. Ah wretched me! to have judged of your disposition from my own.

Pam. You are mistaken.

Char. Did this pleasure appear to you not to be quite complete, unless you tantalized me in my passion, and lured me on by groundless hopes? — You may take her.

Pam. I, take her? Alas! you know not in what perplexities, to my sorrow, I am involved, and what vast anxieties this executioner of mine (*pointing to Davus*) has contrived for me by his devices.

Char. What is it so wonderful, if he takes example from yourself?

Pam. You would not say that if you understood either myself or my affection.

Char. I'm quite aware (*ironically*); you have just now had a dispute with your father, and he is now angry with you in consequence, and has not been able to-day to prevail upon you to marry her.

Pam. No, not at all, — as you are not acquainted with my sorrows, these nuptials were not in preparation for me; and no one was thinking at present of giving *me* a wife.

Char. I am aware; you have been influenced by your own inclination.

Pam. Hold; you do not yet know *all*.

Char. For my part, I certainly do know that you are about to marry her.

Pam. Why are you torturing me to death? Listen to this. He (*pointing to Davus*) never ceased to urge me to tell my father that I would marry her; to advise and persuade me, even until he compelled me.

Char. Who was this person?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus! For what reason?

Pam. I don't know; except that I must have been under the displeasure of the Gods, for me to have listened to him.

Char. Is this the fact, Davus?

Dav. It is the fact.

Char. (*starting.*) Ha! What do you say, *you* villain? Then may the Gods send you an end worthy of your deeds. Come now, tell me, if all his enemies had wished him to be plunged into a marriage, what advice but this could they have given?

Dav. I have been deceived, but I don't despair.

Char. (*ironically.*) I'm sure of that.

Dav. This way it has not succeeded; we'll try another. Unless, perhaps, you think that because it failed at first, this misfortune can

not now possibly be changed for better luck.

Pam. Certainly not; for I quite believe that if you set about it, you will be making two marriages for me out of one.

Dav. I owe you this, Pamphilus, in respect of my servitude, to strive with hands *and* feet, night and day; to submit to hazard of my life, to serve you. It is your part, if any thing has fallen out contrary to expectation, to forgive me. What I was contriving has not succeeded; still, I am using all endeavors; or, do you yourself devise something better, *and* dismiss me.

Pam. I wish to; restore me to the position in which you found me.

Dav. I'll do *so*.

Pam. But it must be done directly.

Dav. But the door of Glycerium's house here makes a noise.

Pam. *That's* nothing to you.

Dav. (*assuming an attitude of meditation.*) I'm in search of —

Pam. (*ironically.*) Dear me, what, now at last?

Dav. Presently I'll give you what I've hit upon.

Scene III.

Enter Mysis from the house of Glycerium.

Mys. (calling at the door to Glycerium within.) Now, wherever he is, I'll take care that your own Pamphilus shall be found for you, and brought to you by me; do you only, my life, cease to vex yourself.

Pam. Mysis.

Mys. (turning round.) Who is it? Why, Pamphilus, you do present yourself opportunely to me. My mistress charged me to beg of you, if you love her, to come to her directly; she says she wishes to see you.

Pam. (aside.) Alas! I am undone; this dilemma grows apace! (*To Davus.*) For me and her, unfortunate persons, now to be tortured this way through your means; for I am sent for, because she has discovered that my marriage is in preparation.

Char. From which, indeed, how easily a respite could have been obtained, if he (*pointing to Davus*) had kept himself quiet.

Dav. (ironically to Charinus.) Do proceed; if he isn't sufficiently angry of his own accord, do you irritate him.

Mys. (to Pamphilus.) Aye faith, that is the case; and for that reason, poor thing, she is now in distress.

Pam. Mysis, I swear by all the Gods that I will never forsake her; not if I were to know that all men would be my enemies in consequence. Her have I chosen for mine; she has fallen to my lot; our feelings are congenial; farewell they, who wish for a separation between us; nothing but Death separates her from me.

Mys. I begin to revive.

Pam. Not the responses of Apollo are more true than this. If it can

possibly be contrived that my father may not believe that this marriage has been broken off through me, I could wish it. But if that can not be, I will do that which is easily effected, for him to believe that through me it has been caused. What do you think of me?

Char. That you are as unhappy as myself.

Dav. (placing his finger on his forehead.) I'm contriving an expedient.

Char. You are a clever hand; if you do set about any thing.

Dav. Assuredly, I'll manage this for you.

Pam. There's need of it now.

Dav. But I've got it now.

Char. What is it?

Dav. For him (*pointing to Pamphilus*) I've got it, not for you, don't mistake.

Char. I'm *quite* satisfied.

Pam. What will you do? Tell me.

Dav. I'm afraid that this day won't be long enough for me to execute it, so don't suppose that I've now got leisure for relating it; do you betake yourself off at once, for you are a hinderance to me.

Pam. I'll go and see her.

Goes into the house of Glycerium.

Dav. (to Charinus.) What *are* you *going to do*? Whither are you going from here?

Char. Do you wish me to tell you the truth?

Dav. No, not at all; (*aside*) he's making the beginning of a *long* story for me.

Char. What will become of me?

Dav. Come now, you unreasonable person, are you not satisfied that I give you a little respite, by putting off his marriage?

Char. But yet, Davus —

Dav. What then?

Char. That I may marry her —

Dav. Absurd.

Char. Be sure to come hither (*pointing in the direction of his house*) to my house, if you can *effect* any thing.

Dav. Why should I come? I can do nothing *for you*.

Char. But still, if any thing —

Dav. Well, well, I'll come.

Char. If you can; I shall be at home.

Exit.

Scene IV.

Mysis and Davus.

Dav. Do you, Mysis, remain here a little while, until I come out.

Mys. For what reason?

Dav. There's a necessity for so doing.

Mys. Make haste.

Dav. I'll be here this moment, I tell you.

He goes into the house of Glycerium.

Scene V.

Mysis alone.

Mys. (to herself.) That nothing can be secure to any one! Ye Gods, by our trust in you! I used to make sure that this Pamphilus was a supreme blessing for my mistress; a friend, a protector, a husband secured under every circumstance; yet what anguish is she, poor thing, now suffering through him? Clearly there's more trouble *for her* now than *there was* happiness formerly. But Davus is coming out.

Scene VI.

Enter Davus from the house of Glycerium with the child.

Mys. My *good* sir, prithee, what is that? Whither are you carrying the child?

Dav. Mysis, I now stand in need of your cunning being brought into play in this matter, and of your address.

Mys. Why, what are you going to do?

Dav. (*holding out the child.*) Take it from me directly, and lay it down before our door.

Mys. Prithee, on the ground?

Dav. (*pointing.*) Take some sacred herbs from the altar here, and strew them under it.

Mys. Why don't you do it yourself?

Dav. That if perchance I should have to swear to my master that I did not place it there, I may be enabled to do so with a clear conscience.

Mys. I understand; have these new scruples only just now occurred to you, pray?

Dav. Bestir yourself quickly, that you may learn what I'm going to do next. (*Mysis lays the child at Simo's door.*) Oh Jupiter!

Mys. (*starting up.*) What's the matter?

Dav. The father of the *intended* bride is coming in the middle of it *all*. The plan which I had first purposed I *now* give up.

Mys. I don't understand what you are talking about.

Dav. I'll pretend too that I've come in this direction from the right. Do you take care to help out the conversation by your words, whenever there's necessity.

Mys. I don't at all comprehend what you are about; but if there's any thing in which you have need of my assistance, as you understand the best, I'll stay, that I mayn't in any way impede your success.

Davus retires out of sight.

Scene VII.

Enter Chremes on the other side of the stage, going toward the house of Simo.

Chrem. (to himself.) After having provided the things necessary for my daughter's nuptials, I'm returning, that I may request her to be sent for. *(Seeing the child.)* But what's this? I'faith, it's a child. *(Addressing Mysis.)* Woman, have you laid that here *(pointing to the child)?*

Mys. (aside, looking out for Davus.) Where is he?

Chrem. Don't you answer me?

Mys. (looking about, to herself.) He isn't any where to be seen. Woe to wretched me! the fellow has left me and is off.

Dav. (coming forward and pretending not to see them.) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! what a crowd there is in the Forum! What a lot of people are squabbling there! *(Aloud.)* Then provisions are *so* dear. *(Aside.)* What to say besides, I don't know.

Chremes passes by Mysis, and goes to a distance at the back of the stage.

Mys. Pray, why did you leave me here alone?

Dav. (pretending to start on seeing the child.) Ha! what story is this? How now, Mysis, whence comes this child? Who has brought it here?

Mys. Are you quite right in your senses, to be asking me that?

Dav. Whom, then, ought I to ask, as I don't see any one else here?

Chrem. (apart to himself.) I wonder whence it has come.

Dav. Are you going to tell me what I ask?

Mys. Pshaw!

Dav. (in a whisper.) Step aside to the right.

They retire on one side.

Mys. You are out of your senses; didn't you your own self?

Dav. (in a low voice.) Take you care not to utter a single word beyond what I ask you. Why don't you say aloud whence it comes?

Mys. (in a loud voice.) From our house.

Dav. (affecting indignation.) Heyday, indeed! it really is a wonder if a woman, who is a courtesan, acts impudently.

Chrem. (apart.) So far as I can learn, this woman belongs to the Andrian.

Dav. Do we seem to you such very suitable persons for you to be playing tricks with us in this way?

Chrem. (apart.) I came *just* in time.

Dav. Make haste then, and take the child away from the door here: *(in a low voice)* stay *there*; take care you don't stir from that spot.

Mys. (aside.) May the Gods confound you! you do so terrify poor me.

Dav. (in a loud voice.) Is it to you I speak or not?

Mys. What is it you want?

Dav. (aloud.) What — do you ask me again? Tell me, whose child have you been laying here? Let me know.

Mys. Don't you know?

Dav. (in a low voice.) Have done with what I know; tell me what I ask.

Mys. (aloud.) It belongs to your people.

Dav. (aloud.) Which of our people?

Mys. (aloud.) To Pamphilus.

Dav. (affecting surprise in a loud tone.) How? What — to Pamphilus?

Mys. (aloud.) How now — is it not so?

Chrem. (apart.) With *good* reason have I *always* been averse to this match, it's clear.

Dav. (calling aloud.) O abominable piece of effrontery!

Mys. Why are you bawling out so?

Dav. (aloud.) What, the very one I saw being carried to your house yesterday evening?

Mys. O *you* impudent fellow!

Dav. (aloud.) It's the truth. I saw Canthara stuffed out beneath her clothes.

Mys. I'faith, I thank the Gods that several free women were present at the delivery.

Dav. (aloud.) Assuredly she doesn't know him, on whose account she resorts to these schemes. Chremes, *she fancies*, if he sees the child laid before the door, will not give his daughter; i'faith, he'll give her all the sooner,.

Chrem. (apart.) I'faith, he'll not do so.

Dav. (aloud.) Now therefore, that you may be quite aware, if you don't take up the child, I'll roll it forthwith into the middle of the road; and yourself in the same place I'll roll over into the mud.

Mys. Upon my word, man, you are not sober.

Dav. (aloud.) One scheme brings on another. I now hear it whispered about that she is a citizen of Attica —

Chrem. (apart.) Ha!

Dav. (aloud.) And that, constrained by the laws, he will have to take her as his wife.

Mys. Well now, pray, is she not a citizen?

Chrem. (apart.) I had almost fallen unawares into a comical misfortune.

Comes forward.

Dav. Who's that, speaking? (*Pretending to look about.*) O Chremes, you have come in good time. Do listen to this.

Chrem. I have heard it all already.

Dav. Prithee, did you hear it? Here's villainy for you! she (*pointing at Mysis*) ought to be carried off hence to the torture forthwith. (*To Mysis, pointing at Chremes.*) This is Chremes himself; don't suppose that you are trifling with Davus *only*.

Mys. Wretched me! upon my faith I have told no untruth, my *worthy* old gentleman.

Chrem. I know the whole affair. Is Simo within?

Dav. He is.

Chremes goes into Simo's house.

Scene VIII.

Davus and Mysis.

Mys. (Davus attempting to caress her.) Don't touch me, villain.
(*Moving away.*) On my word, if I don't *tell* Glycerium all this....

Dav. How now, simpleton, don't you know what has been done?

Mys. How should I know?

Dav. This is the bride's father. It couldn't any other way have been managed that he should know the things that we wanted him to know.

Mys. You should have told me that before.

Dav. Do you suppose that it makes little difference whether you do things according to impulse, as nature prompts, or from premeditation?

Scene IX.

Enter Crito, looking about him.

Crito (*to himself*.) It was said that Chrysis used to live in this street, who preferred to gain wealth here dishonorably to living honestly *as* a poor woman in her own country: by her death that property has descended to me by law. But I see some persons of whom to make inquiry. (*Accosting them*.) Good-morrow to you.

Mys. Prithae, whom do I see? Isn't this Crito, the kinsman of Chrysis? It is he.

Cri. O Mysis, greetings to you.

Mys. Welcome to you, Crito.

Cri. Is Chrysis then —— ? Alas!

Mys. Too truly. She has indeed left us poor creatures quite heart-broken.

Cri. How *fare* you here, *and* in what fashion? Pretty well?

Mys. What, we? Just as we can, *as* they say; since we can't *as* we would.

Cri. How *is* Glycerium? Has she discovered her parents yet?

Mys. I wish *she had*.

Cri. What, not yet? With no favorable omen did I set out for this place; for, upon my faith, if I had known that, I never would have moved a foot hither. She was always said to be, and was looked upon as her sister; what things were hers she is in possession of; now for me to begin a suit at law here, the precedents of others warn me, a stranger, how easy and profitable a task it would be for me. At the

same time, I suppose that by this she has got some friend and protector; for she was pretty nearly a grown-up girl when she left there. They would cry out that I am a sharper; that, a pauper, I'm hunting after an inheritance; besides, I shouldn't like to strip *the girl* herself.

Mys. O most worthy stranger! I'faith, Crito, you still adhere to your good old-fashioned ways.

Cri. Lead me to her, since I have come hither, that I may see her.

Mys. By all means.

They go into the house of Glycerium.

Dav. (to himself.) I'll follow them; I don't wish the old man to see me at this moment.

He follows Mysis and Crito.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Chremes and Simo from the house of Simo.

Chrem. Enough already, enough, Simo, has my friendship toward you been proved. Sufficient hazard have I begun to encounter; make an end of your entreaties, then. While I've been endeavoring to oblige you, I've almost fooled away my daughter's prospects in life.

Sim. Nay but, now in especial, Chremes, I do beg and entreat of you, that the favor, commenced a short time since in words, you'll now complete by deeds.

Chrem. See how unreasonable you are from your *very* earnestness; so long as you effect what you desire, you neither think of limits to compliance, nor what *it is* you request of me; for if you did think, you would now forbear to trouble me with unreasonable requests.

Sim. What unreasonable *requests*?

Chrem. Do you ask? You importuned me to promise my daughter to a young man engaged in another attachment, averse to the marriage state, to plunge her into discord and a marriage of uncertain duration; that through her sorrow and her anguish I might reclaim your son. You prevailed; while the case admitted of it I made preparations. Now it does not admit of it; you must put up with it; they say that she is a citizen of this place; a child has been born; do cease to trouble us.

Sim. By the Gods, I do conjure you not to bring your mind to believe those whose especial interest it is that he should be as degraded as possible. On account of the marriage, have all these things been feigned and contrived. When the reason for which they do these things is removed from them, they will desist.

Chrem. You are mistaken: I myself saw the servant-maid wrangling with Davus.

Sim. (*sneeringly.*) I am aware.

Chrem. With an appearance of earnestness, when neither at the moment perceived that I was present there.

Sim. I believe it; and Davus a short time since forewarned me that this would be the case; and I don't know how I forgot to tell it you to-day, as I had intended.

Scene II.

Enter Davus from the house of Glycerium.

Dav. (aloud at the door, not seeing Simo and Chremes.) Now then, I bid you set your minds at ease.

Chrem. (to Simo.) See you, there's Davus.

Sim. From what house is he coming out?

Dav. (to himself.) Through my means, and that of the stranger ——

Sim. (overhearing.) What mischief is this?

Dav. (to himself.) I never did see a more opportune person, encounter, *or* occasion.

Sim. The rascal! I wonder who it is he's praising?

Dav. All the affair is now in a safe position.

Sim. Why do I delay to accost him?

Dav. (to himself, catching sight of Simo.) It's my master; What am I to do?

Sim. (accosting him.) O, save you, good sir!

Dav. (affecting surprise.) Hah! Simo! O, Chremes, my *dear sir*, all things are now quite ready in-doors.

Sim. (ironically.) You have taken such very good care.

Dav. Send for the bride when you like.

Sim. Very good: (*ironically*) of course, that's the *only* thing that's now wanting here. But do you answer me this, what business had

you there? (*Pointing to the house of Glycerium.*)

Dav. What, I?

Sim. Just so.

Dav. I?

Sim. Yes, you.

Dav. I went in just now.

Sim. As if I asked how long ago!

Dav. Together with your son.

Sim. What, is Phamphilus in there? (*Aside.*) To my confusion, I'm on the rack (*To Davus.*) How now? Didn't you say that there was enmity between them, *you* scoundrel?

Dav. There is.

Sim. Why is he there, then?

Chrem. Why do you suppose he *is*? (*Ironically.*) Quarreling with her, *of course*.

Dav. Nay but, Chremes, I'll let you now hear from me a disgraceful piece of business. An old man, I don't know who he is, has just now come here; look you, he is a confident *and* shrewd person; when you look at his appearance, he seems to be a person of some consequence. There is a grave sternness in his features, and something commanding in his words.

Sim. What *news* are you bringing, I wonder?

Dav. Why nothing but what I heard him mention.

Sim. What does he say then?

Dav. That he knows Glycerium to be a citizen of Attica.

Sim. (going to his door.) Ho there! Dromo, Dromo!

Scene III.

Enter Dromo hastily from the house.

Dro. What is it?

Sim. Dromo!

Dav. Hear me.

Sim. If you add a word — Dromo!

Dav. Hear me, pray.

Dro. (to Simo.) What do you want?

Sim. (pointing to Davus.) Carry him off on your shoulders in-doors as fast as possible.

Dro. Whom?

Sim. Davus.

Dav. For what reason?

Sim. Because I choose. *(To Dromo.)* Carry him off, I say.

Dav. What have I done?

Sim. Carry him off.

Dav. If you find that I have told a lie in any one matter, *then* kill me.

Sim. I'll hear nothing. I'll soon have you set in motion.

Dav. What? Although this is the truth.

Sim. In spite of it. *(To Dromo.)* Take care he's kept well secured;

and, do you hear? Tie him up hands and feet together. Now then, be off; upon my faith this very day, if I live, I'll teach you what hazard there is in deceiving a master, and him *in deceiving* a father.

Dromo leads Davus into the house.

Chrem. Oh, don't be so extremely vexed.

Sim. O Chremes, the dutifulness of a son! Do you not pity me? That I should endure so much trouble for such a son! (*Goes to the door of Glycerium's house.*) Come, Pamphilus, come out, Pamphilus! have you any shame left?

Scene IV.

Enter Pamphilus in haste from Glycerium's house.

Pam. Who is it that wants me? (*Aside.*) I'm undone! it's my father.

Sim. What say you, of all men, the — ?

Chrem. Oh! rather speak about the matter itself, and forbear to use harsh language.

Sim. As if any thing too severe could now be possibly said against him. Pray, do you say that Glycerium is a citizen —

Pam. So they say.

Sim. So they say! Unparalleled assurance! does he consider what he says? Is he sorry for what he has done? Does his countenance, pray, at all betray any marks of shame? That he should be of mind so weak, as, without regard to the custom and the law of his fellow-citizens, and the wish of his own father, to be anxious, in spite of every thing, to have her, to his own utter disgrace!

Pam. Miserable that I am!

Sim. Ha! have you at last found that out only just now, Pamphilus? Long since *did* that expression, long since, when you made up your mind, that what you desired must be effected by you at any price; from that very day did that *expression* aptly befit you. But yet why do I torment myself? Why vex myself? Why worry my old age with this madness? Am I to suffer the punishment for his offenses? Nay then, let him have her, good-by to him, let him pass his life with her.

Pam. My father ——

Sim. How, “my father?” As if you stood in any need of this father. Home, wife, *and* children, provided *by you* against the will of your

father! People suborned, *too*, to say that she is a citizen of this place! You have gained your point.

Pam. Father, may I *say* a few words?

Sim. What can you say to me?

Chrem. But, Simo, do hear him.

Sim. I, hear him? Why should I hear him, Chremes?

Chrem. Still, however, do allow him to speak.

Sim. Well then, let him speak: I allow him.

Pam. I own that I love her; if that is committing a fault, I own that also. To you, father, do I subject myself. Impose on me any injunction you please; command me. Do you wish me to take a wife? Do you wish me to give her up? As well as I can, I will endure it. This only I request of you, not to think that this old gentleman has been suborned by me. Allow me to clear myself, and to bring him here before you.

Sim. To bring him here?

Pam. Do allow me, father.

Chrem. He asks what's reasonable; do give him leave.

Pam. Allow me to obtain thus much of you.

Sim. I allow it. I desire any thing, so long as I find, Chremes, that I have not been deceived by him.

Pamphilus goes into the house of Glycerium.

Chrem. For a great offense, a slight punishment ought to satisfy a father.

Scene V.

Re-enter Pamphilus with Crito.

Cri. (to Pamphilus, as he is coming out.) Forbear entreating. Of these, any one reason prompts me to do it, either your own sake, or the fact that it is the truth, or that I wish well for Glycerium herself.

Chrem. (starting.) Do I see Crito of Andros? Surely it is he.

Cri. Greetings to you, Chremes.

Chrem. How is it that, so contrary to your usage, you are at Athens?

Cri. So it has happened. But is this Simo?

Chrem. It is he.

Cri. Simo, were you asking for me?

Sim. How now, do you say that Glycerium is a citizen of this place?

Cri. Do you deny it?

Sim. (ironically.) Have you come here so well prepared?

Cri. For what purpose?

Sim. Do you ask? Are you to be acting this way with impunity? Are you to be luring young men into snares here, inexperienced in affairs, and liberally brought up, by tempting them, and to be playing upon their fancies by making promises?

Cri. Are you in your senses?

Sim. And are you to be patching up amours with Courtesans by marriage?

Pam. (aside.) I'm undone! I fear that the stranger will not put up with this.

Chrem. If, Simo, you knew this person well, you would not think thus; he is a worthy man.

Sim. He, a worthy man! To come so opportunely to-day *just* at the very nuptials, *and yet* never to have come before? (*Ironically.*) Of course, we must believe him, Chremes.

Pam. (aside.) If I didn't dread my father, I have something, which, in this conjuncture, I could opportunely suggest to him.

Sim. (sneeringly, to Chremes.) A sharper!

Cri. (starting.) Hah!

Chrem. It is his way, Crito; do excuse it.

Cri. Let him take heed how he behaves. If he persists in saying to me what he likes, he'll be hearing things that he don't like. Am I meddling with these matters or interesting myself? Can you not endure your troubles with a patient mind? For as to what I say, whether it is true or false what I have heard, can soon be known. A certain man of Attica, a long time ago, his ship being wrecked, was cast ashore at Andros, and this woman together with him, who was *then* a little girl; he, in his destitution, by chance first made application to the father of Chrysis —

Sim. (ironically.) He's beginning his tale.

Chrem. Let him alone.

Cri. Really, is he to be interrupting me in this way?

Chrem. Do you proceed.

Cri. He who received him was a relation of mine. There I heard from him that he was a native of Attica. He died there.

Chrem. His name?

Cri. The name, in such a hurry!

Pam. Phania.

Chrem. (*starting.*) Hah! I shall die!

Cri. I'faith, I really think it was Phania; this I know for certain, he said that he was a citizen of Rhamnus.

Chrem. O Jupiter!

Cri. Many other persons in Andros have heard the same, Chremes.

Chrem. (*aside.*) I trust it may turn out as I hope. (*To Crito.*) Come now, tell me, what *did* he then *say* about her? Did he say she was his own *daughter*?

Cri. No.

Chrem. Whose then?

Cri. His brother's daughter.

Chrem. She certainly is mine.

Cri. What do you say?

Sim. What is this that you say?

Pam. (*aside.*) Prick up your ears, Pamphilus.

Sim. Why do you suppose *so*?

Chrem. That Phania was my brother.

Sim. I knew him, and I am aware of it.

Chrem. He, flying from the wars, and following me to Asia, set out

from here. At the same time he was afraid to leave her here behind; since then, this is the first time I have heard what became of him.

Pam. (aside.) I am scarcely myself, so much has my mind been agitated by fear, hope, joy, *and* surprise at this so great, so unexpected blessing.

Sim. Really, I am glad for many reasons that she has been discovered to be a citizen.

Pam. I believe it, father.

Chrem. But there yet remains one difficulty with me, which keeps me in suspense.

Pam. (aside.) You deserve to be —— , with your scruples, *you* plague. You are seeking a knot in a bulrush.

Cri. (to Chremes.) What is that?

Chrem. The names don't agree.

Cri. Troth, she had another when little.

Chrem. What *was it*, Crito? Can you remember it?

Cri. I'm trying to recollect it.

Pam. (aside.) Am I to suffer his memory to stand in the way of my happiness, when I myself can provide my own remedy in this matter? I will not suffer it. (*Aloud.*) Hark you, Chremes, that which you are trying to recollect *is* "Pasibula."

Chrem. The very same.

Cri. That's it.

Pam. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.

Sim. I suppose, Chremes, that you believe that we all rejoice at this discovery.

Chrem. So may the Gods bless me, I do believe it.

Pam. What remains *to be done*, father?

Sim. The event itself has quite brought me to reconciliation.

Pam. O kind father! With regard to her as a wife, since I have taken possession of her, Chremes will not offer any opposition.

Chrem. The plea is a very good one, unless perchance your father says any thing to the contrary.

Pam. Of course, I agree.

Sim. *Then* be it so.

Chrem. Her portion, Pamphilus, is ten talents.

Pam. I am satisfied.

Chrem. I'll hasten to my daughter. Come now, (*beckoning*) along with me, Crito; for I suppose that she will not know me.

They go into Glycerium's house.

Sim. (*To Pamphilus.*) Why don't you order her to be sent for hither, *to our house*?

Pam. Well thought of; I'll at once give charge of that to Davus.

Sim. He can't *do it*.

Pam. How so?

Sim. Because he has another matter that more nearly concerns himself, and of more importance.

Pam. What, pray?

Sim. He is bound.

Pam. Father, he is not rightly bound.

Sim. But I ordered to that effect.

Pam. Prithee, do order him to be set at liberty.

Sim. Well, be it so.

Pam. But immediately.

Sim. I'm going in.

Pam. O fortunate and happy day!

Simo goes into his house.

Scene VI.

Enter Charinus, at a distance.

Char. (apart to himself.) I'm come to see what Pamphilus is about; and look, here he is.

Pam. (to himself.) Some one perhaps might imagine that I don't believe this to be true; but now it is clear to me that it really is true. I do think that the life of the Gods is everlasting, for this reason, because their joys are their own. For immortality has been obtained by me, if no sorrow interrupts this delight. But whom in particular could I wish to be now thrown in my way, for me to relate these things to?

Char. (apart to himself.) What means this rapture?

Pam. (to himself.) I see Davus. There is no one in the world whom I would choose in preference; for I am sure that he of all people will sincerely rejoice in my happiness.

Scene VII.

Enter Davus.

Dav. (to himself.) Where is Pamphilus, I wonder?

Pam. Here he is, Davus.

Dav. (turning round.) Who's that?

Pam. 'Tis I, Pamphilus; you don't know what has happened to me.

Dav. No really; but I know what has happened to myself.

Pam. And I too.

Dav. It has fallen out just like human affairs in general, that you should know the mishap I have met with, before I the good that has befallen you.

Pam. My Glycerium has discovered her parents.

Dav. O, well done!

Char. (apart, in surprise.) Hah!

Pam. Her father is an intimate friend of ours.

Dav. Who?

Pam. Chremes.

Dav. You do tell good news.

Pam. And there's no hinderance to my marrying her at once.

Char. (apart.) Is he dreaming the same that he has been wishing for when awake?

Pam. Then about the child, Davus.

Dav. O, say no more; you are the only person whom the Gods favor.

Char. (*apart.*) I'm all right if these things are true. I'll accost them.

Comes forward.

Pam. Who is this? *Why*, Charinus, you meet me at the very nick of time.

Char. That's all right.

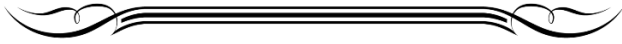
Pam. Have you heard — ?

Char. Every thing; come, in your good fortune do have some regard for me. Chremes is now at your command; I'm sure that he'll do every thing you wish.

Pam. I'll remember you; and because it is tedious for us to wait for him until he comes out, follow me this way; he is now in-doors at the house of Glycerium; do you, Davus, go home; send with all haste to remove her thence. Why are you standing *there*? Why are you delaying?

Dav. I'm going. (*Pamphilus and Charinus go into the house of Glycerium. Davus then comes forward and addresses the Audience.*) Don't you wait until they come out from there; she will be betrothed within: if there is any thing else that remains, it will be transacted in-doors. Grant us your applause.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW



Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

This comedy was initially deemed a failure, after two unsuccessful stagings. The first in 165 BC was disrupted when a rumour was spread that a tightrope-walker and boxers were about to perform. In 160 BC the production was cancelled again when the theatre was stormed by a group of boisterous gladiator fans. However, the play was presented successfully on its third attempt later that same year. It is based on plays by Apollodorus of Carystus and Menander.

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Scene IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Laches, an aged Athenian, father of Pamphilus.

Phidippus, an aged Athenian, father of Philumena.

Pamphilus, son of Laches.

Sosia, servant of Pamphilus.

Parmeno, servant of Sostrata.

Sostrata, wife of Laches.

Myrrhina, wife of Phidippus.

Bacchis, a Courtesan.

Philotis, a Courtesan.

Syra, a Procureess.

Scene. — Athens; before the houses of Laches, Phidippus, and Bacchis.

THE SUBJECT.

Pamphilus, the son of Laches by his wife Sostrata, being at the time enamored of Bacchis, a Courtesan, chances, one night, in a drunken fit, to debauch Philumena, the daughter of Phidippus and Myrrhina. In the struggle he takes a ring from her, which he gives to Bacchis. Some time afterward, at his father's express desire, he consents to marry. By chance the young woman whom he has ravished is given to him as a wife, to the great joy of her mother, who alone is aware of her misfortune, and hopes that her disgrace may be thereby concealed. It, however, happens otherwise; for Pamphilus, still retaining his passion for Bacchis, refuses for some time to cohabit with her. Bacchis, however, now rejects the advances of Pamphilus, who by degrees becomes weaned from his affection for her, and grows attached to his wife, whom he has hitherto disliked. Meantime, however, he is suddenly called away from home. During his absence, Philumena, finding herself pregnant in consequence of her misfortune before her marriage, fearing detection, especially avoids the company of her mother-in-law. At length she makes an excuse for returning to the home of her own parents, where she remains. Sostrata thereupon sends for her, but is answered that she is ill, on which she goes to see her, but is refused admittance to the house. On hearing of this, Laches blames his wife as being the cause of this estrangement. Pamphilus now returns, and it so happens that, on the day of his arrival, Philumena is brought to bed of a child. Impatient to see her, Pamphilus rushes into her room, and to his great distress finds that this is the case. Myrrhina thereupon entreats him to keep the matter secret, and begs him, if he refuses to receive her daughter back again, at least not to ruin her reputation by divulging it. As he now declines either to take back his wife or give his reason for so doing, Laches suspects that he is still enamored of Bacchis, and accordingly sends for her, and expostulates with her. She, however, exonerates herself; on which the old man, supposing that Philumena and her mother are equally ignorant with himself as to his son's motives, begs her to call on them and remove their suspicions. While she is conversing with them, they recognize the ring upon her

finger which Pamphilus had formerly taken from Philumena. By means of this it is discovered that Pamphilus himself is the person who has ravished Philumena; on which, overjoyed, he immediately takes home his wife and son.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

Performed at the Megalensian Games; Sextus Julius Csesar and Cneius Cornelius Dolabella being Curule Ædiles. The whole was not then acted. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to a pair of flutes. It was composed wholly from the Greek of Menander. It was performed the first time without a Prologue. Represented a second time; Cneius Octavius and T. Manlius being Consuls. It was then brought out in honor of L. Æmilius Paulus, at his Funeral Games, and was not approved of. It was repeated a third time; Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius being Curule Ædiles. L. Ambivius Turpio performed it. It was then approved of.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

Pamphilus has married Philumena, to whom, when a virgin, he formerly, not knowing who she was, offered violence; and whose ring which he took off by force, he gave to his mistress, Bacchis, a Courtesan. Afterward he sets out for Imbros, not having touched his bride. Having become pregnant, her mother brings her over to her own house, as though sick, that her mother-in-law may not know it. Pamphilus returns; detects her being delivered; conceals it; but determines not to take back his wife. His father imputes *this* to his passion for Bacchis. While Bacchis is exculpating herself, Myrrhina, the mother of the injured girl, by chance recognizes the ring. Pamphilus takes back his wife, together with his son.

THE FIRST PROLOGUE.

Hecyra is the name of this Play; when it was represented for the first time, an unusual disaster and calamity interrupted it, so that it could not be witnessed *throughout* or estimated; so much had the populace, carried away with admiration, devoted their attention to some rope-dancing. It is now offered as though entirely a new Play; and he who wrote it did not wish to bring it forward *then* a second time, on purpose that he might be able again to sell it. Other *Plays* of his you have seen represented; I beg you now to give your attention to this.

THE SECOND PROLOGUE.

I come to you as an envoy from the Poet, in the character of prologue-speaker; allow me to be a successful pleader, that in my old age I may enjoy the same privilege that I enjoyed when a, younger man, when I caused new Plays, that had been *once* rejected, to come into favor; so that his writings might not die with the Poet. Among them, as to those of Cæcilius, which I first studied when new; in some of which I was rejected; in some I kept my ground with difficulty. As I knew that the fortune of the stage was varying, where the hopes were uncertain, I submitted to certain toil. Those I zealously attempted to perform, that from the same *writer* I might learn new ones, *and* not discourage him from his pursuits. I caused them to be represented. When seen, they pleased. Thus did I restore the Poet to his place, who was now almost weaned, through the malevolence of his adversaries, from his pursuits and labors, and from the dramatic art. But if I had at that period slighted the writer, and had wished to use my endeavors in discouraging him, so that he might live a life of idleness rather than of study, I might have easily discouraged him from writing others. Now, for my sake, hear with unbiased minds what it is I ask. I again bring before you the Hecyra, which I have never been allowed to act *before you* in silence; such misfortunes have so overwhelmed it. These misfortunes your intelligence will allay, if it is a seconder of our exertions. The first time, when I began to act this *Play*, the vauntings of boxers, the expectation of a rope-dancer, added to which, the throng of followers, the noise, the clamor of the women, caused me to retire from your presence before the time. In this new Play, I attempted to follow the old custom *of mine*, of making a fresh trial; I brought it on again. In the first Act I pleased; when in the mean time a rumor spread that gladiators were about to be exhibited; the populace flock together, make a tumult, clamor aloud, *and* fight for their places: meantime, I was unable to maintain my place. Now there is no confusion: there is attention and silence — an opportunity of acting *my Play* has been granted me; to yourselves is given the power of gracing the scenic festival. Do not permit, through your agency, the

dramatic art to sink into the hands of a few; let your authority prove a seconder and assistant to my own. If I have never covetously set a price upon my skill, and have come to this conclusion, that it is the greatest gain in the highest possible degree to contribute to your entertainment; allow me to obtain this of you, that him who has intrusted his labors to my protection, and himself to your integrity, — that him, I *say*, the malicious may not maliciously deride, beset *by them* on every side. For my sake, admit of this plea, and attend in silence, that he may be encouraged to write other *Plays*, and that it may be for my advantage to study new ones hereafter, purchased at my own expense.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Philotis and Syra.

Phil. I'faith, Syra, you can find but very few lovers who prove constant to their mistresses. For instance, how often did this Pamphilus swear to Bacchis — how solemnly, so that any one might have readily believed him — that he never would take home a wife so long as she lived. Well now, he is married.

Syr. Therefore, for that very reason, I earnestly both advise and entreat you to take pity upon no one, but plunder, fleece, *and* rend every man you lay hold of.

Phil. What! Hold no one exempt?

Syr. No one; for not a single one of them, rest assured, comes to you without making up his mind, by means of his flatteries, to gratify his passion with you at the least possible expense. Will you not, pray, plot against them in return?

Phil. And yet, upon my faith, it is unfair to be the same to all.

Syr. What! unfair to take revenge on your enemies? or, for them to be caught in the very way they try to catch you? Alas! wretched me! why do not your age and beauty belong to me, or else these sentiments *of mine* to you?

Scene II.

Enter Parmeno from the house of Laches.

Par. (at the door, speaking to Scirtus within.) If the old man should be asking for me, do you say that I have just gone to the harbor to inquire about the arrival of Pamphilus. Do you hear what I say, Scirtus? If he asks for me, then you are to say *so*; if he does not, *why*, say nothing at all; so that at another time I may be able to employ that excuse as a new one. (*Comes forward, and looking around.*) — But is it my dear Philotis that I see? How has she come *here*? (*Accosting her.*) Philotis heartily good-morrow.

Phil. O, good-morrow, Parmeno.

Syr. By my troth, good-morrow, Parmeno.

Par. I'faith, Syra, the same to you. Philotis, tell me, where have you been enjoying yourself so long?

Phil. For my part, indeed, I have been far from enjoying myself, in leaving this place for Corinth with a most brutal captain; for two whole years, there, had I to put up with him to my sorrow.

Par. I'troth, I fancy that regret for Athens full oft possessed you, and that you thought but poorly of your foresight.

Phil. It can not be expressed how impatient I was to return hither, get rid of the captain, and see yourselves here, that after our old fashion I might at my ease enjoy the merry-makings among you; for there it was not allowed *me* to speak, except at *the moment* prescribed, *and* on such subjects as he chose.

Par. (sarcastically.) I don't think it was gallant in the captain to place a restraint on your tongue.

Phil. But what is this piece of business that Bacchis has just now

been telling me in-doors here? (*pointing to her house.*) A *thing* I never supposed would come to pass, that he, in her lifetime, could possibly prevail upon his feelings to take a wife.

Par. To take, indeed!

Phil. Why, look you, has he not taken one?

Par. He has; but I doubt whether this match will be lasting.

Phil. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so, if it is for the advantage of Bacchis. But why am I to believe it is so? Tell me, Parmeno.

Par. There is no need for its being spread abroad; ask me no more about it.

Phil. For fear, I suppose, it may be made public. So may the Gods prosper me, I do not ask you in order that I may spread it abroad, but that, in silence, I may rejoice within myself.

Par. You'll never speak me so fairly, that I shall trust my back to your discretion.

Phil. Oh, don't *say so*, Parmeno; as though you were not much more impatient to tell me this, than I to learn what I'm inquiring about.

Par. (*to himself.*) She tells the truth there; and that is my greatest failing. (*To Philotis.*) If you give me your word that you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you.

Phil. You are *now* returning to your *natural* disposition. I give you my word; say on.

Par. Listen.

Phil. I'm all attention.

Par. Pamphilus was in the height of his passion for Bacchis here,

when his father began to importune him to take a wife, and to urge those points which are usual with all fathers, that he *himself* was *now* in years, and that he was his only son, that he wished for a support for his declining years. He refused at first. But on his father pressing more urgently, he caused him to become wavering in his mind, whether to yield rather to duty or to love. By hammering on and teasing him, at last the old man gained his point; and betrothed him to the daughter of our next-door neighbor here (*pointing to the house of Phidippus*). This did not seem so very disagreeable to Pamphilus, until on the very point of marriage, when he saw that all was ready, and that no respite was granted, but marry he must; then, at last, he took it so much to heart, that I do believe if Bacchis had been present, *even* she would have pitied him. Whenever opportunity was afforded for us being alone, so that he could converse with me, *he used to say*: “Parmeno, I am ruined! What have I done! Into what misery have I plunged myself! Parmeno, I shall never be able to endure this. To my misery, I am undone!”

Phil. (*vehemently exclaiming.*) May the Gods and Goddesses confound you, Laches, for vexing him so!

Par. To cut the matter short, he took home his wife. On the first night, he did not touch the girl; the night that followed that, not a bit the more.

Phil. What is it you tell me? A young man go to bed with a virgin, intoxicated to boot, *and* able to restrain himself from touching her! You do not say what’s likely; nor do I believe it to be the truth.

Par. I suppose it does seem so to you, for no one comes to you unless he is eager for you; *but* he had married her against his will.

Phil. After this, what followed?

Par. In a very few days after, Pamphilus took me aside, away from the house, and told me how that the young woman was still untouched by him; and *how* that before he had taken her home as his wife, he had hoped to be able to endure this marriage: “But,

Parmeno, as I can not resolve to live with her any longer, it is neither honorable in me, nor of advantage to the young woman herself, for her to be turned to ridicule, but rather I ought to return her to her relations just as I received her.”

Phil. You tell me of a conscientious and virtuous disposition in Pamphilus.

Par. “For me to declare this, I consider to be inconvenient to me, but for her to be sent back to her father without mentioning any blame, would be insolent; but I am in hopes that she, when she is sensible that she can not live with me, will go at last *of her own accord*.”

Phil. What *did he do* in the mean while? Used he to visit Bacchis?

Par. Every day. But as *usually* is the case, after she saw that he belonged to another, she immediately became more ill-natured and more peevish.

Phil. I’faith, that’s not to be wondered at.

Par. And this circumstance in especial contributed to estrange him from her; after he had fairly examined himself, and her, and the one that was at home, he formed a judgment, by comparison, upon the principles of them both. She, just as might be expected from a person of respectable and free birth, chaste *and* virtuous, patient under the slights and all the insults of her husband, and concealing his affronts. Upon this, his mind, partly overcome by compassion for his wife, partly constrained by the insolence of the other, was gradually estranged from Bacchis, and transferred its affections to the other, after having found a congenial disposition. In the mean time, there dies at Imbros an old man, a relative of theirs. His property there devolved on them by law. Thither his father drove the love-sick Pamphilus, much against his will. He left his wife here with his mother, for the old man has retired into the country; he seldom comes into the city.

Phil. What is there yet in this marriage to prevent its being lasting?

Par. You shall hear just now. At first, for several days, there really was a good understanding between them. In the mean time, however, in a strange way, she began to take a dislike to Sostrata; nor yet was there ever any quarrel or words between them.

Phil. What then?

Par. If at any time she came to converse with her, she would instantly withdraw from her presence, and refuse to see her; in fine, when she could no longer endure her, she pretended that she was sent for by her mother to assist at a sacrifice. When she had been there a few days, *Sostrata* ordered her to be fetched. She made some, I know not what, excuse. Again she gave similar orders; no one sent back *any excuse*. After she had sent for her repeatedly, they pretended that the damsel was sick. My *mistress* immediately went to see her; no one admitted her. On the old man coming to know of this, he yesterday came up from the country on purpose, *and* waited immediately upon the father of Philumena. What passed between them, I do not know as yet; but really I do feel some anxiety in what way this is to end. You *now* have the whole matter; *and* I shall proceed whither I was on my way.

Phil. And I too, for I made an appointment with a certain stranger to meet him.

Par. May the Gods prosper what you undertake!

Phil. Farewell!

Par. And a kind farewell to you, my dear Philotis.

Exeunt severally.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Laches and Sostrata, from the house of the former.

Lach. O faith of Gods and men! what a race is this! what a conspiracy this! that all women should desire and reject every individual thing alike! And not a single one can you find to swerve in any respect from the disposition of the rest. For instance, quite as though with one accord, do all mothers-in-law hate their daughters-in-law. Just in the same way is it their system to oppose their husbands; their obstinacy *here* is the same. In the very same school they all seem to me to have been trained up to perverseness. Of that school, if there is any mistress, I am very sure that she (*pointing at Sostrata*) it is.

Sos. Wretched me! when now I don't so much as know why I am accused!

Lach. Eh! you don't know?

Sos. So may the Gods kindly prosper me, Laches, and so may it be allowed us to pass our lives together in unity!

Lach. (*aside.*) May the Gods avert *such* a misfortune!

Sos. I'm sure that before long you will be sensible that I have been accused by you undeservedly.

Lach. You, undeservedly? Can any thing possibly be said that you deserve in return for this conduct of yours? You, who are disgracing both me and yourself and the family, *and* are laying up sorrow for your son. Then besides, you are making our connections become, from friends, enemies to us, who have thought him deserving for them to intrust their children to him. You alone have put yourself forward, by your folly, to be causing this disturbance.

Sos. What, I?

Lach. You, woman, I say, who take me to be a stone, not a man. Do you think because it's my habit to be so much in the country, that I don't know in what way each person is passing his life here? I know much better what is going on here than there, where I am daily; for this reason, because, just as you act at home, I am spoken of abroad. Some time since, indeed, I heard that Philumena had taken a dislike to you; nor did I the least wonder at it; indeed, if she hadn't done so, it would have been more surprising. But I did not suppose that she would have gone so far as to hate even the whole of the family; if I had known *that*, she should have remained here in preference, *and* you should have gone away. But consider how undeservedly these vexations arise on your account, Sostrata; I went to live in the country, in compliance with your request, and to look after my affairs, in order that my circumstances might be able to support your lavishness and comforts, not sparing my own exertions, beyond what's reasonable and my time of life allows. That you should take no care, in return for all this, that there should be nothing to vex me!

Sos. Upon my word, through no means or fault of mine has this taken place.

Lach. Nay, *through you* in especial; you were the only person here; on you alone, Sostrata, falls all the blame. You ought to have taken care of matters here, as I had released you from other anxieties. Is it not a disgrace for an old woman to pick a quarrel with a girl? You will say it was her fault.

Sos. Indeed I do not say so, my *dear* Laches.

Lach. I am glad of that, so may the Gods prosper me, for my son's sake. I am quite sure *of this*, that no fault of yours can possibly put you in a worse light.

Sos. How do you know, my husband, whether she may not have pretended to dislike me, on purpose that she might be more with her mother?

Lach. What say you *to this*? Is it not proof sufficient, when yesterday

no one was willing to admit you into the house, when you went to see her?

Sos. Why, they told me that she was very ill just then; for that reason I was not admitted to her.

Lach. I fancy that your humors are more her malady than any thing else; and with good reason in fact, for there is not one of you but wants her son to take a wife; and the match which has taken your fancy must be the one; when, at your solicitation, they have married, *then*, at your solicitation, they are to put them away again.

Scene II.

Enter Phidippus from his house.

Phid. (*speaking to Philumena within.*) Although I am aware, Philumena, that I have the right to compel you to do what I order, still, being swayed by the feelings of a father, I will prevail *upon myself* to yield to you, and not oppose your inclination.

Lach. And look, most opportunely I see Phidippus; I'll presently know from him how it is. (*Accosting him.*) Phidippus, although I am aware that I am particularly indulgent to all my family, still it is not to that degree to let my good nature corrupt their minds. And if you would do the same, it would be more for your own interest and ours. At present I see that you are under the control of those *women*.

Phid. Just look at that, now!

Lach. I waited on you yesterday about your daughter; you sent me away just as wise as I came. It does not become you, if you wish this alliance to continue, to conceal your resentment. If there is any fault on our side, disclose it; either by clearing ourselves, or excusing it, we shall remedy these matters for you, yourself the judge. But if this is the cause of detaining her at your house, because she is ill, *then* I think that you do me an injustice, Phidippus, if you are afraid lest she should *not* be attended with sufficient care at my house. But, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not yield in this to you, although you are her father, that you can wish her well more than *I do*, and that on my son's account, who I know values her not less than his own self. Nor, in fact, is it unknown to you, how much, *as* I believe, it will vex him, if he comes to know of this; for this reason, I wish to have her home before he returns.

Phid. Laches, I am sensible of both your carefulness and your goodwill, and I am persuaded that all you say is just as you say: and I would have you believe me in this; I am anxious for her to return to

you, if I possibly can by any means effect it.

Lach. What is it prevents you from effecting it? Come, now, does she make any complaint against her husband?

Phid. By no means; for when I urged it still more strongly, and attempted to constrain her by force to return, she solemnly protested that she couldn't possibly remain with you, while Pamphilus was absent. Probably each has his own failing; I am naturally of an indulgent disposition; I can not thwart my own family.

Lach. (turning to his wife, who stands apart.) Ha! Sostrata!

Sos. (sighing deeply.) Alas! wretched me!

Lach. (to Phidippus.) Is this your final determination?

Phid. For the present, at least, as it seems; but have you any thing else to say? for I have some business that obliges me to go at once to the Forum.

Lach. I'll go with you.

Exeunt.

Scene III.

Sostrata alone.

Sos. Upon my faith, we assuredly are all of us hated by our husbands with equal injustice, on account of a few, who cause us all to appear deserving of harsh treatment. For, so may the Gods prosper me, as to what my husband accuses me of, I am quite guiltless. But it is not so easy to clear myself, so strongly have people come to the conclusion that all step-mothers are harsh: i'faith, not I, indeed, for I never regarded her otherwise than if she had been my own daughter; nor can I conceive how this has befallen me. But really, for many reasons, I long for my son's return home with impatience.

Goes into her house.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Pamphilus and Parmeno.

Pam. No individual, I do believe, ever met with more crosses in love than I. Alas! unhappy me! that I have *thus* been sparing of life! Was it for this I was so very impatient to return home? O, how much more preferable had it been for me to pass my life any where in the world than to return here and be sensible that I am thus wretched! For all of us know who have met with trouble from any cause, that all the time that passes before we come to the knowledge of it, is so much gain.

Par. Still, as it is, you'll the sooner know how to extricate yourself from these misfortunes. If you had not returned, this breach might have become much wider; but now, Pamphilus, I am sure that both will be awed by your presence. You will learn the facts, remove their enmity, restore them to good feeling once again. *These* are but trifles which you have persuaded yourself are *so* grievous.

Pam. Why comfort me? Is there a person in all the world so wretched as *I*? Before I took her to wife, I had my heart engaged by other affections. Now, though on this subject I should be silent, it is easy for any one to know how much I have suffered; yet I never dared refuse her whom my father forced upon me. With difficulty did I withdraw myself from another, and disengage my affections so firmly rooted there! and hardly had I fixed them in another quarter, when, lo! a new misfortune has arisen, which may tear me from her too. Then besides, I suppose that in this matter I shall find either my mother or my wife in fault; and when I find such to be the fact, what remains but to become still more wretched? For duty, Parmeno, bids me bear with the feelings of a mother; then, to my wife I am bound by obligations; with so much temper did she formerly bear my usage, and on no occasion disclose the many wrongs *inflicted on her* by me. But, Parmeno, something of consequence, I know not what it is, must have happened for *this* misunderstanding to have arisen between them, that has lasted so long.

Par. Or else something frivolous, i'faith, if you would only give words their proper value; those which are sometimes the greatest enmities, do not argue the greatest injuries; for it often happens that in certain circumstances, in which another would not even be out of temper, for the very same reason a passionate man becomes your greatest enemy. What enmities do children entertain among themselves for trifling injuries! For what reason? Why, because they have a weak understanding to direct them. Just so are these women, almost like children with their fickle feelings; perhaps a single word has occasioned this enmity between them, master.

Pam. Go, Parmeno, into the house, and carry word that I have arrived.

A noise is heard in the house of Phidippus.

Par. (*starting.*) Ha! What means this?

Pam. Be silent. I perceive a bustling about, and a running to and fro.

Par. (*going to the door.*) Come then, I'll approach nearer to the door. (*He listens.*) Ha! did you hear?

Pam. Don't be prating. (*He listens.*) O Jupiter, I heard a shriek!

Par. You yourself are talking, while you forbid me.

Myr. (*within the house.*) Prithee, my child, do be silent.

Pam. That seems to be the voice of Philumena's mother. I'm undone!

Par. Why so?

Pam. Utterly ruined!

Par. For what reason?

Pam. Parmeno, you are concealing from me some great misfortune to

me unknown.

Par. They said that your wife, Philumena, was in alarm about something, I know not what; whether that may be it, perchance, I don't know.

Pam. I am undone! Why didn't you tell me of this?

Par. Because I couldn't *tell* every thing at once.

Pam. What is the malady?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. What! has no one brought a physician *to see her*?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. Why delay going in-doors, that I may know as soon as possible for certain what it is? In what condition, Philumena, am I now to find you? But if you are in any peril, beyond a doubt I will perish with you.

Goes into the house of Phidippus.

Scene II.

Parmeno alone.

Par. (to himself.) There is no need for me to follow him into the house at present, for I see that we are all disagreeable to them. Yesterday, no one would give Sostrata admittance. If, perchance, the malady should become worse, which really I could far from wish, for my master's sake especially, they would at once say that Sostrata's servant had been in there; they would invent a story that I had brought some mischief against their lives and persons, in consequence of which the malady had been increased. My mistress would be blamed, and I should incur heavy punishment.

Scene III.

Enter Sostrata.

Sos. (to herself.) In dreadful alarm, I have for some time heard, I know not what confusion going on here; I'm sadly afraid Philumena's illness is getting worse. Æsculapius, I do entreat thee, and thee, Health, that it may not be so. Now I'll go visit her. *(Approaches the door.)*

Par. (coming forward.) Hark you, Sostrata.

Sos. (turning round.) Well.

Par. You will again be shut out there.

Sos. What, Parmeno, is it you? I'm undone! wretch that I am, what shall I do? Am I not to go see the wife of Pamphilus, when she is ill here next door?

Par. Not go see her! Don't even send any person for the purpose of seeing *her*; for I'm of opinion that he who loves a person to whom he is an object of dislike, commits a double mistake: he himself takes a useless trouble, and causes annoyance to the other. Besides, your son went in to see how she is, as soon as he arrived.

Sos. What is it you say? Has Pamphilus arrived?

Par. He has.

Sos. I give thanks unto the Gods! Well, through that news my spirits are revived, and anxiety has departed from my heart.

Par. For this reason, then, I am especially unwilling you should go in there; for if Philumena's malady at all abates, she will, I am sure, when they are by themselves, at once tell him all the circumstances; both what misunderstandings have arisen between you, *and* how the

difference first began. But see, he's coming out — how sad *he looks*!

Scene IV.

Re-enter Pamphilus, from the house of Phidippus.

Sos. (*running up to him.*) O my son! (*Embraces him.*)

Pam. My mother, blessings on you.

Sos. I rejoice that you are returned safe. Is Philumena in a fair way?

Pam. She is a little better. (*Weeping.*)

Sos. Would that the Gods may grant it so! Why, then, do you weep, or why so dejected?

Pam. All's well, mother.

Sos. What meant that confusion? Tell me; was she suddenly taken ill?

Pam. Such was the fact.

Sos. What is her malady?

Pam. A fever.

Sos. An intermitting one?

Pam. So they say. Go in the house, please, mother; I'll follow you immediately.

Sos. Very well.

Goes into her house.

Pam. Do you run and meet the servants, Parmeno, and help them with the baggage.

Par. Why, don't they know the way themselves to come to our house?

Pam. (stamping.) Do you loiter?

Exit Parmeno.

Scene V.

Pamphilus, alone.

Pam. I can not discover any fitting commencement of my troubles, at which to begin to narrate the things that have so unexpectedly befallen me, some of which with these eyes I have beheld; some I have heard with my ears; *and* on account of which I so hastily betook myself, in extreme agitation, out of doors. For just now, when, full of alarm, I rushed into the house, expecting to find my wife afflicted with some other malady than what I have found it to be; — ah me! immediately the servant-maids beheld that I had arrived, they all at the same moment joyfully exclaimed, “He is come,” from having so suddenly caught sight of me. But I soon perceived the countenances of all of them change, because at so unseasonable a juncture chance had brought me there. One of them in the mean time hastily ran before me to give notice that I had come. Impatient to see my wife, I followed close. When I entered the room, that instant, to my sorrow, I found out her malady; for neither did the time afford any interval to enable her to conceal it, nor could she complain in any other accents than *those which* the case itself prompted. When I perceived *this*: “O disgraceful conduct!” I exclaimed, and instantly hurried away from the spot in tears, overwhelmed by such an incredible and shocking circumstance. Her mother followed me; just as I got to the threshold, she threw herself on her knees: I felt compassion for her. Assuredly it is the fact, in my opinion, just as matters befall us all, so are we elated or depressed. At once she began to address me in these words: “O my *dear* Pamphilus, you see the reason why she left your house; for violence was offered to her when formerly a maid, by some villain to us unknown. Now, she took refuge here then, that from you and others she might conceal her labor.” But when I call to mind her entreaties, I can not, wretched as I am, refrain from tears. “Whatever chance or fortune it is,” said she, “which has brought you here to-day, by it we do both conjure you, if with equity and justice we may, that her misfortune may be concealed by you, and kept a secret from all. If ever you were sensible, my *dear* Pamphilus, that she was

tenderly disposed toward you, she now asks you to grant her this favor in return, without making any difficulty of it. But as to taking her back, act quite according to your own convenience. You alone are aware of her lying-in, and that the child is none of yours. For it is said that it was two months after the marriage before she had commerce with you. And then, this is but the seventh month since she came to you. That you are sensible of this, the circumstances themselves prove. Now, if it is possible, Pamphilus, I especially wish, and will use my endeavors, that her labor may remain unknown to her father, and to all, in fact. But if that can not be managed, and they do find it out, I will say that she miscarried; I am sure no one will suspect otherwise than, what is so likely, the child was by you. It shall be instantly exposed; in that case there is no inconvenience whatever to yourself, and you will be concealing an outrage so undeservingly committed upon her, poor thing!" I promised *this*, and I am resolved to keep faith in what I said. But as to taking her back, really I do not think that would be at all creditable, nor will I do so, although love for her, and habit, have a strong influence upon me. I weep when it occurs to my mind, what must be her life, and *how great* her loneliness in future. O Fortune, thou hast never been found constant! But by this time *my* former passion has taught me experience in the present case. The means by which I got rid of that, I must employ on the present occasion. Parmeno is coming with the servants; it is far from convenient that he should be here under present circumstances, for he was the only person to whom I trusted the secret that I kept aloof from her when I first married her. I am afraid lest, if he should frequently hear her cries, he might find out that she is in labor. He must be dispatched by me somewhere till Philumena is delivered.

Scene VI.

Enter at a distance Parmeno and Sosia, with people carrying baggage.

Par. (to Sosia.) Do you say that this voyage was disagreeable to you?

Sosia. Upon my faith, Parmeno, it can not be so much as expressed in words, how disagreeable it is to go on a voyage.

Par. Do you say so?

Sosia. O lucky man! You don't know what evils you have escaped, by never having been at sea. For to say nothing of other hardships, mark this one only; thirty days or more was I on board that ship, and every moment, to my horror, was in continual expectation of death: such unfavorable weather did we always meet with.

Par. How annoying!

Sosia. That's not unknown to me: in fine, upon my faith, I would rather run away than go back, if I knew that I should have to go back there.

Par. Why really, but slight causes formerly made you, Sosia, do what now you are threatening to do. But I see Pamphilus himself standing before the door. (*To the Attendants, who go into the house of Laches.*) Go in-doors; I'll accost him, *to see* if he wants any thing with me. (*Accosts Pamphilus.*) What, still standing here, master?

Pam. Yes, and waiting for you.

Par. What's the matter?

Pam. You must run across to the citadel.

Par. Who must?

Pam. You.

Par. To the citadel? Why thither?

Pam. To meet Callidemides, my entertainer at Myconos, who came over in the same ship with me.

Par. (aside.) Confusion! I should say he has made a vow that if ever he should return home safe, he would rupture me with walking.

Pam. Why are you lingering?

Par. What do you wish me to say? Or am I to meet him only?

Pam. No; say that I can not meet him to-day, as I appointed, so that he may not wait for me to no purpose. Fly!

Par. But I don't know the man's appearance.

Pam. Then I'll tell you how to know it; a huge *fellow*, ruddy, with curly hair, fat, with gray eyes *and* freckled countenance.

Par. May the Gods confound him! What if he shouldn't come? Am I to wait *there*, even till the evening?

Pam. Yes, wait *there*. Run!

Par. I can't; I am so tired.

Exit slowly.

Scene VII.

Pamphilus, alone.

Pam. He's off. What shall I do in this distressed situation? Really, I don't know in what way I'm to conceal this, as Myrrhina entreated me, her daughter's lying-in; but I do pity the woman. What I can, I'll do; *only* so long, however, as I observe my duty; for it is proper that I should be regardful of a parent, rather than of my passion. But look — I see Phidippus and my father. They are coming this way; what to say to them, I'm at a loss.

Stands apart.

Scene VIII.

Enter, at a distance, Laches and Phidippus.

Lach. Did you not say, just now, that she was waiting for my son's return?

Phid. Just so.

Lach. They say that he has arrived; let her return.

Pam. (apart to himself, aloud.) What excuse to make to my father for not taking her back, I don't know!

Lach. (turning round.) Who was it I heard speaking here?

Pam. (apart.) I am resolved to persevere in the course I determined to pursue.

Lach. 'Tis the very person about whom I was talking to you.

Pam. Health to you, my father.

Lach. Health to you, my son.

Phid. I am glad that you have returned, Pamphilus, and the more especially so, as you are safe and well.

Pam. I believe you.

Lach. Have you but just arrived?

Pam. Only just now.

Lach. Tell me, what has our cousin Phania left us?

Pam. Why really, i'faith, he was a man very much devoted to pleasure while he lived; and those who are so, don't much benefit

their heirs, but for themselves leave this commendation: While he lived, he lived well.

Lach. So then, you have brought home nothing more than a single sentiment?

Pam. Whatever he has left, we are the gainers by it.

Lach. Why no, it has proved a loss; for I could have wished him alive and well.

Phid. You may wish that with impunity; he'll never come to life again; and after all I know which of the two you would prefer.

Lach. Yesterday, he (*pointing to Phidippus*) desired Philumena to be fetched to his house. (*Whispers to Phidippus, nudging him with his elbow.*) Say that you desired it.

Phid. (*aside to Laches.*) Don't punch me so. (*To Pamphilus.*) I desired it.

Lach. But he'll now send her home again.

Phid. Of course.

Pam. I know the whole affair, and how it happened; I heard it just now, on my arrival.

Lach. Then may the Gods confound those spiteful people who told this news with such readiness!

Pam. (*to Phidippus.*) I am sure that it has been my study, that with reason no slight might possibly be committed by your family; and if I were now truthful to mention of how faithful, loving, and tender a disposition I have proved toward her, I could *do so* truly, did I not rather wish that you should learn it of herself; for by that method you will be the more ready to place confidence in my disposition when she, who is now acting unjustly toward me, speaks favorably of me.

And that through no fault of mine this separation has taken place, I call the Gods to witness. But since she considers that it is not befitting her to give way to my mother, and with readiness to conform to her temper, and as on no other terms it is possible for good feeling to exist between them, either my mother must be separated, Phidippus, from me, or else Philumena. Now affection urges me rather to consult my mother's pleasure.

Lach. Pamphilus, your words have reached my ears not otherwise than to my satisfaction, since I find that you postpone all considerations for your parent. But take care, Pamphilus, lest impelled by resentment, you carry matters too far.

Pam. How, impelled by resentment, could I now be biased against her who never has been guilty of any thing toward me, father, that I could not wish, and who has often deserved as well as I could desire? I both love and praise and exceedingly regret her, for I have found by experience that she was of a wondrously engaging disposition with regard to myself; and I sincerely wish that she may spend the remainder of her life with a husband who may prove more fortunate than me, since necessity *thus* tears her from me.

Phid. 'Tis in your own power to prevent that.

Lach. If you are in your senses, order her to come back.

Pam. It is not my intention, father; I shall study my mother's interests.

Going away.

Lach. Whither are you going? Stay, stay, I tell you; whither are you going?

Exit Pamphilus.

Scene IX.

Laches and Phidippus.

Phid. What obstinacy is this?

Lach. Did I not tell you, Phidippus, that he would take this matter amiss? It was for that reason I entreated you to send your daughter back.

Phid. Upon my faith, I did not believe he would be so brutish; does he now fancy that I shall come begging to him? If *so* it is that he chooses to take back his wife, why, let him; if he is of another mind, let him pay back her portion, *and* take himself off.

Lach. Just look at that, now; you too are getting obstinate and huffish.

Phid. (speaking with anger.) You have returned to us in a very ungovernable mood, Pamphilus.

Lach. This anger will depart; although he has some reason for being vexed.

Phid. Because you have had a windfall, a little money, your minds are elevated.

Lach. Are you going to fall out with me, too?

Phid. Let him consider, and bring me word to-day, whether he will or will not, that she may belong to another if she does not to him.

Goes hastily into his own house.

Lach. Phidippus, stay; listen to a few words —

Scene X.

Laches, alone.

Lach. He's off; what matters it to me? In fine, let them manage it between themselves, just as they please; since neither my son nor he pay any regard to me; they care but little for what I say. I'll carry the quarrel to my wife, by whose planning all these things have been brought about, and against her I will vent all the vexation that I feel.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Myrrhina, from her house.

Myr. I am undone! What am I to do? which way turn myself? In my wretchedness, what answer am I to give to my husband? For he seems to have heard the voice of the child when crying, so suddenly did he rush in to my daughter without saying a word. What if he comes to know that she has been delivered? for what reason I am to say I kept it concealed, upon my faith I do not know. But there's a noise at the door; I believe it is himself coming out to me: I'm utterly undone!

Scene II.

Enter Phidippus, from the house.

Phid. (to himself.) My wife, when she saw me going to my daughter, betook herself out of the house: and look, there she is. (*Addressing her.*) What have you to say, Myrrhina? Hark you! to you I speak.

Myr. What, to me, my husband?

Phid. Am I your husband? Do you consider me a husband, or a man, in fact? For, woman, if I had ever appeared to you to be either of these, I should not in this way have been held in derision by your doings.

Myr. By what *doings*?

Phid. Do you ask the question? Is not your daughter brought to bed? Eh, are you silent? By whom?

Myr. Is it proper for a father to be asking such a question? Oh, shocking! By whom do you think, pray, except by him to whom she was given in marriage?

Phid. I believe it; nor indeed is it for a father to think otherwise. But I wonder much what the reason can be for which you so very much wish all of us to be in ignorance of the truth, especially when she has been delivered properly, and at the right time. That you should be of a mind so perverse as to prefer that the child should perish, through which you might be sure that hereafter there would be a friendship more lasting between us, rather than that, at the expense of your feelings, his wife should continue with him! I supposed this to be their fault, while *in reality* it lies with you.

Myr. I am an unhappy creature!

Phid. I wish I were sure that so it was; but now it recurs to my mind

what you once said about this matter, when we accepted him as *our* son-in-law. For you declared that you could not endure your daughter to be married to a person who was attached to a courtesan, *and* who spent his nights away from home.

Myr. (aside.) Any cause whatever I had rather he should suspect than the right one.

Phid. I knew much sooner than you did, Myrrhina, that he kept a mistress; but this I never considered a crime in young men; for it is natural to them all. For, i' faith, the time will soon come when even he will be disgusted with himself *for doing so*. But just as you formerly showed yourself, you have never ceased to be the same up to the present time; in order that you might withdraw your daughter from him, and that what I did might not hold good, one thing itself now plainly proves how far you wished it carried out.

Myr. Do you suppose that I am so willful that I could have entertained such feelings toward one whose mother I am, if this match had been to our advantage?

Phid. Can you possibly foresee or judge what is to our advantage? You have heard it of some one, perhaps, who has told you that he has seen him coming from or going to his mistress. What then? If he has done so with discretion, and but occasionally, is it not more kind in us to conceal our knowledge of it, than to do our best to be aware of it, in consequence of which he will detest us? For if he could all at once have withdrawn himself from her with whom he had been intimate for so many years, I should not have deemed him a man, or likely to prove a constant husband for our daughter.

Myr. Do have done about the young man, I pray; and what you say I've been guilty of. Go away, meet him by yourself; ask him whether he wishes to have her as a wife or not; if so it is that he should say he does wish it, *why*, send her *back*; but if on the other hand he does not wish it, I have taken the best course for my *child*.

Phid. And suppose he does not wish it, and you, Myrrhina, knew him

to be in fault; *still* I was at hand, by whose advice it was proper for these matters to be settled; therefore I am greatly offended that you have presumed to act thus without my leave. I forbid you to attempt to carry the child any where out of this house. But I am very foolish to be expecting her to obey my orders. I'll go in-doors, and charge the servants to allow it to be carried out nowhere.

Goes into the house.

Scene III.

Myrrhina, alone.

Myr. Upon my faith, I do believe that there is no woman living more wretched than I; for how he would take it, if he came to know the real state of the case, i' faith, is not unknown to me, when he bears this, which is of less consequence, with such angry feelings; and I know not in what way his sentiments can possibly be changed. Out of very many misfortunes, this one evil alone had been wanting to me, for him to compel me to rear a child of whom we know not who is the father; for when my daughter was ravished, it was so dark that his person could not be distinguished, nor was any thing taken from him on the occasion by which it could be afterward discovered who he was. He, on leaving her, took away from the girl, by force, a ring which she had upon her finger. I am afraid, too, of Pamphilus, that he may be unable any longer to conceal what I have requested, when he learns that the child of another is being brought up as his.

Goes into the house.

Scene IV.

Enter Sostrata and Pamphilus.

Sos. It is not unknown to me, my son, that I am suspected by you as the cause of your wife having left our house in consequence of my conduct; although you carefully conceal your knowledge of it. But so may the Gods prosper me, and so may you answer all my hopes, I have never knowingly deserved that hatred of me should with reason possess her; and while I thought before that you loved me, on that point you have confirmed my belief: for in-doors your father has just now related to me in what way you have preferred me to your passion. Now it is my determination to return you the favor, that you may understand that with me lies the reward of your affection. My Pamphilus, I think that this is expedient both for yourselves and my own reputation. I have finally resolved to retire hence into the country with your father, that my presence may not be an obstacle, and that no pretense may remain why your Philumena should not return to you.

Pam. Pray, what sort of resolution is this? Driven away by her folly, would you be removing from the city to live in the country? You shall not do *so*; and I will not permit, mother, any one who may wish to censure us, to say that this has been done through my perverseness, *and* not your inclination. Besides, I do not wish you, for my sake, to forego your friends and relations, and festive days.

Sos. Upon my word, these things afford me no pleasure now. While my time of life permitted it, I enjoyed them enough; satiety of that mode of life has now taken possession of me: this is at present my chief concern, that the length of my life may prove an annoyance to no one, or that he may look forward with impatience to my death. Here I see that, without deserving it, I am disliked; it is time for *me* to retire. Thus, in the best way, I imagine, I shall cut short all grounds *of discontent* with all; I shall both free myself from suspicion, and shall be pleasing them. Pray, let me avoid this

reproach, which so generally attaches on women to their disadvantage.

Pam. (aside.) How happy am I in other respects, were it not for this one thing alone, in having such a *good* mother, and her for my wife!

Sos. Pray, my Pamphilus, can you not, seeing how each woman is, prevail upon yourself to put up with one matter of inconvenience? If every thing else is according to your wish, and such as I take it to be — my son, do grant me this indulgence, *and* take her back.

Pam. Alas! wretched me!

Sos. And me as well; for this affair does not cause me less sorrow than you, my son.

Scene V.

Enter Laches.

Lach. While standing just by here, I have heard, wife, the conversation you have been holding with him. It is true wisdom to be enabled to govern the feelings whenever there is necessity; to do at the present moment what may perhaps, in the end, be necessary to be done.

Sos. Good luck to it, i'troth.

Lach. Retire then into the country; there I will bear with you, and you with me.

Sos. I hope so, i'faith.

Lach. Go in-doors then, and get together the things that are to be taken with you. I have *now* said it.

Sos. I'll do as you desire.

Goes into the house.

Pam. Father!

Lach. What do you want, Pamphilus?

Pam. My mother go away? By no means.

Lach. Why would you have it so?

Pam. Because I am as yet undetermined what I shall do about my wife.

Lach. How is that? What should you intend to do but bring her home?

Pam. For my part, I could like, and can hardly forbear it; but I shall not alter my design; that which is most advantageous I shall pursue; I suppose (*ironically*) that they will be better reconciled, in consequence, if I shall take her back.

Lach. You can not tell. But it matters nothing to you which they do when she has gone away. *Persons of* this age are disliked by young people; it is right *for us* to withdraw from the world; in fine, we are now a *nice* by-word. We are, Pamphilus, “the old man and the old woman.” But I see Phidippus coming out just at the time; let’s accost him.

Scene VI.

Enter Phidippus, from his house.

Phid. (speaking at the door to Philumena, within.) Upon my faith, I am angry with you too, Philumena, extremely so, for, on my word, you have acted badly; still there is an excuse for you in this matter; your mother forced you to it; but for her there is none.

Lach. (accosting him.) Phidippus, you meet me at a lucky moment, just at the very time.

Phid. What's the matter?

Pam. (aside.) What answer shall I make them, or in what manner keep this secret?

Lach. (to Phidippus.) Tell your daughter that Sostrata is going into the country, that she may not now be afraid of returning home.

Phid. Alas! your wife has been guilty of no fault in this affair; all this *mischief* has originated in my wife Myrrhina.

Pam. (aside.) They are changing sides.

Phid. 'Tis she that causes our disturbances, Laches.

Pam. (aside.) So long as I don't take her back, let her cause as much disturbance as she pleases.

Phid. I, Pamphilus, could really wish, if it were possible, this alliance between us to be lasting; but if you are otherwise inclined, *still* take the child.

Pam. (aside.) He has discovered that she has been brought to bed. I'm undone!

Lach. The child! What child?

Phid. We have had a grandson born to us; for my daughter was removed from you in a state of pregnancy, and yet never before this day did I know that she was pregnant.

Lach. So may the Gods prosper me, you bring good tidings, and I am glad a child has been born, and that she is safe: but what *kind of* woman have you for a wife, or of what sort of a temper, that we should have been kept in ignorance of this so long? I can not sufficiently express how disgraceful this conduct appears to me.

Phid. This conduct does not vex me less than yourself, Laches.

Pam. (aside.) Even if it had just now been a matter of doubt to me, it is so no longer, since the child of another man is to accompany her.

Lach. Pamphilus, there is no room now for deliberation for you in this matter.

Pam. (aside.) I'm undone!

Lach. (to Pamphilus.) We were often longing to see the day on which there should be one to call you father; it has come to pass. I return thanks to the Gods.

Pam. (aside.) I am ruined!

Lach. Take home your wife, and don't oppose my will.

Pam. Father, if she had wished to have children by me, or to continue to be my wife, I am quite certain she would not have concealed from me what I find she has concealed. Now, as I find that her mind is estranged from me, and think that there would be no agreement between us in future, why should I take her back?

Lach. The young woman has done what her mother persuaded her. Is that to be wondered at? Do you suppose you can find any woman who is free from fault? Or is it that men have no failings?

Phid. Do you yourselves now consider, Laches, and you, Pamphilus, whether it is most advisable for you to leave her or take her back. What your wife may do, is not in my control. Under neither circumstance will you meet with any difficulty from me. But what are we to do with the child?

Lach. You do ask an absurd question; whatever happens, send him back his *child* of course, that we may bring it up as ours.

Pam. (in a low voice.) A child which the father has abandoned, am I to rear?

Lach. What was it you said? How — not rear it, Pamphilus? Prithee, are we to expose it, in preference? What madness is this? Really, I can not now be silent any longer. For you force me to say in his presence (*pointing to Phidippus*) what I would rather not. Do you suppose I am in ignorance of the cause of your tears, or what it is on account of which you are perplexed to this degree? In the first place, when you alleged as a reason, that, on account of your mother, you could not have your wife at home, she promised that she would leave the house. Now, since you see this pretext as well taken away from you, because a child has been born without your knowledge, you have got another. You are mistaken if you suppose that I am ignorant of your feelings. That at last you might prevail upon your feelings to take this step, how long a period for loving a mistress did I allow you! With what patience did I bear the expense you were at in keeping her! I remonstrated with you and entreated you to take a wife. I said that it was time: by my persuasion you married. What you then did in obedience to me, you did as became you. Now again you have set your fancy upon a mistress, and, to gratify her, you do an injury to the other as well. For I see plainly that you have once more relapsed into the same course of life.

Pam. What, I?

Lach. Your own self, and you act unjustly therein. You feign false grounds for discord, that you may live with her when you have got

rid of this witness *of your actions*; your wife has perceived it too; for what other reason had she for leaving you?

Phid. (to himself.) It's clear he guesses right; for that must be it.

Pam. I will give you my oath that none of these is the reason.

Lach. Oh take home your wife, or tell me why you should not.

Pam. It is not the time at present.

Lach. Take the child, for surely that is not in fault; I will consider about the mother afterward.

Pam. (apart.) In every way I am wretched, and what to do I know not; with so many troubles is my father now besetting wretched me on every side. I'll go away from here, since I avail but little by my presence. For without my consent, I do not believe that they will bring up the child, especially as on that point my mother-in-law will second me.

Exit speedily.

Scene VII.

Laches and Phidippus.

Lach. (to *Pamphilus*.) Do you run away? What, and give me no distinct answer? (To *Phidippus*.) Does he seem to you to be in his senses? Let him alone. *Phidippus*, give me the child; I'll bring it up.

Phid. By all means. No wonder if my wife has taken this amiss: women are resentful; they do not easily put up with such things. Hence that anger of hers, for she herself told me of it; I would not mention this to you in his presence, and at first I did not believe her; but now it is true beyond a doubt; for I see that his feelings are altogether averse to marriage.

Lach. What am I to do, then, *Phidippus*? What advice do you give?

Phid. What are you to do? I am of opinion that first we ought to go to this mistress of *his*. Let us use entreaties with her; *then* let us rebuke her; and at last, let us very seriously threaten her, if she gives him any encouragement in future.

Lach. I will do as you advise. (Turning to an Attendant.) Ho, there, boy! run to the house of *Bacchis* here, our neighbor; desire her, in my name, to come hither. (Exit Attendant.) And you, I further entreat, to give me your assistance in this affair.

Phid. Well, I have already said, and I now say again to the same effect, *Laches*, I wish this alliance between us to continue, if by any means it possibly may, which I trust will be the case. But should you like me to be with you while you meet her?

Lach. Why yes; but first go and get some one as a nurse for the child.

Exit *Phidippus*.

Scene VIII.

Enter Bacchis, attended by her Women.

Bacch. (to her Women.) It is not for nothing that Laches now desires to speak with me; and, i' faith, I am not very far from mistaken in making a guess what it is he wants me for.

Lach. (to himself.) I must take care that I don't, through anger, miss gaining in this quarter what I *otherwise* might, and that I don't do any thing which hereafter it would have been better I had not done. I'll accost her. (*Accosts her.*) Bacchis, good-morrow to you!

Bacch. Good-morrow to you, Laches!

Lach. Troth, now, Bacchis, I suppose you somewhat wonder what can be my reason for sending the lad to fetch you out of doors.

Bacch. Upon my faith, I am even in some anxiety as well, when I reflect what I am, lest the name of my calling should be to my prejudice; for my behavior I can easily defend.

Lach. If you speak the truth, you will be in no danger, woman, from me, for I am now of that age that it is not meet for me to receive forgiveness for a fault; for that reason do I the more carefully attend to every particular, that I may not act with rashness; for if you now do, or intend to do, that which is proper for deserving *women* to do, it would be unjust for me, in my ignorance, to offer an injury to you, when undeserving of it.

Bacch. On my word, great is the gratitude that I ought to feel toward you for such conduct; for he who, after committing an injury, would excuse himself, would profit me but little. But what is the matter?

Lach. You admit my son, Pamphilus, to your house.

Bacch. Ah!

Lach. Just let me *speak*: before he was married to this woman, I tolerated your amour. Stay! I have not yet said to you what I intended. He has now got a wife: look out for another person more to be depended on, while you have time to deliberate; for neither will he be of this mind all his life, nor, i' faith, will you be *always* of your present age.

Bacch. Who is it says this?

Lach. His mother-in-law.

Bacch. What! that I —

Lach. That you *do*: and she has taken away her daughter; and for that reason, has wished secretly to destroy the child that has been born.

Bacch. Did I know any other means whereby I might be enabled to establish my credit with you, more solemn than an oath, I would, Laches, assure you of this, that I have kept Pamphilus at a distance from me ever since he took a wife.

Lach. You are very good. But, pray, do you know what I would prefer that you should do?

Bacch. What? Tell me.

Lach. Go in-doors there (*pointing to the house of Phidippus*) to the women, and make the same promise, on oath, to them; satisfy their minds, and clear yourself from this charge.

Bacch. I will do *so*; although, i' faith, if it had been any other woman of this calling, she would not have done so, I am quite sure; present herself before a married woman for such a purpose! But I do not wish your son to be suspected on an unfounded report, nor appear inconstant, undeservedly, to you, to whom he by no means ought; for he has deserved of me, that, so far as I am able, I should do him a service.

Lach. Your language has rendered me quite friendly and well disposed toward you; but not only did they think *so* — I too believed it. Now that I have found you quite different from what I had expected, take care that you still continue the same — make use of my friendship as you please; if otherwise —— ; but I will forbear, that you may not hear any thing unkind from me. But this one thing I recommend you — make trial what sort of a friend I am, or what I can effect *as such*, rather than *what as* an enemy.

Scene IX.

Enter Phidippus and a Nurse.

Phid. (to the Nurse.) Nothing at my house will I suffer you to be in want of; but whatever is requisite shall be supplied *you* in abundance. Still, when you are well fed and well drenched, do take care that the child has enough.

The Nurse goes into his house.

Lach. (to Bacchis.) My son's father-in-law, I see, is coming; he is bringing a nurse for the child. (*Accosting him.*) Phidippus, Bacchis swears most solemnly.

Phid. Is this she?

Lach. It is.

Phid. Upon my faith, those women don't fear the Gods; and I don't think that the Gods care about them.

Bacch. (pointing to her Attendants.) I will give you up my female servants; with my full permission, examine them with any tortures you please. The business at present is this: I must make his wife return home to Pamphilus; should I effect that, I shall not regret its being reported that I have been the only one to do what other courtesans avoid doing.

Lach. We find, Phidippus, that our wives have been unjustly suspected by us in this matter. Let us now try her still further; for if your wife discovers that she has given credence to a false charge, she will dismiss her resentment; but if my son is also angry, by reason of the circumstance that his wife has been brought to bed without his knowledge, that is a trifle: his anger on that account will speedily subside. Assuredly in this matter, there is nothing so bad as to be deserving of a separation.

Phid. I sincerely wish it may be *so*.

Lach. Examine *her*; here she is; she herself will satisfy you.

Phid. Why do you tell me these things? *Is it* because you have not already heard what my feelings are with regard to this matter, Laches? Do you only satisfy their minds.

Lach. Troth now, Bacchis, I do entreat that what you have promised me you will do.

Bacch. Would you wish me, then, to go in about this business?

Lach. Go, and satisfy their minds, so as to make them believe it.

Bacch. I'll go: although, upon my word, I am quite sure that my presence will be disagreeable to them, for a married woman is the enemy of a mistress, when she has been separated from her husband.

Lach. But they will be your friends, when they know the reason of your coming.

Phid. And I promise that they shall be your friends, when they know the fact; for you will release them from their mistake, and yourself, at the same time, from suspicion.

Bacch. Wretched me! I'm ashamed *to meet* Philumena. (*To her Attendants.*) Do you both follow me into the house.

Goes into the house with Phidippus and her Attendants.

Lach. (to himself.) What is there that I could more wish for, than what I see has happened to this woman? To gain favor without loss to myself, and to benefit myself at *the same time*. For if now it is the fact that she has really withdrawn from Pamphilus, she knows that by that step she has acquired honor and reputation: she returns the favor to him, and, by the same means, attaches us as friends to herself.

Goes into the house.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Parmeno, moving along with difficulty.

Par. (to himself.) Upon my faith, my master does assuredly think my labor of little value; to have sent me for nothing, where I have been sitting the whole day to no purpose, waiting at the citadel for Callidemides, his landlord at Myconos. And so, while sitting there to-day, *like* a fool, as each person came by, I accosted him:—"Young man, just tell me, pray, are you a Myconian?" "I am not." "But is your name Callidemides?" "No." "Have you any *former* guest here *named* Pamphilus?" All said. "No; and I don't believe that there is any such person." At last, i' faith, I was quite ashamed, *and* went away. But how is it I see Bacchis coming out of our neighbor's? What business can she have there?

Scene II.

Enter Bacchis, from the house of Phidippus.

Bacch. Parmeno, you make your appearance opportunely; run with all speed to Pamphilus.

Par. Why thither?

Bacch. Say that I entreat him to come.

Par. To your house?

Bacch. No; to Philumena.

Par. What's the matter?

Bacch. Nothing that concerns you; so cease to make inquiry.

Par. Am I to say nothing else?

Bacch. Yes; that Myrrhina has recognized that ring as her daughter's, which he formerly gave me.

Par. I understand — is that all?

Bacch. That's all. He will be here directly he has heard this from you. But do you linger?

Par. Far from it, indeed; for I've not had the opportunity given me to-day; so much with running and walking about have I wasted the whole day.

Goes into the house of Laches.

Scene III.

Bacchis, alone.

Bacch. What great joy have I caused for Pamphilus by my coming to-day! How many blessings have I brought him! and from how many sorrows have I rescued him! A son I save for him, when it was nearly perishing through the agency of these *women* and of himself: a wife, whom he thought that he must cast off forever, I restore *to him*: from the suspicion that he lay under with his father and Phidippus, I have cleared him. This ring, in fact, was the cause of these discoveries being made. For I remember, that about ten months ago, at an early hour of night, he came running home to my house, out of breath, without a companion, and surcharged with wine, with this ring *in his hand*. I felt alarmed immediately: “My Pamphilus,” I said, “prithee, my dear, why thus breathless, or where did you get that ring? — tell me!” He *began* to pretend that he was thinking of something else. When I saw *that*, I began to suspect I know not what, *and* to press him still more to tell me. The fellow confessed that he had ravished *some female*, he knew not whom, in the street; and said, that while she was struggling, he had taken that ring away from her. Myrrhina here recognized it just now, while I had it on my finger. She asked whence it came: I told her all the story. Hence the discovery has been made that it was Philumena ravished by him, and that this new-born child is his. I am overjoyed that this happiness has befallen him through my agency; although other courtesans would not have similar feelings; nor, indeed, is it to our interest that any lover should find pleasure in matrimony. But, i’faith, I never, for the sake of gain, will give my mind to base actions. So long as I had the opportunity, I found him to be kind, easy, and good-natured. This marriage has fallen out unluckily for me, — that I confess to be the fact. But, upon my word, I do think that I have done nothing for it to befall me deservedly. It is but reasonable to endure inconveniences from one from whom I have received so many benefits.

Scene IV.

Enter Pamphilus and Parmeno, from the house of Laches, on the other side of the stage.

Pam. Once more, take care, will you, my *dear* Parmeno, that you have brought me a faithful and distinct account, so as not to allure me for a short time to indulge in these transient joys.

Par. I have taken care.

Pam. For certain?

Par. For certain.

Pam. I am quite a God, if it is so!

Par. You'll find it true.

Pam. Just stay, will you; I fear that I'm believing one thing, and you are telling another.

Par. I am staying.

Pam. I think you said to this effect — that Myrrhina had discovered that Bacchis has her ring.

Par. It is the fact.

Pam. The one I formerly gave to her; and she has desired you to tell me this: is such the fact?

Par. Such is so, I tell you.

Pam. Who is there happier than I, and, in fact, more full of joyousness? What am I to present you for these tidings? What? — what? I know not.

Par. But I know.

Pam. What?

Par. Why, nothing; for neither in the tidings nor in myself do I know of there being any advantage to you.

Pam. What! am I to suffer you, who have caused me, when dead, to be restored from the shades to life — to leave me unrewarded? Oh, you deem me too thankless! But look — I see Bacchis standing before the door; she's waiting for me, I suppose; I'll accost her.

Bacch. Save you, Pamphilus!

Pam. Oh Bacchis! Oh my Bacchis — my preserver!

Bacch. *It is* a fortunate thing, and gives me great delight.

Pam. By your actions, you give me reason to believe you, and so much do you retain your former charming qualities, that wherever you go, the meeting with you, your company, your conversation, always give pleasure.

Bacch. And you, upon my word, possess your former manners and disposition; so much so that not a single man living is more engaging than you.

Pam. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! do you *tell* me so?

Bacch. You had reason, Pamphilus, for being so fond of your wife. For never before to-day did I set eyes upon her, so as to know her: she seems a very gentle person.

Pam. Tell the truth.

Bacch. So may the Gods bless me, Pamphilus!

Pam. Tell me, have you as yet told any of these matters to my father?

Bacch. Not a word.

Pam. Nor is there need, in fact; therefore keep it a secret: I don't wish it to be the case here as it is in the Comedies, where every thing is known to every body. Here, those who ought to know, know already; but those who ought not to know, shall neither hear of it nor know it.

Bacch. Nay more, I will give you a *proof* why you may suppose that this may be the more easily concealed. Myrrhina has told Phidippus to this effect — that she has given credit to my oath, and that, in consequence, in her eyes you are exculpated.

Pam. Most excellent; and I trust that this matter will turn out according to our wishes.

Par. Master, may I not be allowed to know from you what is the good that I have done to-day, or what it is you are talking about?

Pam. You may not.

Par. Still I suspect. "I *restore* him, when dead, from the shades below." In what way?

Pam. You don't know, Parmeno, how much you have benefited me to-day, and from what troubles you have extricated me.

Par. Nay, but indeed I do know: and I did not do it without design.

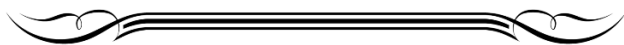
Pam. I know that well enough (*ironically*).

Bacch. Could Parmeno, from negligence, omit any thing that ought to be done?

Pam. Follow me in, Parmeno.

Par. I'll follow; for my part, I have done more good to-day, without knowing it, than ever *I did*, knowingly, in all my life. (*Coming forward.*) Grant us your applause.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR



Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

Produced at an uncertain date, this play was based on a Greek original by Menander, which sadly no longer survives, like many of the Athenian's works. Therefore, it is uncertain how much Terence's version is a translation and how much an invention.

The Self-Tormentor is set in a village in the countryside of Attica. The play opens with a prologue that defends Terence's method of playwriting. He asks the audience to judge the play by its merits, rather than by the opinions of critics. As the first Act begins, the character Menedemus is toiling in the fields of his recently acquired farm. Chremes, having observed Menedemus' behaviour since he arrived in the district, asks why, when Menedemus is so wealthy, owning many slaves, does he toil morning and night in their place? Menedemus tells him that he is punishing himself for causing his son to go and live in penury overseas. He had reproached him severely for his wanton ways, presenting his own youth campaigning in the East as an example. Unfortunately Clinia, shamed, took him rather more literally than Menedemus had wished. Chremes invites Menedemus to celebrate the Dionysia at his house, Menedemus declines.



Menander (c. 341-290 BC), the source of inspiration of many of Terence's plays

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chremes, an old gentleman, living in the country.

Menedemus, an old gentleman, his neighbor.

Clinia, son of Menedemus.

Clitipho, son of Chremes.

Dromo, son of Clinia.

Syrus, servant of Clitipho.

Sostrata, wife of Chremes.

Antiphila, a young woman beloved by Clinia.

Bacchis, a Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho.

The Nurse of Antiphila.

Phrygia, maid-servant to Bacchis.

Scene. — In the country, near Athens; before the houses of Chremes and Menedemus.

THE SUBJECT.

Chremes commands his wife, when pregnant, if she is delivered of a girl immediately to kill the child. Having given birth to a girl, Sostrata delivers her to an old woman named Philtera to be exposed. Instead of doing this, Philtera calls her Antiphila, and brings her up as her own. Clinia, the son of Menedemus, falls in love with her, and treats her as though his wife. Menedemus, on learning this, is very angry, and by his harsh language drives away his son from home. Taking this to heart, and in order to punish himself for his ill-timed severity, Menedemus, though now an aged man, fatigues himself by laboring at agricultural pursuits from morning till night. At the period when the Play commences, Clinia has just returned to Attica, but not daring to go to his father's house, is entertained by Clitipho, the son of Chremes, who is the neighbor of Menedemus. Clitipho then sends for Antiphila, whose supposed mother has recently died, to come and meet her lover. On the same day, Chremes learns from Menedemus how anxious he is for his son's return; and on hearing from his son of the arrival of Clinia, he defers informing Menedemus of it until the next day. Syrus, the servant who has been sent to fetch Antiphila, also brings with him Bacchis, an extravagant Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho. To conceal the truth from Chremes, they represent to him that Bacchis is the mistress of Clinia, and that Antiphila is one of her maids. Next morning Chremes informs Menedemus of his son's arrival, and of the extravagant conduct of his mistress, but begs that he will conceal from Clinia his knowledge of this fact. Bacchis requiring ten minæ, Syrus devises a plan for obtaining the money from Chremes, while the latter is encouraging him to think of a project against Menedemus. Syrus tells him a story, that the mother of Antiphila had borrowed a thousand drachmæ of Bacchis, and being dead, the girl is left in her hands as a pledge for the money. While these things are going on, Sostrata discovers in Antiphila her own daughter. In order to obtain the money which Bacchis persists in demanding, Syrus suggests to Chremes that it should be represented to Menedemus that Bacchis is the mistress of Clitipho, and that he should be requested to conceal her in his house

for a few days; it is also arranged that Clinia shall pretend to his father to be in love with Antiphila, and to beg her as his wife. He is then to ask for money, as though for the wedding, which is to be handed over to Bacchis. Chremes does not at first approve of the plan suggested by Syrus; but he pays down the money for which he has been informed his daughter is a pledge in the hands of Bacchis. This, with his knowledge, is given to Clitipho, who, as Syrus says, is to convey it to Bacchis, who is now in the house of Menedemus, to make the latter more readily believe that she is his mistress. Shortly after this, the plot is discovered by Chremes, who threatens to punish Clitipho and Syrus. The Play concludes with Chremes giving his consent to the marriage of Clinia with Antiphila, and pardoning Clitipho, who promises to abandon the Courtesan, and marry. Unlike the other Plays of Terence and Plautus, the Plot of this Play extends over two days.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

It is from the Greek of Menander. Performed at the Megalensian Games; Lucius Cornelius Lentulus and Lucius Valerius Flaccus being Curule Ædiles. Ambivius Turpio performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music. The first time it was performed to the music of treble and bass flutes; the second time, of two treble flutes. It was acted three times; Marcus Juventius and Titus Sempronius being Consuls.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

A severe father compels his son Clinia, in love with Antiphila, to go abroad to the wars; and repenting of what has been done, torments himself in mind. Afterward, when he has returned, unknown to his father, he is entertained at the house of Clitipho. The latter is in love with Bacchis, a Courtesan. When Clinia sends for his much-loved Antiphila, Bacchis comes, as though his mistress, and Antiphila, wearing the garb of her servant; this is done in order that Clitipho may conceal it from his father. He, through the stratagems of Syrus, gets ten minæ from the old man for the Courtesan. Antiphila is discovered to be the sister of Clitipho. Clinia receives her, *and* Clitipho, another woman, for his wife.

THE PROLOGUE.

Lest it should be a matter of surprise to any one of you, why the Poet has assigned to an old man a part that belongs to the young, that I will first explain to you; and then, the reason for my coming I will disclose. An entire Play from an entire Greek one, the *Heautontimorumenos*, I am to-day about to represent, which from a two-fold plot has been made but one. I have shown that it is new, and what it is: next I would mention who it was that wrote it, and whose in Greek it is, if I did not think that the greater part of you are aware. Now, for what reason I have learned this part, in a few words I will explain. *The Poet* intended me to be a Pleader, not the Speaker of a Prologue; your decision he asks, *and* has appointed me the advocate; if this advocate can avail as much by his oral powers as he has excelled in inventing happily, who composed this speech which I am about to recite. For as to malevolent rumors spreading abroad that he has mixed together many Greek Plays while writing a few Latin ones, he does not deny that this is the case, and that he does not repent *of so doing*; and he affirms that he will do so again. He has the example of good *Poets*; after which example he thinks it is allowable for him to do what they have done. Then, as to a malevolent old Poet saying that he has suddenly applied himself to dramatic pursuits, relying on the genius of his friends, *and* not his own natural abilities; *on that* your judgment, your opinion, will prevail. Wherefore I do entreat you all, that the suggestions of our antagonists may not avail more than *those* of our favorers. Do you be favorable; grant the means of prospering to those who afford you the means of being spectators of new Plays; *those, I mean*, without faults: that he may not suppose this said in his behalf who lately made the public give way to a slave as he ran along in the street; why should he take a madman's part? About his faults he will say more when he brings out some other new ones, unless he puts an end to his caviling. Attend with favorable feelings; grant me the opportunity that I may be allowed to act a quiet Play in silence; that the servant everlastingly running about, the angry old man, the gluttonous parasite, the impudent sharper, *and* the greedy procurer, may not have always to

be performed by me with the utmost expense of voice, *and* the greatest exertion. For my sake come to the conclusion that this request is fair, that so some portion of my labor may be abridged. For nowadays, those who write new *Plays* do not spare an aged man. If there is any *piece* requiring exertion, they come running to me; but if it is a light one, it is taken to another Company. In the present one the style is pure. Do you make proof, what, in each character, my ability can effect. If I have never greedily set a *high* price upon my skill, and have come to the conclusion that this is my greatest gain, as far as possible to be subservient to your convenience, establish in me a precedent, that the young may be anxious rather to please you than themselves.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Chremes, and Menedemus with a spade in his hand, who falls to digging.

Chrem. Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighborhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbors (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labor beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of Gods and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age, or more. No man in these parts has a better or a more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return home, I see you either digging, or plowing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here. If you were to employ the time you spend in laboring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

Men. Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others — those which don't concern you?

Chrem. I am a man, *and* nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me. Suppose that I wish either to advise *you* in this matter, or to be informed *myself*: if *what you do* is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, *then* that I may dissuade you.

Men. It's requisite for me *to do* so; do you as it is necessary for you to do.

Chrem. Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

Men. It is for me.

Chrem. If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this *of yours*? How have you deserved so *ill* of yourself?

Men. Alas! alas! (*He begins to weep.*)

Chrem. Do not weep, but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

Men. Do you wish to know this matter?

Chrem. Yes, and for the reason I mentioned to you.

Men. I will tell you.

Chrem. But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

Men. By no means.

Chrem. What can be your object? (*Tries to take the rake from him.*)

Men. Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labor.

Chrem. I will not allow it, I tell you. (*Taking the rake from him.*)

Men. Ah! that's not fair.

Chrem. (*poising the rake.*) Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

Men. Such are my deserts.

Chrem. Now speak. (*Laying down the rake.*)

Men. I have an only son, — a young man, — alas! why did I say—"I

have?" — rather *I should say*, "I had" *one*, Chremes: — whether I have him now, or not, is uncertain.

Chrem. Why so?

Men. You shall know: — There is a poor old woman here, a stranger from Corinth: — her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife; all this *took place* unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him, not with gentleness, nor in the way suited to the love-sick mind of a youth, but with violence, and after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him,—”Look you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself, your father, being alive; to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia, and you don’t know me, if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my *son*, just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act toward you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life, I did not devote my time to dalliance, but, in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory.” At length the matter came to this, — the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

Chrem. What is it you say?

Men. He departed without my knowledge — *and* has been gone these three months.

Chrem. Both are to be blamed — although *I still think* this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

Men. When I learned *this* from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down; my servants run to me; they take off my shoes: then some make all haste to spread the couches, and to

prepare a repast; each according to his ability did zealously *what he could*, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus:—"What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so many female servants to provide me with dress? Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally, or even more so, to enjoy these things — inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them — him, poor *youth*, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of penury, banished from his country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself, toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once I set about it; I left nothing in the house, neither movables nor clothing; every thing I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for their keep by working in the country, all of them I set up to auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house. I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury, while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share *it* with me.

Chrem. I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition toward your children, and him to be an obedient *son*, if one were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you — a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he *ever* dare put that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these *troubles* would never have befallen you.

Men. Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

Chrem. But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best, and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

Men. Oh that the Gods would grant it!

Chrem. They will do *so*. Now, if it is convenient *to you* — the festival of Bacchus is being kept here to-day — I wish you to give me your company.

Men. I can not.

Chrem. Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you do so.

Men. It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

Chrem. Is such your determination?

Men. It is.

Chrem. *Then* kindly fare you well.

Men. And you *the same*.

Goes into his house.

Scene II.

Chremes, alone.

Chrem. (to himself.) He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbor *of mine*, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. (*Goes to Phania's door, makes the inquiry, and returns.*) There was no occasion for me to remind him: they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go in-doors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out! I'll step aside here.

He stands aside.

Scene III.

Enter Clitipho, from the house of Chremes.

Clit. (at the door, to Clinia within.) There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long by any means: and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

Chrem. (apart.) Who is my son talking to?

Makes his appearance.

Clit. (to himself.) Here comes my father, whom I wished *to see*: I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

Chrem. What is the matter?

Clit. Do you know this neighbor of ours, Menedemus?

Chrem. Very well.

Clit. Do you know that he has a son?

Chrem. I have heard that he has; in Asia.

Clit. He is not *in Asia*, father; he is at our house.

Chrem. What is it you say?

Clit. Upon his arrival, after he had *just* landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upward I have always been on intimate terms with him.

Chrem. You announce *to me* a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us: that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting

it, with this delight! — and even yet there's time enough ——

Clit. Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, *for doing so*.

Chrem. For what reason?

Clit. Why, because he is as yet undetermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears every thing; his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed toward him. He loves her to distraction: on her account, this trouble and going abroad took place.

Chrem. I know it.

Clit. He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I *ordered* our Syrus *to go* with him.

Chrem. What does *Clinia* say?

Clit. What *does* he *say*? That he is wretched.

Chrem. Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy every thing that among men, in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, *all* these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, *they are evils*.

Clit. Aye, but he always was a morose old man; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

Chrem. What, he? (*Aside.*) But I'll restrain myself; for that the other one should be in fear of *his father* is of service to him.

Clit. What is it you are saying to yourself!

Chrem. I'll tell you. However the case stood, *Clinia* ought still to have remained *at home*. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked: he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father? Was it reasonable that he should live after his *son's* humor, or *his son* after his? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character, those *I mean* who are in some degree reasonable men. They do not wish their sons to be always wenching; they do not wish them to be always carousing; they give a limited allowance; and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, *Clitipho*, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Clit. I believe so.

Chrem. I'll now go hence in-doors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be any where out of the way.

Goes into his house, and exit *Clitipho*.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. (to himself.) What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all of us young men, in thinking it reasonable for us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is *naturally* inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires, — such as they now are, — not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in me an indulgent father. For the means both of knowing and of pardoning his faults shall be found *by me*; not like mine, who by means of another person, discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death, — when he drinks a little more *than usual*, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, "Take warning from others of what may be to your advantage." How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now, the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. "Give me *this*, and bring me *that*," *she cries*; I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he, as well, has cares enough of his own, still has *a mistress* of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant *creature*, full of lofty airs. Then *all* that I have to give her is — fair words — for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know *any thing of the matter*.

Exit.

Scene II.

Enter Clinia from the house of Chremes.

Clin. (to himself.) If my love-affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind; opportunity, the place, her age, a worthless mother, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. Clinia!

Clin. Alas! wretched me!

Clit. Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

Clin. I will do *so*; but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

Clit. Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact?

Clin. Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

Clit. She'll be here presently.

Clin. When will that presently be?

Clit. You don't consider that it is a great way from here. Besides, you know the ways of women, while they are bestirring themselves, *and* while they are making preparations a *whole* year passes by.

Clin. O Clitipho, I'm afraid —

Clit. Take courage. Look, here comes Dromo, together with Syrus:
they are close at hand.

They stand aside.

Scene III.

Enter Syrus and Dromo, conversing at a distance.

Syr. Do you say so?

Dro. 'Tis as *I told you*, — but in the mean time, while we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

Clit. (apart.) Don't you hear, Clinia? Your mistress is close at hand.

Clin. (apart.) Why yes, I do hear now at last, and I see and revive, Clitipho.

Dro. No wonder; they are so encumbered; they are bringing a troop of female attendants with them.

Clin. (apart.) I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

Clit. (apart.) Do you ask me?

Syr. We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

Clin. (apart.) Ah me!

Syr. Jewels of gold, *and* clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us *to leave them*. Just go back, Dromo, and meet them. Make haste — why do you delay?

Exit Dromo.

Clin. (apart.) Woe unto wretched me! — from what high hopes am I fallen!

Clit. (apart.) What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

Clin. (apart.) Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants,

jewels of gold, *and* clothes, her *too*, whom I left here with *only* one little servant girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

Clit. (apart.) Oh! now at last I understand you.

Syr. (to himself.) Good Gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more wretched than our old gentleman? (*Catching sight of Clinia and Clitipho.*) But look, I espy the persons I was wanting.

Clin. (apart.) Oh Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity *gone*? While I, distractedly wandering, have abandoned my country for your sake, you, in the mean time, Antiphila, have been enriching yourself, and have forsaken me in these troubles, *you* for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am now ashamed and grieved, that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her: — which, however, I shall now do; *whereas* when it might have been advantageous to me *to do so*, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

Syr. (to himself.) He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here. (*Aloud.*) Clinia, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and her disposition toward you is the same as it *always* was; so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

Clin. How so, prithee? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

Syr. This, in the first place, *then* (that you may not be ignorant of any thing that concerns her); the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not *so*. — She is dead: this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

Clit. Pray, who is the other one?

Syr. Stay; what I have begun I wish first to relate. Clitipho; I shall come to that afterward.

Clit. Make haste, *then*.

Syr. First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door; a certain old woman came out; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in; I followed; the old woman bolted the door, *and* returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence; when we *thus* came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave *us an* opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life; *a thing* which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web; plainly clad in a mourning dress, on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was *lately* dead; without golden ornaments, dressed, besides, just like those who *only* dress for themselves, *and* patched up with no worthless woman's trumpery. Her hair was loose, long, *and* thrown back negligently about her temples. (*To Clinia.*) Do you hold your peace.

Clin. My *dear* Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

Syr. The old woman was spinning the woof: there was one little servant girl besides; — she was weaving together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, *and* dirty with filthiness.

Clit. If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this *girl* whom he speaks of, as dirty and drabbish? This, too, is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clin. (*to Syrus.*) Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavoring to purchase favor by telling an untruth. What did she say, when you mentioned me?

Syr. When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

Clin. So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy! I was so alarmed *before*.

Clit. But I was sure that there was no reason, Clinia. Come now, Syrus, tell *me*, in my turn, who this other lady is.

Syr. Your Bacchis, *whom* we are bringing.

Clit. Ha! What! Bacchis? How now, you rascal! whither are you bringing her?

Syr. Whither *am I bringing* her? To our house, to be sure.

Clit. What! to my father's?

Syr. To the very same.

Clit. Oh, the audacious impudence of the fellow!

Syr. Hark'ye, no great and memorable action is done without some risk.

Clit. Look *now*; are you seeking to gain credit for yourself, at the hazard of my character, you rascal, in a point, where, if you only make the slightest slip, I am ruined? What would you be doing with her?

Syr. But still —

Clit. Why “still?”

Syr. If you'll give me leave, I'll tell you.

Clin. Do give him leave.

Clit. I give him leave *then*.

Syr. This affair is now just as though when —

Clit. Plague on it, what roundabout story is he beginning to tell me?

Clin. Syrus, he says what's right — do omit *digressions*; come to the point.

Syr. Really I can not hold my tongue. Clitipho, you are every way unjust, and can not possibly be endured.

Clin. Upon my faith, he ought to have a hearing. (*To Clitipho.*) Do be silent.

Syr. You wish to indulge in your amours; you wish to possess *your mistress*; you wish that to be procured wherewithal to make her presents; in getting *this*, you do not wish the risk to be your own. You are not wise to no purpose, — if indeed it is being wise to wish for that which can not happen. Either the one must be had with the other, or the one must be let alone with the other. Now, of these two alternatives, consider which one you would prefer; although this project which I have formed, I know to be both a wise and a safe one. For there is an opportunity for your mistress to be with you at your father's house, without fear *of a discovery*; besides, by these self-same means, I shall find the money which you have promised her — to effect which, you have already made my ears deaf with entreating me. What would you have more?

Clit. If, indeed, this could be brought about —

Syr. If, indeed? You shall know *it* by experience.

Clit. Well, well, disclose this project of yours. What is it?

Syr. We will pretend that your mistress is his (*pointing to Clinia*).

Clit. Very fine! Tell me, what is he to do with his own? Is she, too, to

be called his, as if one was not a sufficient discredit?

Syr. No — she shall be taken to your mother.

Clit. Why there?

Syr. It would be tedious, Clitipho, if I were to tell you why I do so; I have a good reason.

Clit. Stuff! I see no grounds sufficiently solid why it should be for my advantage to incur this risk. (*Turning as if going.*)

Syr. Stay; if there is this risk, I have another *project*, which you must both confess to be free from danger.

Clit. Find out something of that description, I beseech you.

Syr. By all means; I'll go meet her, *and* tell her to return home.

Clit. Ha! what was it you said?

Syr. I'll rid you at once of all fears, so that you may sleep at your ease upon either ear.

Clit. What am I to do now?

Clin. What are you *to do*? The goods that —

Clit. Only tell me the truth, Syrus.

Syr. Dispatch quickly; you'll be wishing just now too late and in vain. (*Going.*)

Clin. The Gods provide, enjoy while *yet* you may; for you know not —

Clit. (*calling.*) Syrus, I say!

Syr. (*moving on.*) Go on; I shall still do that *which I said*.

Clin. Whether you may have another opportunity hereafter or ever again.

Clit. I'faith, that's true. (*Calling.*) Syrus, Syrus, I say, harkye, harkye, Syrus!

Syr. (aside.) He warms a little. (*To Clitipho.*) What is it you want?

Clit. Come back, come back.

Syr. (coming back to him.) Here I am; tell me what you would have. You'll be presently saying that this, too, doesn't please you.

Clit. Nay, Syrus, I commit myself, and my love, and *my* reputation *entirely* to you: you are the seducer; take care you don't deserve any blame.

Syr. It is ridiculous for you to give me that caution, Clitipho, as if my interest was less at stake in this affair than yours. Here, if any ill luck should perchance befall us, words will be in readiness for you, *but* for this individual blows (*pointing to himself.*) For that reason, this matter is by no means to be neglected on my part: but do prevail upon him (*pointing to Clinia*) to pretend that she is his own *mistress*.

Clin. You may rest assured I'll do so. The matter has now come to that pass, that it is a case of necessity.

Clit. 'Tis with good reason that I love you, Clinia.

Clin. But she mustn't be tripping at all.

Syr. She is thoroughly tutored in her part.

Clit. But this I wonder at, how you could so easily prevail upon her, who is wont to treat such *great people* with scorn.

Syr. I came to her at the *proper* moment, which in all things is of the first importance: for there I found a certain wretched captain soliciting her favors: she artfully managed the man, so as to inflame

his eager passions by denial; and this, too, that it might be especially pleasing to yourself. But hark you, take care, will you, not to be imprudently impetuous. You know your father, how quick-sighted he is in these matters; and I know you, how unable you are to command yourself. Keep clear of words of double meaning, your sidelong looks, sighing, hemming, coughing, tittering.

Clit. You shall have to commend *me*.

Syr. Take care of that, please.

Clit. You yourself shall be surprised at me.

Syr. But how quickly the ladies have come up with us!

Clit. Where are they? (*Syrus stands before him.*) Why do you hold me back?

Syr. For the present she is nothing to you.

Clit. I know it, before my father; but now in the mean time —

Syr. Not a bit the more.

Clit. Do let me.

Syr. I will not let you, I tell you.

Clit. But only for a moment, pray.

Syr. I forbid it.

Clit. Only to salute her.

Syr. If you are wise, get you gone.

Clit. I'm off. *But what's he to do?* (*Pointing at Clinia.*)

Syr. He will stay *here*.

Clit. O happy man!

Syr. Take yourself off.

Exit Clitipho.

Scene IV.

Enter Bacchis and Antiphila at a distance.

Bacchis. Upon my word, my *dear* Antiphila, I commend you, and think you fortunate in having made it your study that your manners should be conformable to those good looks *of yours*: and so may the Gods bless me, I do not at all wonder if every man is in love with you. For your discourse has been a proof to me what kind of disposition you possess. And when now I reflect in my mind upon your way of life, and *that* of all of you, in fact, who keep the public at a distance from yourselves, it is not surprising both that you are of that *disposition*, and that we are not; for it is your interest to be virtuous; those, with whom we are acquainted, will not allow us *to be so*. For *our* lovers, allured *merely* by our beauty, court us *for that*; when that has faded, they transfer their affections elsewhere; *and* unless we have made provision in the mean time for the future, we live in destitution. *Now* with you, when you have once resolved to pass your life with one man whose manners are especially kindred to your own, those persons become attached to you. By this kindly feeling, you are truly devoted to each other; and no calamity can ever possibly interrupt your love.

Anti. I know nothing about other women: I'm sure that I have, indeed, always used every endeavor to derive my own happiness from his happiness.

Clin. (apart, overhearing Antiphila.) Ah! 'tis for that reason, my Antiphila, that you alone have now caused me to return to my native country; for while I was absent from you, all *other* hardships which I encountered were light to me, save the being deprived of you.

Syr. (apart.) I believe it.

Clin. (apart.) Syrus, I can scarce endure it! Wretch that I am, that I should not be allowed to possess one of such a disposition at my own

discretion!

Syr. Nay, so far as I understand your father, he will for a long time yet be giving you a hard task.

Bacch. Why, who is that young man that's looking at us?

Anti. (*seeing Clinia.*) Ah! do support me, I entreat you!

Bacch. Prithee, what is the matter with you?

Anti. I shall die, alas! I shall die!

Bacch. Why are you *thus* surprised, Antiphila?

Anti. Is it Clinia that I see, or not?

Bacch. Whom do you see?

Clin. (*running to embrace Antiphila.*) Blessings on you, my life!

Anti. Oh my long-wished for Clinia, blessings on you!

Clin. How fare you, *my love*?

Anti. I'm overjoyed that you have returned safe.

Clin. And do I embrace you, Antiphila, *so* passionately longed for by my soul?

Syr. Go in-doors; for the old gentleman has been waiting for us some time.

They go into the house of Chremes.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Chremes from his house.

Chrem. (to himself.) It is now daybreak. *Why* do I delay to knock at my neighbor's door, that he may learn from me the first that his son has returned? Although I am aware that the youth would not prefer this. But when I see him tormenting himself *so* miserably about his absence, can I conceal a joy so unhop'd for, *especially* when there can be no danger to him from the discovery? I will not do *so*; but as far as I can I will assist the old man. As I see my son aiding his friend and year's-mate, and acting as his confidant in his concerns, it is *but* right that we old men as well should assist each other.

Enter Menedemus from his house.

Men. (to himself.) Assuredly I was either born with a disposition peculiarly suited for misery, or else that *saying* which I hear commonly repeated, that "time assuages human sorrow," is false. For really my sorrow about my son increases daily; and the longer he is away from me, the more anxiously do I wish for him, and the more I miss him.

Chrem. (apart.) But I see him coming out of his house; I'll go speak to him. *(Aloud.)* Menedemus, good-morrow; I bring you news, which you would especially desire to be imparted.

Men. Pray, have you heard any thing about my son, Chremes?

Chrem. He's alive, and well.

Men. Why, where is he, pray?

Chrem. Here, at my house, at home.

Men. My son?

Chrem. Such is the fact.

Men. Come *home*?

Chrem. Certainly.

Men. My son, Clinia, come *home*?

Chrem. I say *so*.

Men. Let us go. Lead me to him, I beg of you.

Chrem. He does not wish you yet to know of his return, and he shuns your presence; he's afraid that, on account of that fault, your former severity may even be increased.

Men. Did you not tell him how I was affected?

Chrem. No —

Men. For what reason, Chremes?

Chrem. Because there you would judge extremely ill both for yourself and for him, if you were to show yourself of a spirit so weak and irresolute.

Men. I can not *help it*: enough already, enough, have I proved a rigorous father.

Chrem. Ah Menedemus! you are too precipitate in either extreme, either with profuseness or with parsimony too great. Into the same error will you fall from the one side as from the other. In the first place, formerly, rather than allow your son to visit a young woman, who was then content with a very little, and to whom any thing was acceptable, you frightened him away from here. After that, she began, quite against her inclination, to seek a subsistence upon the town. Now, when she can not be supported without a great expense, you are ready to give any thing. For, that you may know how perfectly she is trained to extravagance, in the first place, she has

already brought with her more than ten female attendants, *all* laden with clothes and jewels of gold; if a satrap had been her admirer, he never could support her expenses, much less can you.

Men. Is she at your house?

Chrem. Is she, do you ask? I have felt it; for I have given her and her retinue one dinner; had I to give them another such, it would be all over *with me*; for, to pass by other matters, what a quantity of wine she did consume for me in tasting only, saying thus, “This *wine* is *too* acid, respected sir, do please look for something more mellow.” I opened all the casks, all the vessels; she kept all on the stir: and this *but* a single night. What do you suppose will become of you when they are constantly preying upon you? So may the Gods prosper me, Menedemus, I do pity your lot.

Men. Let him do what he will; let him take, waste, *and* squander; I’m determined to endure it, so long as I only have him with me.

Chrem. If it is your determination thus to act, I hold it to be of very great moment that he should not be aware that with a full knowledge you grant him this.

Men. What shall I do?

Chrem. Any thing, rather than what you are thinking of; supply him *with money* through some other person; suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the artifices of his servant: although I have smelt out this too, that they are about that, *and* are secretly planning it among them. Syrus is *always* whispering with that *servant* of yours; they impart their plans to the young men; and it were better for you to lose a talent this way, than a mina the other. The money is not the question now, but this — in what way we can supply it to the young man with the least danger. For if he once knows the state of your feelings, that you would sooner part with your life, and sooner with all your money, than allow your son to leave you; whew! what an inlet will you be opening for his debauchery! aye, and so much so, that henceforth to live can not be desirable to you. For we all become

worse through indulgence. Whatever comes into his head, he'll be wishing for; nor will he reflect whether that which he desires is right or wrong. You will not be able to endure your estate and him going to ruin. You will refuse to supply him: he will immediately have recourse to the means by which he finds that he has the greatest hold upon you, *and* threaten that he will immediately leave you.

Men. You seem to speak the truth, and just what is the fact.

Chrem. I'faith, I have not been sensible of sleep this night with my eyes, for thinking of this — how to restore your son to you.

Men. (taking his hand.) Give *me your* right hand. I request that you will still act in a like manner, Chremes.

Chrem. I am ready *to serve you*.

Men. Do you know what it is I now want you to do?

Chrem. Tell *me*.

Men. As you have perceived that they are laying a plan to deceive me, that they may hasten to complete it. I long to give him whatever he wants: I am now longing to behold him.

Chrem. I'll lend my endeavors. This little business is in my way. Our neighbors Simus and Crito are disputing here about boundaries; they have chosen me for arbitrator. I'll go and tell them that I can not possibly give them my attention to-day as I had stated I would. I'll be here immediately.

Exit.

Men. Pray do. *(To himself.)* Ye Gods, by our trust in you! That the nature of all men should be so constituted, that they can see and judge of other men's affairs better than their own! Is it because in our own concerns we are biased either with joy or grief in too great a degree? How much wiser now is he for me, than I *have been* for

myself!

Re-enter Chremes.

Chrem. I have disengaged myself, that I might lend you my services at my leisure. Syrus must be found and instructed by me *in this business*. Some one, I know not who, is coming out of my house: do you step hence home, that they may not perceive that we are conferring together.

Menedemus goes into his house.

Scene II.

Enter Syrus from the house of Chremes.

Syr. (aloud to himself.) Run to and fro in every direction; still, money, you must be found: a trap must be laid for the old man.

Chrem. (apart, overhearing him.) Was I deceived *in saying* that they were planning this? That servant of Clinia's is somewhat dull; therefore *that* province has been assigned to this one of ours.

Syr. (in a low voice.) Who's that speaking? (*Catches sight of Chremes.*) I'm undone! Did he hear it, I wonder?

Chrem. Syrus.

Syr. Well —

Chrem. What are you doing here?

Syr. All right. Really, I am quite surprised at you, Chremes, up so early, after drinking so much yesterday.

Chrem. Not too much.

Syr. Not *too much*, say you? Really, you've seen the old age of an eagle, as the saying is.

Chrem. Pooh, pooh!

Syr. A pleasant and agreeable woman this Courtesan.

Chrem. Why, so she seemed to me, in fact.

Syr. And really of handsome appearance.

Chrem. Well enough.

Syr. Not like *those* of former days, but as *times are* now, very passable: nor do I in the least wonder that Clinia doats upon her. But he has a father — a certain covetous, miserable, and niggardly person — this neighbor *of ours* (*pointing to the house*). Do you know him? Yet, as if he was not abounding in wealth, his son ran away through want. Are you aware that it is the fact, as I am saying?

Chrem. How should I not be aware? A fellow that deserves the mill.

Syr. Who?

Chrem. That servant of the young gentleman, I mean.

Syr. (*aside.*) Syrus! I was sadly afraid for you.

Chrem. To suffer it to come to this!

Syr. What was he to do?

Chrem. Do you ask the question? He ought to have found some expedient, contrived *some* stratagem, by means of which there might have been something for the young man to give to his mistress, and *thus* have saved this crabbed old fellow in spite of himself.

Syr. You are *surely* joking.

Chrem. This ought to have been done by him, Syrus.

Syr. How now — pray, do you commend *servants*, who deceive their masters?

Chrem. Upon occasion — I certainly do commend *them*.

Syr. Quite right.

Chrem. Inasmuch as it often is the remedy for great disturbances. Then would this man's only son have staid at home.

Syr. (*aside.*) Whether he says this in jest or in earnest, I don't know;

only, in fact, that he gives me additional zest for longing still more *to trick* him.

Chrem. And what is he now waiting for, Syrus? Is it until *his father* drives him away from here a second time, when he can no longer support her expenses? Has he no plot on foot against the old gentleman?

Syr. He is a stupid fellow.

Chrem. Then you ought to assist him — for the sake of the young man.

Syr. For my part, I can do *so* easily, if you command me; for I know well in what fashion it is usually done.

Chrem. So much the better, i' faith.

Syr. 'Tis not my way to tell an untruth.

Chrem. Do it then.

Syr. But hark you! Just take care and remember this, in case any thing of this sort should perchance happen at a future time, such are human affairs! — your son might do *the same*.

Chrem. The necessity will not arise, I trust.

Syr. I' faith, and I trust so too: nor do I say so now, because I have suspected him in any way; but in case, none the more — You see what his age is; (*aside*) and truly, Chremes, if an occasion does happen, I may be able to handle you right handsomely.

Chrem. As to that, we'll consider what is requisite when the occasion does happen. At present do you set about this matter.

Goes into his house.

Syr. (to himself.) Never on any occasion did I hear my master talk

more to the purpose; nor *at any time* could I believe that I was authorized to play the rogue with greater impunity. I wonder who it is coming out of our house?

Stands aside.

Scene III.

Enter Chremes and Clitipho from the house of the former.

Chrem. Pray, what does this mean? What behavior is this, Clitipho? Is this acting as becomes you?

Clit. What have I done?

Chrem. Did I not see you just now putting your hand into this Courtesan's bosom?

Syr. (apart.) It's all up with us — I'm utterly undone!

Clit. What, I?

Chrem. With these self-same eyes *I saw it* — don't deny it. Besides, you wrong him unworthily in not keeping your hands off: for indeed it is a gross affront to entertain a person, your friend, at your house, and to take liberties with his mistress. Yesterday, for instance, at wine, how rude you were —

Syr. (apart.) 'Tis the truth.

Chrem. How annoying *you were!* So much so, that for my part, as the Gods may prosper me, I dreaded what in the end might be *the consequence*. I understand lovers. They resent highly things that you would not imagine.

Clit. But he has *full* confidence in me, father, that I would not do any thing of that kind.

Chrem. Be it so; still, at least, you ought to go somewhere for a little time away from their presence. Passion prompts to many a thing; your presence acts as a restraint upon doing them. I form a judgment from myself. There's not one of my friends this day to whom I would venture, Clitipho, to disclose all my secrets. With one, *his* station

forbids it; with another, I am ashamed of the action itself, lest I may appear a fool or devoid of shame; do you rest assured that he does the same. But it is our part to be sensible of *this*; and, when and where it is requisite, to show due complaisance.

Syr. (coming forward and whispering to Clitipho.) What is it he is saying?

Clit. (aside, to Syrus.) I'm utterly undone!

Syr. Clitipho, these same injunctions I gave you. You have acted the part of a prudent and discreet person.

Clit. Hold your tongue, I beg.

Syr. Very good.

Chrem. (approaching them.) Syrus, I am ashamed of *him*.

Syr. I believe it; and not without reason. Why, he vexes myself even.

Clit. (to Syrus.) Do you persist, then?

Syr. I' faith, I'm saying the truth, as it appears *to me*.

Clit. May I not go near them?

Chrem. How now — pray, is there but one way of going near *them*?

Syr. (aside.) Confusion! He'll be betraying himself before I've got the money. *(Aloud.)* Chremes, will you give attention to me, who am but a silly person?

Chrem. What am I to do?

Syr. Bid *him* go somewhere *out of the way*.

Clit. Where am I to go?

Syr. Where you please; leave the place to them; be off and take a walk.

Clit. Take a walk! where?

Syr. Pshaw! Just as if there was no place *to walk in*. Why, then, go this way, that way, where you will.

Chrem. He says right, I'm of his opinion.

Clit. May the Gods extirpate you, Syrus, for thrusting me away from here.

Syr. (*aside to Clitipho*.) Then do you for the future keep those hands *of yours* within bounds. (*Exit Clitipho*.) Really *now* (*to Chremes*), what do you think? What do you imagine will become of him next, unless, so far as the Gods afford you the means, you watch him, correct *and* admonish him?

Chrem. I'll take care of that.

Syr. But now, master, he must be looked after by you.

Chrem. It shall be done.

Syr. If you are wise, — for now he minds me less and less *every day*.

Chrem. What *say* you? What have you done, Syrus, about that matter which I was mentioning to you a short time since? Have you any *plan* that suits *you*, or not yet even?

Syr. You mean the design *upon Menedemus*? I have; I have just hit upon one.

Chrem. You are a clever fellow; what is it? Tell me.

Syr. I'll tell *you*; but, as one matter arises, out of another ——

Chrem. Why, what is it, Syrus?

Syr. This Courtesan is a very bad woman.

Chrem. So she seems.

Syr. Aye, if you did but know. O shocking! just see what she is hatching. There was a certain old woman here from Corinth, — this *Bacchis* lent her a thousand silver drachmæ.

Chrem. What then?

Syr. She is *now* dead: she has left a daughter, a young girl. She has been left with this *Bacchis* as a pledge for that sum.

Chrem. I understand *you*.

Syr. She has brought her hither along with her, her *I mean* who is now with your wife.

Chrem. What then?

Syr. She is soliciting Clinia at once to advance her this *money*; she says, however, that this *girl* is to be a security, that, at a future time, she will repay the thousand pieces of money.

Chrem. And would she really be a security?

Syr. Dear me, is it to be doubted? I think so.

Chrem. What then do you intend doing?

Syr. What, I? I shall go to Menedemus; I'll tell him she is a captive from Caria, rich, and of noble family; if he redeems her, there will be a considerable profit in this transaction.

Chrem. You are in an error.

Syr. Why so?

Chrem. I'll now answer you for Menedemus — I will not purchase

her.

Syr. What is it you say? Do speak more agreeably to our wishes.

Chrem. But there is no occasion.

Syr. No occasion?

Chrem. Certainly not, i' faith.

Syr. How so, I wonder?

Chrem. You shall soon know.

Syr. Stop, stop; what is the reason that there is such a great noise at our door?

They retire out of sight.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Sostrata and a Nurse in haste from the house of Chremes, and Chremes and Syrus on the other side of the stage unperceived.

Sos. (holding up a ring and examining it.) Unless my fancy deceives me, surely this is the ring which I suspect it to be, the same with which my daughter was exposed.

Chrem. (apart.) Syrus, what is the meaning of these expressions?

Sos. Nurse, how is it? Does it not seem to you the same?

Nur. As for me, I said it was the same the very instant that you showed it me.

Sos. But have you now examined it thoroughly, my *dear* nurse?

Nur. Thoroughly.

Sos. Then go in-doors at once, and if she has now done bathing, bring me word. I'll wait here in the mean time for my husband.

Syr. (apart.) She wants you, see what it is she wants; she is in a serious mood, I don't know why; it is not without a cause — I fear what it may be.

Chrem. What it may be? I' faith, she'll now surely be announcing some important trifle, with a great parade.

Sos. (turning round.) Ha! my husband!

Chrem. Ha! my wife!

Sos. I was looking for you.

Chrem. Tell me what you want.

Sos. In the first place, this I beg of you, not to believe that I have ventured to do any thing contrary to your commands.

Chrem. Would you have me believe you in this, although so incredible? *Well*, I will believe you.

Syr. (aside.) This excuse portends I know not what offense.

Sos. Do you remember me being pregnant, and yourself declaring to me, most peremptorily, that if I should bring forth a girl, you would not have it brought up.

Chrem. I know what you have done, you have brought it up.

Syr. (aside.) Such is the fact, *I'm sure*: my young master has gained a loss in consequence.

Sos. Not at all; but there was here an elderly woman of Corinth, of no indifferent character; to her I gave it to be exposed.

Chrem. O Jupiter! that there should be such extreme folly in *a person's* mind.

Sos. Alas! what have I done?

Chrem. And do you ask the question?

Sos. If I have acted wrong, my *dear* Chremes, I have done *so* in ignorance.

Chrem. This, indeed, I know for certain, even if you were to deny it, that in every thing you both speak and act ignorantly and foolishly: how many blunders you disclose in this *single* affair! For, in the first place, then, if you had been disposed to obey my orders, *the child* ought to have been dispatched; *you ought* not in words to have feigned her death, *and* in reality to have left hopes of her surviving. But that I pass over; compassion, maternal affection, I allow it. But how finely you did provide for the future! What was your meaning?

Do reflect. It's clear, beyond a doubt, that your daughter was betrayed by you to this old woman, either that through you she might make a living by her, or that she might be sold in open market as *a slave*. I suppose you reasoned thus: "any thing is enough, if only her life is saved:" what are you to do with those who understand neither law, nor right and justice? *Be it* for better *or* for worse, be it for them or against them, they see nothing except just what they please.

Sos. My *dear* Chremes, I have done wrong, I own; I am convinced. Now this I beg of you; inasmuch as you are more advanced in years than I, be so much the more ready to forgive; so that your justice may be some protection for my weakness.

Chrem. I'll readily forgive you doing this, of course; but, Sostrata, my easy temper prompts you to do amiss. But, whatever this *circumstance* is, by reason of which this was begun upon, proceed to tell it.

Sos. As we *women* are all foolishly and wretchedly superstitious, when I delivered *the child* to her to be exposed, I drew a ring from off my finger, and ordered her to expose it, together with the child; *that* if she should die, she might not be without some portion of our possessions.

Chrem. That *was* right; *thereby* you proved the saving of yourself and her.

Sos. (*holding out the ring.*) This is that ring.

Chrem. Whence did you get it?

Sos. From the young woman whom Bacchis brought here with her.

Syr. (*aside.*) Ha!

Chrem. What does she say?

Sos. She gave it me to keep for her, while she went to bathe. At first I

paid no attention *to it*; but after I looked at it, I at once recognized it, *and* came running to you.

Chrem. What do you suspect now, or have you discovered, relative to her?

Sos. I don't know; unless you inquire of herself whence she got it, if *that* can possibly be discovered.

Syr. (aside.) I'm undone! I see more hopes *from this incident* than I desire. If it is so, she *certainly* must be ours.

Chrem. Is this *woman* living to whom you delivered *the child*?

Sos. I don't know.

Chrem. What account did she bring you at the time?

Sos. That she had done as I had ordered her.

Chrem. Tell me what is the woman's name, that she may be inquired after.

Sos. Philtere.

Syr. (aside.) 'Tis the very same. It's a wonder if she isn't found, and I lost.

Chrem. Sostrata, follow me this way in-doors.

Sos. How much beyond my hopes has *this matter* turned out! How dreadfully afraid I was, Chremes, that you would now be of feelings as unrelenting as formerly you were on exposing *the child*.

Chrem. Many a time a man can not be such as he would be, if circumstances do not admit of it. Time has now so brought it about, that I should be glad of a daughter; formerly *I wished for* nothing less.

Chremes and Sostrata go into the house.

Scene II.

Syrus alone.

Syr. Unless my fancy deceives me, retribution will not be very, far off from me; so much by this incident are my forces now utterly driven into straits; unless I contrive by some means that the old man mayn't come to know that this *damsel* is his son's mistress. For as to entertaining any hopes about the money, or supposing I could cajole him, it's useless; I shall be *sufficiently* triumphant, if I'm allowed to escape with my sides covered. I'm vexed that such a *tempting* morsel has been so suddenly snatched away from my jaws. What am I to do? Or what shall I devise? I must begin upon my plan over again. Nothing is so difficult, but that it may be found out by seeking. What now if I set about it after this fashion. (*He considers.*) That's of no use. What, if after this fashion? I effect just about the same. But this I think will do. It can not. Yes! excellent. Bravo! I've found out the best of all — I' faith, I do believe that after all I shall lay hold of this same runaway money.

Scene III.

Enter Clinia at the other side of the stage.

Clin. (to himself.) Nothing can possibly henceforth befall me of such consequence as to cause *me* uneasiness; so extreme is this joy that has surprised me. Now then I shall give myself up entirely to my father, to be more frugal than *even* he could wish.

Syr. (apart.) I wasn't mistaken; she has been discovered, so far as I understand from these words of his. (*Advancing.*) I am rejoiced that this matter has turned out for you so much to your wish.

Clin. O my *dear* Syrus, have you heard of it, pray?

Syr. How shouldn't I, when I was present all the while?

Clin. Did you *ever* hear of any thing falling out so fortunately for any one?

Syr. Never.

Clin. And, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not now rejoice so much on my own account as hers, whom I know to be deserving of any honor.

Syr. I believe it: but now, Clinia, come, attend to me in my turn. For your friend's business as well, — it must be seen to — that it is placed in a state of security, lest the old gentleman should now *come to know* any thing about his mistress.

Clin. O Jupiter!

Syr. Do be quiet.

Clin. My Antiphila will be mine.

Syr. Do you *still* interrupt me thus?

Clin. What can I do? My *dear* Syrus, I'm transported with joy! Do bear with me.

Syr. I' faith, I really do bear with you.

Clin. We are blest with the life of the Gods.

Syr. I'm taking pains to no purpose, I doubt.

Clin. Speak; I hear you.

Syr. But still you'll not mind it.

Clin. I will.

Syr. This must be seen to, I say, that your friend's business as well is placed in a state of security. For if you now go away from us, and leave Bacchis here, our *old man* will immediately come to know that she is Clitipho's mistress; if you take her away *with you*, it will be concealed just as much as it has been hitherto concealed.

Clin. But still, Syrus, nothing can make more against my marriage than this; for with what face am I to address my father *about it*? You understand what I mean?

Syr. Why not?

Clin. What can I say? What excuse can I make?

Syr. Nay, I don't want you to dissemble; tell him the whole case just as it really is.

Clin. What is it you say?

Syr. I bid you *do this*; tell him that you are in love with her, and want her for a wife: that this *Bacchis* is Clitipho's *mistress*.

Clin. You require a thing that is fair and reasonable, and easy to be done. And I suppose, then, you would have me request my father to

keep it a secret from your old man.

Syr. On the contrary; to tell him directly the matter just as it is.

Clin. What? Are you quite in your senses or sober? Why, you were for ruining him outright. For how could he be in a state of security? Tell me *that*.

Syr. For my part, I yield the palm to this device. Here I do pride myself exultingly, in having in myself such exquisite resources, and power of address so great, as to deceive them both by telling the truth: so that when your old man tells ours that she is his son's mistress, he'll still not believe him.

Clin. But yet, by these means you again cut off all hopes of my marriage; for as long as *Chremes* believes that she is my mistress, he'll not give me his daughter. Perhaps you care little what becomes of me, so long as you provide for him.

Syr. What the plague, do you suppose I want this pretense to be kept up for an age? 'Tis but for a single day, *only* till I have secured the money: you be quiet; *I ask* no more.

Clin. Is that sufficient? If his father should come to know of it, pray, what then?

Syr. What if I have recourse to those who say, "What now if the sky were to fall?"

Clin. I'm afraid to go about it.

Syr. You, afraid! As if it was not in your power to clear yourself at any time you like, *and* discover the *whole* matter.

Clin. Well, well; let Bacchis be brought over *to our house*.

Syr. Capital! she is coming out of doors.

Scene IV.

Enter Bacchis and Phrygia, from the house of Chremes.

Bacch. (pretending not to see Clinia and Syrus.) To a very fine purpose, upon my faith, have the promises of Syrus brought me hither, who agreed to lend me ten minæ. If now he deceives me, oft as he may entreat me to come, he shall come in vain. Or else, when I've promised to come, and fixed the time, when he has carried word back for certain, *and* Clitipho is on the stretch of expectation, I'll disappoint him and not come. Syrus will make atonement to me with his back.

Clin. (apart, to Syrus.) She promises you very fairly.

Syr. (to Clinia.) But do you think she is in jest? She'll do it, if I don't take care.

Bacch. (aside.) They're asleep — I'faith, I'll rouse them. *(Aloud.)* My dear Phrygia, did you hear about the country-seat of Charinus, which that man was showing us just now?

Phry. I heard of it.

Bacch. (aloud.) That it was the next to the farm here on the right-hand side.

Phry. I remember.

Bacch. (aloud) Run thither post-haste; the Captain is keeping the feast of Bacchus at his house.

Syr. (apart.) What is she going to be at?

Bacch. (aloud.) Tell him I am here very much against my inclination, and am detained; but that by some means or other I'll give them the slip and come *to him*.

Phrygia moves.

Syr. (coming forward.) Upon my faith, I'm ruined! Bacchis, stay, stay; prithee, where are you sending her? Order her to stop.

Bacch. (to Phrygia.) Be off.

Syr. Why, the money's ready.

Bacch. Why, then I'll stay.

Phrygia returns.

Syr. And it will be given you presently.

Bacch. Just when you please; do I press you?

Syr. But do you know what *you are to do*, pray?

Bacch. What?

Syr. You must now go over to the house of Menedemus, and your equipage must be taken over thither.

Bacch. What scheme are you upon, *you rascal*?

Syr. What, I? Coining money to give you.

Bacch. Do you think me a proper person *for you* to play upon?

Syr. It's not without a purpose.

Bacch. (pointing to the house.) Why, have I any business then with you here?

Syr. O no; I'm only going to give you what's your own.

Bacch. Then let's be going.

Syr. Follow this way. (*Goes to the door of Menedemus, and calls.*)

Ho there! Dromo.

Enter Dromo from the house.

Dro. Who is it wants me?

Syr. Syrus.

Dro. What's the matter?

Syr. Take over all the attendants of Bacchis to your house here immediately.

Dro. Why so?

Syr. Ask no questions. Let them take what they brought here with them. The old gentleman will hope his expenses are lightened by their departure; for sure he little knows how much loss this trifling gain will bring him. You, Dromo, if you are wise, know nothing of what you do know.

Dro. You shall own that I'm dumb.

Clinia, Bacchis, and Phrygia go into the house of Menedemus, and Dromo follows with Bacchis's retinue and baggage.

Scene V.

Enter Chremes from his house.

Chrem. (to himself.) So may the Deities prosper me, I am now concerned for the fate of Menedemus, that so great a misfortune should have befallen him. To be maintaining that woman with such a retinue! Although I am well aware he'll not be sensible of it for some days to come, his son was so greatly missed by him; but when he sees such a vast expense incurred by him every day at home, and no limit to it, he'll wish that this son would leave him a second time. See — here comes Syrus most opportunely.

Syr. (to himself, as he comes forward.) Why delay to accost him?

Chrem. Syrus.

Syr. Well.

Chrem. How go matters?

Syr. I've been wishing for some time for you to be thrown in my way.

Chrem. You seem, then, to have effected something, I know not what, with the old gentleman.

Syr. As to what we were talking of a short time since? No sooner said than done.

Chrem. In real earnest?

Syr. In real.

Chrem. Upon my faith, I can not forbear patting your head *for it*. Come here, Syrus; I'll do you some good turn for this matter, and with pleasure. (*Patting his head.*)

Syr. But if you knew how cleverly it came into my head ——

Chrem. Pshaw! Do you boast because it has turned out according to your wishes?

Syr. On my word, not I, indeed; I am telling the truth.

Chrem. Tell *me* how it is.

Syr. Clinia has told Menedemus, that this Bacchis is your Clitipho's mistress, and that *he* has taken her thither with him in order that you might not come to know of it.

Chrem. Very good.

Syr. Tell me, please, *what you think of it*.

Chrem. Extremely *good*, I declare.

Syr. Why yes, pretty fair. But listen, what a piece of policy still remains. He is then to say that he has seen your daughter — that her beauty charmed him as soon as he beheld her; *and* that he desires her for a wife.

Chrem. What, her that has just been discovered?

Syr. The same; and, in fact, he'll request that she may be asked for.

Chrem. For what purpose, Syrus? For I don't altogether comprehend it.

Syr. O dear, you are *so* dull.

Chrem. Perhaps so.

Syr. Money will be given him for the wedding — with which golden trinkets and clothes —— do you understand me?

Chrem. To buy *them* —— ?

Syr. Just so.

Chrem. But I neither give nor betroth my daughter *to him*.

Syr. But why?

Chrem. Why, do you ask me? To a fellow ——

Syr. Just as you please. I don't mean that in reality you should give her to him, but that you should pretend it.

Chrem. Pretending is not in my way; do you mix up these *plots* of yours, so as not to mix me up *in them*. Do you think that I'll betroth my daughter to a person to whom I will not marry her?

Syr. I imagined *so*.

Chrem. By no means.

Syr. It might have been cleverly managed; and I undertook this affair for the very reason, that a short time since you so urgently requested it.

Chrem. I believe you.

Syr. But for my part, Chremes, I take it well and good, *either way*.

Chrem. But still, I especially wish you to do your best for it to be brought about; but in some other way.

Syr. It shall be done: some other *method* must be thought of; but as to what I was telling you of, — about the money which she owes to Bacchis, — that must now be repaid her. And you will not, of course, now be having recourse to this method; “What have I to do with it? Was it lent to me? Did I give any orders? Had she the power to pawn my daughter without my consent?” They quote that saying, Chremes, with good reason, “Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice.”

Chrem. I will not do *so*.

Syr. On the contrary, though others were at liberty, you are not at liberty; all think that you are in good and very easy circumstances.

Chrem. Nay rather, I'll at once carry it to her myself.

Syr. Why no; request your son in preference.

Chrem. For what reason?

Syr. Why, because the suspicion of being in love with her has been transferred to him *with Menedemus*.

Chrem. What then?

Syr. Because it will seem to be more like probability when he gives it her; and at the same time I shall effect more easily what I wish. Here he comes too; go, *and* bring out the money.

Chrem. I'll bring it.

Goes into his house.

Scene VI.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. (to himself.) There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance. As this walk of mine, for instance, though not fatiguing, it has reduced me to weariness. And now I dread nothing more than that I should be packed off somewhere hence once again, that I may not have access to Bacchis. May then all the Gods and Goddesses, as many as exist, confound you, Syrus, with these stratagems and plots of yours. You are always devising something of this kind, by means of which to torture me.

Syr. Will you not away with you — to where you deserve? How nearly had your forwardness proved my ruin!

Clit. Upon my faith, I wish it had been *so*; just what you deserve.

Syr. Deserve? How so? Really, I'm glad that I've heard this from you before you had the money which I was just going to give you.

Clit. What then would you have me to say to you? You've made a fool of me; brought my mistress hither, whom I'm not allowed to touch ——

Syr. Well, I'm not angry then. But do you know where Bacchis is just now?

Clit. At our house.

Syr. No.

Clit. Where then?

Syr. At Clinia's.

Clit. I'm ruined!

Syr. Be of good heart; you shall presently carry to her the money that you promised her.

Clit. You do prate away. — Where from?

Syr. From your own father.

Clit. Perhaps you are joking with me.

Syr. The thing itself will prove it.

Clit. Indeed, then, I am a lucky man. Syrus, I do love you from my heart.

Syr. But *your* father's coming out. Take care not to express surprise at any thing, for what reason it is done; give way at the proper moment; do what he orders, *and* say but little.

Scene VII.

Enter Chremes from the house, with a bag of money.

Chrem. Where's Clitipho now?

Syr. (aside to Clitipho.) Say — here I am.

Clit. Here am I.

Chrem. (to Syrus.) Have you told him how it is?

Syr. I've told him pretty well every thing.

Chrem. Take this money, and carry it. (*Holding out the bag.*)

Syr. (aside to Clitipho.) Go — why do you stand still, *you* stone; why don't you take it?

Clit. Very well, give it me. (*Receives the bag.*)

Syr. (to Clitipho.) Follow me this way directly. (*To Chremes.*) You in the mean while will wait here for us till we return; for there's no occasion for us to stay there long.

Clitipho and Syrus go into the house of Menedemus.

Chrem. (to himself.) My daughter, in fact, has now had ten minæ from me, which I consider as paid for her board; another *ten* will follow these for clothes; and then she will require two talents for her portion. How many things, *both* just *and* unjust, are sanctioned by custom! Now I'm obliged, neglecting my business, to look out for some one on whom to bestow my property, that has been acquired by my labor.

Scene VIII.

Enter Menedemus from his house.

Men. (to Clinia within.) My son, I now think myself the happiest of all men, since I find that you have returned to a rational mode of life.

Chrem. (aside.) How much he is mistaken!

Men. Chremes, you are the very person I wanted; preserve, so far as in you lies, my son, myself, and my family.

Chrem. Tell me what you would have me do.

Men. You have this day found a daughter.

Chrem. What then?

Men. Clinia wishes her to be given him for a wife.

Chrem. Prithee, what kind of a person are you?

Men. Why?

Chrem. Have you already forgotten what passed between us, concerning a scheme, that by that method some money might be got out of you?

Men. I remember.

Chrem. That self-same thing they are now about.

Men. What do you tell *me*, Chremes? Why surely, this Courtesan, who is at my house, is Clitipho's mistress.

Chrem. So they say, and you believe it all; and they say that he is desirous of a wife, in order that, when I have betrothed her, you may give him *money*, with which to provide gold trinkets and clothing,

and other things that are requisite.

Men. That is it, no doubt; that money will be given to his mistress.

Chrem. Of course it is to be given.

Men. Alas! in vain then, unhappy man, have I been overjoyed; still however, I had rather any thing than be deprived of him. What answer now shall I report from you, Chremes, so that he may not perceive that I have found it out, and take it to heart?

Chrem. To heart, *indeed!* you are too indulgent to him, Menedemus.

Men. Let me go on; I have *now* begun: assist me in this throughout, Chremes.

Chrem. Say then, that you have seen me, *and* have treated about the marriage.

Men. I'll say *so* — what then?

Chrem. That I will do every thing; that as a son-in-law he meets my approbation; in fine, too, if you like, tell him also that she has been promised him.

Men. Well, that's what I wanted —

Chrem. That he may the sooner ask of you, and you may as soon as possible give him what you wish.

Men. It is my wish.

Chrem. Assuredly, before very long, according as I view this matter, you'll have enough of him. But, however that may be, if you are wise, you'll give to him cautiously, and a little at a time.

Men. I'll do *so*.

Chrem. Go in-doors *and* see how much he requires. I shall be at

home, if you should want me for any thing.

Men. I certainly do want you; for I shall let you know whatever I do.

They go into their respective houses.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Menedemus from his house.

Men. (to himself.) I am *quite* aware that I am not so overwise, or so very quick-sighted; but this assistant, prompter, and director of mine, Chremes, outdoes me in that. Any one of those epithets which are applied to a fool is suited to myself, such as dolt, post, ass, lump of lead; to him not one can *apply*; his stupidity surpasses them all.

Enter Chremes, speaking to Sostrata within.

Chrem. Hold now, do, wife, leave off dinning the Gods with thanksgivings that your daughter has been discovered; unless you judge of them by your own disposition, and think that they understand nothing, unless the same thing has been told them a hundred times. But, in the mean time, why does my son linger there so long with Syrus?

Men. What persons do you say are lingering?

Chrem. Ha! Menedemus, you have come opportunely. Tell me, have you told Clinia what I said?

Men. Every thing.

Chrem. What did he say?

Men. He began to rejoice, just like people do who wish to be married.

Chrem. (laughing.) Ha! ha! ha!

Men. Why are you laughing?

Chrem. The sly tricks of my servant, Syrus, *just* came into my mind.

Men. Did they?

Chrem. The rogue can even mould the countenances of people.

Men. That my son is pretending that he is overjoyed, is it that you mean?

Chrem. Just so. (*Laughing.*)

Men. The very same thing came into my mind.

Chrem. A crafty knave!

Men. Still more would you think such to be the fact, if you knew more.

Chrem. Do you say so?

Men. Do you give attention then?

Chrem. Just stop — first I want to know this, what *money* you have squandered; for when you told your son that she was promised, of course Dromo would at once throw in a word that golden jewels, clothes, *and* attendants would be needed for the bride, in order that you might give the money.

Men. No.

Chrem. How, no?

Men. No, I tell you.

Chrem. Nor yet your son himself?

Men. Not in the slightest, Chremes. He was only the more pressing on *this* one point, that the match might be concluded to-day.

Chrem. You say what's surprising. What did my *servant* Syrus do? Didn't even he *say* any thing?

Men. Nothing at all.

Chrem. For what reason, I don't know.

Men. For my part, I wonder at *that*, when you know other things so well. But this same Syrus has moulded your son, too, to such perfection, that there could not be even the slightest suspicion that she is *Clinia's* mistress!

Chrem. What do you say?

Men. Not to mention, then, their kissing and embracing; that I count nothing.

Chrem. What more could be done to carry on the cheat?

Men. Pshaw!

Chrem. What do you mean?

Men. Only listen. In the inner part of my house there is a certain room at the back; into this a bed was brought, *and* was made up with bed-clothes.

Chrem. What took place after this?

Men. No sooner said than done, thither went Clitipho.

Chrem. Alone?

Men. Alone.

Chrem. I'm alarmed.

Men. Bacchis followed directly.

Chrem. Alone?

Men. Alone.

Chrem. I'm undone!

Men. When they had gone into *the room*, they shut the door.

Chrem. Well — did Clinia see *all* this going on?

Men. How shouldn't he? He was with me.

Chrem. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus — I'm undone.

Men. Why so?

Chrem. I have hardly substance to suffice for ten days.

Men. What! are you alarmed at it, because he is paying attention to his friend?

Chrem. His "she-friend" rather.

Men. If he *really* is paying it.

Chrem. Is it a matter of doubt to you? Do you suppose that there is any person of so accommodating and tame a spirit as to suffer his own mistress, himself looking on, to —

Men. (*chuckling and speaking ironically.*) Why not? That I may be imposed upon the more easily.

Chrem. Do you laugh at me? You have good reason. How angry I now am with myself! How many things gave *proof*, whereby, had I not been a stone, I might have been fully sensible *of this*? What was it I saw? Alas! wretch that I am! But assuredly they shall not escape my vengeance if I live; for this instant —

Men. Can you not contain yourself? Have you no respect for yourself? Am I not a sufficient example to you?

Chrem. For *very* anger, Menedemus, I am not myself.

Men. For you to talk in that manner! Is it not a shame for you to be giving advice to others, to show wisdom abroad *and yet* be able to do

nothing for yourself?

Chrem. What shall I do?

Men. That which you said I failed to do: make him sensible that you are his father; make him venture to intrust every thing to you, to seek and to ask of you; so that he may look for no other resources and forsake you.

Chrem. Nay, I had much rather he would go any where in the world, than by his debaucheries here reduce his father to beggary! For if I go on supplying his extravagance, Menedemus, in that case my circumstances will undoubtedly be *soon* reduced to the level of your rake.

Men. What evils you will bring upon yourself in this affair, if you don't act with caution! You'll show yourself severe, and still pardon him at last; that too with an ill grace.

Chrem. Ah! you don't know how vexed I am.

Men. Just as you please. What about that which I desire — that she may be married to my *son*? Unless there is any other step that you would prefer.

Chrem. On the contrary, both the son-in-law and the connection are to my taste.

Men. What portion shall I say that you have named for your daughter? Why are you silent?

Chrem. Portion?

Men. I say so.

Chrem. Alas!

Men. Chremes, don't be at all afraid *to speak*, if it is but a small one. The portion is no consideration at all with us.

Chrem. I did think that two talents were sufficient, according to my means. But if you wish me to be saved, and my estate and my son, you must say to this effect, that I have settled all my property on her as her portion.

Men. What scheme are you upon?

Chrem. Pretend that you wonder at this, and at the same time ask him the reason why I do so.

Men. Why, really, I can't conceive the reason for your doing so.

Chrem. Why *do I do so*? To check his feelings, which are now hurried away by luxury and wantonness, and to bring him down so as not to know which way to turn himself.

Men. What is your design?

Chrem. Let me alone, and give me leave to have my own way in this matter.

Men. I do give you leave: is this your desire?

Chrem. It is so.

Men. *Then* be it so.

Chrem. And now let your son prepare to fetch the bride. The other one shall be schooled in *such* language as befits children. But Syrus

Men. What of him?

Chrem. What? If I live, I will have him so handsomely dressed, so well combed out, that he shall always remember me as long as he lives; to imagine that I'm to be a laughing-stock and a plaything for him! So may the Gods bless me! he would not have dared to do to a widow-woman the things which he has done to me.

They go into their respective houses.

Scene II.

Enter Menedemus, with Clitipho and Syrus.

Clit. Prithée, is it really the fact, Menedemus, that my father can, in so short a space *of time*, have cast off all the *natural* affection of a parent for me? For what crime? What so great enormity have I, to my misfortune, committed? *Young men* generally do *the same*.

Men. I am aware that this must be much more harsh and severe to you, on whom it falls; but *yet* I take it no less amiss *than you*. How it is so I know not, nor can I account for it, except that from my heart I wish you well.

Clit. Did not you say that my father was waiting here?

Enter Chremes from his house.

Men. See, here he is.

Menedemus goes into his house.

Chrem. Why are you blaming me, Clitipho? Whatever I have done in this matter, I had a view to you and your imprudence. When I saw that you were of a careless disposition, and held the pleasures of the moment of the first importance, and did not look forward to the future, I took measures that you might neither want nor be able to waste this *which I have*. When, through your own *conduct*, it was not allowed me to give it you, to whom I ought before all, I had recourse to those who were your nearest relations; to them I have made over and intrusted every thing. There you'll always find a refuge for your folly; food, clothing, and a roof under which to betake yourself.

Clit. Ah me!

Chrem. It is better than that, you being my heir, Bacchis should possess this *estate of mine*.

Syr. (apart.) I'm ruined irrevocably! — Of what mischief have I, wretch that I am, unthinkingly been the cause?

Clit. Would I were dead!

Chrem. Prithee, first learn what it is to live. When you know that, if life displeases you, then try the other.

Syr. Master, may I be allowed —— ?

Chrem. Say on.

Syr. But *may I* safely?

Chrem. Say on.

Syr. What injustice or what madness is this, that that in which I have offended, should be to his detriment?

Chrem. It's all over. Don't you mix yourself up *in it*; no one accuses you, Syrus, nor need you look out for an altar, or for an intercessor for yourself.

Syr. What is your design?

Chrem. I am not at all angry either with you (*to Syrus*), or with you (*to Clitipho*); nor is it fair that you *should be so* with me for what I am doing.

He goes into his house.

Syr. He's gone. I wish I had asked him ——

Clit. What, Syrus?

Syr. Where I am to get my subsistence; he has so utterly cast us adrift. You are to have it, for the present, at your sister's, I find.

Clit. Has it then come to this pass, Syrus — that I am to be in danger

even of starving?

Syr. So we only live, there's hope ——

Clit. What *hope*?

Syr. That we shall be hungry enough.

Clit. Do you jest in a matter so serious, and not give me any assistance with your advice?

Syr. On the contrary, I'm both now thinking of that, and have been about it all the time your father was speaking just now; and so far as I can perceive ——

Clit. What?

Syr. It will not be wanting long. (*He meditates.*)

Clit. What is it, then?

Syr. It is this — I think that you are not their *son*.

Clit. How's that, Syrus? Are you quite in your senses?

Syr. I'll tell you what's *come* into my mind; be you the judge. While they had you alone, while they had no other source of joy more nearly to affect them, they indulged you, they lavished upon you. Now a daughter has been found, a pretense has been found in fact on which to turn you adrift.

Clit. It's very probable.

Syr. Do you suppose that he is so angry on account of this fault?

Clit. I do not think *so*.

Syr. Now consider another thing. All mothers are wont to be advocates for their sons when in fault, *and* to aid them against a

father's severity; 'tis not so *here*.

Clit. You say true; what then shall I now do, Syrus?

Syr. Question them on this suspicion; mention the matter without reserve; either, if it is not true, you'll soon bring them both to compassion, or else you'll *soon* find out whose son you are.

Clit. You give good advice; I'll do so.

He goes into the home of Chremes.

Syr. (to himself.) Most fortunately did this come into my mind. For the less hope the young man entertains, the greater the difficulty with which he'll bring his father to his own terms. I'm not sure even, that he may not take a wife, and *then* no thanks for Syrus. But what is this? The old man's coming out of doors; I'll be off. What has so far happened, I am surprised at, that he didn't order me to be carried off from here: now I'll away to Menedemus here, I'll secure him as my intercessor; I can put no trust in our old man.

Goes into the house of Menedemus.

Scene III.

Enter Chremes and Sostrata from the house.

Sos. Really, sir, if you don't take care, you'll be causing some mischief to your son; and indeed I do wonder at it, my husband, how any thing so foolish could ever come into your head.

Chrem. Oh, you persist in being the woman? Did I ever wish for any one thing in *all* my life, Sostrata, but that you were my contradicter on that occasion? And yet if I were now to ask you what it is that I have done amiss, or why you act thus, you would not know in what point you are now so obstinately opposing me in your folly.

Sos. I, not know?

Chrem. Yes, rather, *I should have said* you do know; inasmuch as either expression amounts to the same thing.

Sos. Alas! you are unreasonable to expect me to be silent in a matter of such importance.

Chrem. I don't expect it; talk on then, I shall still do it not a bit the less.

Sos. Will you do it?

Chrem. Certainly.

Sos. Don't you see how much evil you will be causing by that course? — He suspects himself *to be* a foundling.

Chrem. Do you say *so*?

Sos. Assuredly it will be so.

Chrem. Admit it.

Sos. Hold *now* — prithee, let that be for our enemies. Am I to admit that he is not my son who *really* is?

Chrem. What! are you afraid that you can not prove that he is yours, whenever you please?

Sos. Because my daughter has been found?

Chrem. No; but for *a reason* why it should be much sooner believed — because he is just like you in disposition, you will easily prove that he is your child; for he is exactly like you; why, he has not a single vice left him but you have just the same. Then, besides, no woman could have been the mother of such a son but yourself. But he's coming out of doors, *and* how demure! When you understand the matter, you may form your own conclusions.

Scene IV.

Enter Clitipho from the house of Chremes.

Clit. If there ever was any time, mother, when I caused you pleasure, being called your son by your own desire, I beseech you to remember it, and now to take compassion on me in my distress. A thing I beg and request — do discover to me my parents.

Sos. I conjure you, my son, not to entertain that *notion* in your mind, that you are another person's child.

Clit. I am.

Sos. Wretch that I am! (*Turning to Chremes.*) Was it this that you wanted, pray? (*To Clitipho.*) So may you be the survivor of me and of him, you are my son and his; and henceforth, if you love me, take care that I never hear that speech from you *again*.

Chrem. But I *say*, if you fear me, take care how I find these propensities existing in you.

Clit. What *propensities*?

Chrem. If you wish to know, I'll tell you; being a trifler, an idler, a cheat, a glutton, a debauchee, a spendthrift — Believe me, and believe that you are our *son*.

Clit. This is not the language of a parent.

Chrem. If you had been born from my head, Clitipho, just as they say Minerva was from Jove's, none the more on that account would I suffer myself to be disgraced by your profligacy.

Sos. May the Gods forbid it.

Chrem. I don't know as to the Gods; so far as I shall be enabled, *I*

will carefully prevent it. You are seeking that which you possess — parents; that which you are in want of you don't seek — in what way to pay obedience to a father, and to preserve what he acquired by *his* industry. That you by trickery should bring before my eyes — I am ashamed to mention the unseemly word in her presence (*pointing to Sostrata*), but you were not in any degree ashamed to act thus.

Clit. (aside.) Alas! how thoroughly displeased I now am with myself! How much ashamed! nor do I know how to make a beginning to pacify him.

Scene V.

Enter Menedemus from his house.

Men. (to himself.) Why really, Chremes is treating his son too harshly and too unkindly. I'm come out, therefore, to make peace *between them*. Most opportunely I see them *both*.

Chrem. Well, Menedemus, why don't you order my daughter to be sent for, and close with the offer of the portion that I mentioned?

Sos. My husband, I entreat you not to do it.

Clit. Father, I entreat you to forgive me.

Men. Forgive him, Chremes; do let them prevail upon you.

Chrem. Am I knowingly to make my property a present to Bacchis? I'll not do *it*.

Men. Why, we would not suffer *it*.

Clit. If you desire me to live, father, do forgive me.

Sos. Do, my *dear* Chremes.

Men. Come, Chremes, pray, don't be so obdurate.

Chrem. What *am I to do* here? I see I am not allowed to carry this through, as I had intended.

Men. You are acting as becomes you.

Chrem. On this condition, then, I'll do it; if he does that which I think it right he *should do*.

Clit. Father, I'll do any thing; command me.

Chrem. You must take a wife.

Clit. Father ——

Chrem. I'll hear nothing.

Men. I'll take it upon myself; he shall do so.

Chrem. I don't hear any thing from *him* as yet.

Clit. (aside.) I'm undone!

Sos. Do you hesitate, Clitipho?

Chrem. Nay, just as he likes.

Men. He'll do it all.

Sos. This course, while you are making a beginning, is disagreeable, and while you are unacquainted with it. When you have become acquainted with it, *it will become* easy.

Clit. I'll do it, father.

Sos. My son, upon my honor I'll give you that charming girl, whom you may soon become attached to, the daughter of our neighbor Phanocrata.

Clit. What! that red-haired girl, with cat's eyes, freckled face, *and* hooked nose? I can not, father.

Chrem. Heyday! how nice he is! You would fancy he had set his mind upon it.

Sos. I'll name another.

Clit. Why no — since I must marry, I myself have one that I should pretty nearly make choice of.

Sos. Now, son, I commend you.

Clit. The daughter of Archonides *here*.

Sos. I'm quite agreeable.

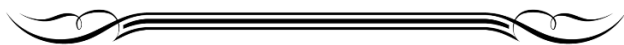
Clit. Father, this now remains.

Chrem. What *is it*?

Clit. I want you to pardon Syrus for what he has done for my sake.

Chrem. Be it so. (*To the Audience.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

PHORMIO



Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

Based on a play by Apollodorus of Carystus, one of the most important writers of New Comedy that flourished in Athens between 300 and 260 B.C, *Phormio* was first performed at the Ludi Romani of 161 BC.

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ADDITIONAL SCENE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Demipho,
Chremes,
Aged Athenians, brothers.
Antipho, son of Demipho.
Phædria, son of Chremes.
Phormio, a Parasite.
Geta, servant of Demipho.
Davus, a servant.
Hegio,
Cratinus,
Crito,
Advocates.
Dorio, a Procurer.
Nausistrata, the wife of Chremes.
Sophrona, the nurse of Phanium.

Scene. — Athens; before the houses of Demipho, Chremes, and Dorio.

THE SUBJECT.

Chremes and Demipho are two aged Athenians, brothers. Nausistrata, the wife of Chremes, is a wealthy woman, possessed of large estates in the island of Lemnos. Chremes, who goes thither yearly to receive the rents, meets with a poor woman there, whom he secretly marries, and has by her a daughter called Phanium: while engaged in this intrigue, Chremes passes at Lemnos by the name of Stilpho. By his wife, Nausistrata, at Athens, Chremes has a son, named Phædría, and his brother has a son, named Antipho. Phanium having now arrived at her fifteenth year, the two brothers privately agree that she shall be brought to Athens and married to Antipho. For this purpose, Chremes goes to Lemnos, while Demipho is obliged to take a journey to Cilicia. On departing, they leave their sons in the care of Geta, one of Demipho's servants. Shortly afterward, Phædría falls in love with a Music-girl, but, from want of means, is unable to purchase her from her owner. In the mean time, the Lemnian wife of Chremes, urged by poverty, embarks for Athens, whither she arrives with her daughter and her nurse. Here they inquire for Stilpho, but in vain, as they can not find any one of that name. Shortly after, the mother dies, and Antipho, seeing Phanium by accident, falls in love with her. Being wishful to marry her, he applies to Phormio, a Parasite, for his advice. The latter hits upon the following scheme: there being a law at Athens, which obliges the next-of-kin to female orphans, either to marry them or give them a portion, the Parasite pretends that he is a friend of Phanium, and insists that Antipho is her nearest relation, and is consequently bound to marry her. Antipho is summoned before a court of justice, and it being previously arranged, allows judgment to be given against himself, and immediately marries Phanium. Shortly after, the old men return upon the same day, and are much vexed, the one on finding that his son has married a woman without a fortune, the other that he has lost the opportunity of getting his daughter advantageously married. In the mean time, Phædría being necessitated to raise some money to purchase the Music-girl, Geta and Phormio arrange that the former shall pretend to the old man that Phormio has consented to take back

the woman whom Antipho has married, if Demipho will give her a portion of thirty minae. Demipho borrows the money of Chremes, and pays it to Phormio, who hands it over to Phædria, and Phædria to Dorio, for his mistress. At this conjuncture, it becomes known who Phanium really is, and the old men are delighted to find that Antipho has married the very person they wished. They attempt, however, to get back the thirty minae from Phormio, and proceed to threats and violence. On this, Phormio, who has accidentally learned the intrigue of Chremes with the woman of Lemnos, exposes him, and relates the whole story to his wife, Nausistrata; on which she censures her husband for his bad conduct, and the Play concludes with her thanks to Phormio for his information.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

Performed at the Roman Games, L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula being Curule Ædiles. L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to a base and a treble flute. It is wholly from the Greek, *being* the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus. It was represented four times, C. Fannius and M. Valerius being Consuls.

THE SUMMARY OF C. Sulpitius Apollinaris.

Demipho, the brother of Chremes, has gone abroad, his son Antipho being left at Athens. Chremes has secretly a wife and a daughter at Lemnos, another wife at Athens, and an only son, who loves a Music-girl. The mother arrives at Athens from Lemnos, *and there* dies. The girl, her orphan daughter, (Chemes being away,) arranges the funeral. After Antipho has fallen in love with her when seen there, through the aid of the Parasite he receives her as his wife. His father and Chremes, having *now* returned, *begin* to be enraged. Afterward they give thirty minæ to the Parasite, that he may take her *as his own* wife. With this money the Music-girl is bought *for Phædria*. Antipho *then* keeps his wife, who has been recognized by his uncle.

THE PROLOGUE.

Since the old Poet can not withdraw *our* bard from his pursuits and reduce him to indolence, he endeavors, by invectives, to deter him from writing: for he is wont to say to this effect, — that the Plays which he has hitherto composed are poor in their language, and of meagre style: because he has nowhere described a frantic youth as seeing a hind in flight, and the hounds pursuing; while he implores *and* entreated that he would give her aid. But if he had been aware that *his Play*, when formerly first represented, stood its ground more through the merits of the performers than its own, he would attack with much less boldness than he does. Now, if there is any one who says or thinks to this effect, that if the old Poet had not assailed him first, the young one could have devised no Prologue for him to repeat, without having some one to abuse, let him receive this for an answer: “that the prize is proposed in common to all who apply to the Dramatic art.” He has aimed at driving our Poet from his studies to *absolute* want; he *then* has intended this for an answer, not an attack. If he had opposed him with fair words, he would have heard himself civilly addressed; what has been given by him, let him consider as *now* returned. I will make an end of speaking about him, when, of his own accord, he himself makes an end of offending. Now give your attention to what I request. I present you a new play, which they call “Epidicazomenos,” in Greek: in the Latin, he calls it “Phormio;” because the person that acts the principal part is Phormio, a Parasite, through whom, principally, the plot will be carried on, if your favor attends the Poet. Lend your attention; in silence give an ear with impartial feelings, that we may not experience a like fortune to what we did, when, through a tumult, our Company was driven from the place; which place, the merit of the actor, and your good-will and candor seconding it, has *since* restored unto us.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Davus, with a bag of money in his hand.

Dav. Geta, my very good friend and fellow-townsmen, came to me yesterday. There had been for some time a trifling balance of money of his in my hands upon a small account; *he asked me* to make it up. I have done so, *and* am carrying it to him. But I hear that his master's son has taken a wife; this, I suppose, is scraped together as a present for her. How unfair a custom! — that those who have the least should always be giving something to the more wealthy! That which the poor wretch has with difficulty spared, ounce by ounce, out of his allowance, defrauding himself of every indulgence, the whole of it will she carry off, without thinking with how much labor it has been acquired. And then besides, Geta will be struck for another present when his mistress is brought to bed; and then again for another *present*, when the child's birthday comes; when they initiate him, too: all this the mother will carry off; the child will *only* be the pretext for the present. But don't I see Geta there?

Scene II.

Enter Geta, from the house of Demipho.

Geta (*at the door, to those within.*) If any red-haired man should inquire for me —

Dav. (*stepping forward.*) Here he is, say no more.

Geta (*starting.*) Oh! Why I was trying *to come* and meet you, Davus.

Dav. (*giving the money to Geta.*) Here, take it; it's *all* ready counted out; the number just amounts to the sum I owed you.

Geta. I am obliged to you; and I return you thanks for not having forgotten me.

Dav. Especially as people's ways are nowadays; things are come to such a pass, if a person repays you any thing, you must be greatly obliged to him. But why are you out of spirits?

Geta. What, I? You little know what terror and peril I am in.

Dav. What's the matter?

Geta. You shall know, if you can only keep it secret.

Dav. Out upon you, simpleton; *the man*, whose trustworthiness you have experienced as to money, are you afraid to intrust with words? In what way have I any interest in deceiving you?

Geta. Well then, listen.

Dav. I give you my best attention.

Geta. Davus, do you know Chremes, the elder brother of our old gentleman?

Dav. Why should I not?

Geta. Well, *and* his son Phædria?

Dav. As well as your own self.

Geta. It *so* happened to both the old gentlemen, just at the same period, that the one had to take a journey to Lemnos, and our *old man* to Cilicia, to see an old acquaintance; he tempted over the old man by letters, promising *him* all but mountains of gold.

Dav. To one who had so much property, that he had more than he could use?

Geta. Do have done; that is his way.

Dav. Oh, *as for that*, I *really* ought to have been a man of fortune.

Geta. When departing hence, both the old gentlemen left me as a sort of tutor to their sons.

Dav. Ah, Geta, you undertook a hard task *there*.

Geta. I came to experience it, I know that. I'm quite sure that I was forsaken by my good Genius, who must have been angry with me. I began to oppose them at first; *but* what need of talking? As long as I was trusty to the old men, I was paid for it in my shoulder-blades. This, then, occurred to my mind: why, this is folly to kick against the spur. I began to do every thing for them that they wished to be humored in.

Dav. You knew how to make your market.

Geta. Our *young fellow* *did* no mischief whatever at first; that Phædria at once picked up a certain damsel, a Music-girl, *and* fell in love with her to distraction. She belonged to a most abominable Procurer; and their fathers had taken good care that they should have nothing to give him. There remained nothing for him then but to feed

his eyes, to follow her about, to escort her to the school, and to escort her back again. We, having nothing to do, lent our aid to Phædria. Near the school at which she was taught, right opposite the place, there was a certain barber's shop: here we were generally in the habit of waiting for her, until she was coming home again. In the mean time, while *one day* we were sitting there, there came in a young man in tears; we were surprised at this. We inquired what was the matter? "Never," said he, "has poverty appeared to me a burden so grievous and so insupportable as just now. I have just seen a certain poor young woman in this neighborhood lamenting her dead mother. She was laid out before her, and not a single friend, acquaintance, or relation was there with her, except one poor old woman, to assist her in the funeral: I pitied her. The girl herself was of surpassing beauty." What need of a long story? She moved us all. At once Antipho *exclaims*, "Would you like us to go and visit her?" The other *said*, "I think we ought — let us go — show us the way, please." We went, and arrived *there*; we saw her; the girl was beautiful, and that you might say so the more, there was no heightening to her beauty; her hair disheveled, her feet bare, herself neglected, and in tears; her dress mean, so that, had there not been an excess of beauty in her very charms, these circumstances must have extinguished those charms. The one who had lately fallen in love with the Music-girl said: "She is well enough;" but our *youth* —

Dav. I know it already — fell in love with her.

Geta. Can you imagine to what an extent? Observe the consequence. The day after, he goes straight to the old woman; entreats her to let him have her: she, on the other hand, refuses him, and says that he is not acting properly; that she is a citizen of Athens, virtuous, and born of honest *parents*: that if he wishes to make her his wife, he is at liberty to do so according to law; but if otherwise, she gives him a refusal. Our *youth* was at a loss what to do. He was both eager to marry her, and he dreaded his absent father.

Dav. Would not his father, if he had returned, have given him leave?

Geta. He let him marry a girl with no fortune, and of obscure birth! He would never do *so*.

Dav. What came of it at last?

Geta. What came of it? There is one Phormio here, a Parasite, a fellow of great assurance; may all the Gods confound him!

Dav. What has he done?

Geta. He has given this piece of advice, which I will tell you of. "There is a law, that orphan girls are to marry those who are their next-of-kin; and the same law commands such persons to marry them. I'll say you are the next-of-kin, and take out a summons against you; I'll pretend that I am a friend of the girl's father; we will come before the judges: who her father was, who her mother, how she is related to you — all this I'll trump up, just as will be advantageous and suited to my purpose; on your disproving none of these things, I shall prevail, of course. Your father will return; a quarrel will be the consequence; what care I? She will still be ours."

Dav. An amusing piece of assurance!

Geta. He was persuaded to this. It was carried out; they came *into court*: we were beaten. He has married her.

Dav. What is it you tell me?

Geta. Just what you have heard.

Dav. O Geta, what will become of you?

Geta. Upon my faith, I don't know; this one thing I do know, whatever fortune may bring, I'll bear it with firmness.

Dav. You please me; well, that is the duty of a man.

Geta. All my hope is in myself.

Dav. I commend you.

Geta. Suppose I have recourse to some one to intercede for me, who will plead for me in these terms: “Pray, do forgive him this time; but if after this *he does* any thing, I make no entreaty:” if only he doesn’t add, “When I’ve gone, e’en kill him *for my part*.”

Dav. What of the one who was usher to the Music-girl?

Geta (*shrugging his shoulders*.) So so, but poorly.

Dav. Perhaps he hasn’t much to give.

Geta. Why, really, nothing at all, except mere hopes.

Dav. Is his father come back or not?

Geta. Not yet.

Dav. Well, when do you expect your old man?

Geta. I don’t know for certain; but I just now heard that a letter has been brought from him, and has been left with the officers of the customs: I’m going to fetch it.

Dav. Is there any thing else that you want with me, Geta?

Geta. *Nothing; but* that I wish you well. (*Exit Davus.*) Hark you, boy (*calling at the door*). Is nobody coming out here? (*A Lad comes out.*) Take this, and give it to Dorcium.

He gives the purse to the Lad, who carries it into Demipho’s house and exit Geta.

Scene III.

Enter Antipho and Phædria.

Ant. That things should have come to such a pass, Phædria, that I should be in utter dread of my father, who wishes me so well, whenever his return comes into my thoughts! Had I not been inconsiderate, I might have waited for him, as I ought to have done.

Phæd. What's the matter?

Ant. Do you ask the question? You, who have been my confederate in so bold an adventure? How I do wish it had never entered the mind of Phormio to persuade me to this, or to urge me in the heat of my passion to this step, which is the source of my misfortunes. *Then* I should not have obtained her; in that case I might have been uneasy for some *few* days; but still, this perpetual anxiety would not have been tormenting my mind (*touching Phædria*).

Phæd. I hear you.

Ant. While I am every moment expecting his return, who is to sever from me this connection.

Phæd. Other men feel uneasiness because they can not gain what they love; you complain because you have too much. You are surfeited with love, Antipho. Why, really, upon my faith, this situation of yours is surely one to be coveted and desired. So may the Gods kindly bless me, could I be at liberty to be so long in possession of the object of my love, I could contentedly die. Do you, then, form a judgment as to the rest, what I am now suffering from this privation, and what pleasure you enjoy from the possession of your desires; not to mention how, without *any* expense, you have obtained a well-born and genteel woman, and have got a wife of unblemished reputation: happy *you*, were not this one thing wanting, a mind capable of bearing all this with moderation. If you had to deal with that Procurer with whom I have to deal, then you would *soon* be

sensible of it. We are mostly all of us inclined by nature to be dissatisfied with our lot.

Ant. Still, on the other hand, Phædria, you now seem to me the fortunate man, who still have the liberty, without restraint, of resolving on what pleases you best: *whether* to keep, to love on, *or* to give her up. I, unfortunately, have got myself into that position, that I have neither right to give her up, nor liberty to retain her. But how's this? Is it our Geta I see running this way? 'Tis he himself. Alas! I'm dreadfully afraid what news it is he's now bringing me.

Scene IV.

Enter Geta, running, at the other side of the stage.

Geta (*to himself.*) Geta, you are undone, unless you instantly find out some expedient; so suddenly do such mighty evils now threaten me thus unprepared, which I neither know how to shun, nor how to extricate myself therefrom; for this daring step of ours can not now any longer be kept a secret. If such a result is not adroitly guarded against, these matters will cause the ruin of myself, or of my master.

Ant. (*to Phædria.*) Why, I wonder, is he coming in such fright?

Geta (*to himself.*) Besides, I've but a moment left for this matter — my master's close at hand.

Ant. (*to Phædria.*) What mischief is this?

Geta (*to himself.*) When he comes to hear of it, what remedy shall I discover for his anger? Am I to speak? I shall irritate him: be silent? I shall provoke him: excuse myself? I should be washing a brickbat. Alas! unfortunate me! While I am trembling for myself, this Antipho distracts my mind. I am concerned for him; I'm in dread for him: 'tis he that now keeps me here; for had it not been for him, I should have made due provision for my safety, and have taken vengeance on the old man for his crabbedness; I should have scraped up something, and straightway taken to my heels away from here.

Ant. (*to Phædria.*) I wonder what running away or theft it is that he's planning.

Geta (*to himself.*) But where shall I find Antipho, or which way go look for him?

Phæd. (*to Antipho.*) He's mentioning your name.

Ant. (*to Phædria.*) I know not what great misfortune I expect to hear

from this messenger.

Phæd. (to Antipho.) Why, are you in your senses?

Geta (*to himself.*) I'll make my way homeward; he's generally there.

Phæd. (to Antipho.) Let's call the fellow back.

Ant. (calling out.) Stop, this instant.

Geta (*turning round.*) Heyday — with authority enough, whoever you are.

Ant. Geta!

Geta. The very person I wanted to find.

Ant. Pray, tell me what news you bring and dispatch it in *one* word, if you can.

Geta. I'll do so.

Ant. Out with it.

Geta. Just now, at the harbor —

Ant. What, my *father* — ?

Geta. You've hit it.

Ant. Ruined outright!

Phæd. Pshaw!

Ant. What am I to do?

Phæd. (to Geta.) What is it you say?

Geta. That I have seen his father, your uncle.

Ant. How am I, wretch that I am, now to find a remedy for this sudden misfortune? But if it should be my fortune, Phanium, to be torn away from you, life would cease to be desirable.

Geta. Therefore, Antipho, since matters are thus, the more need have you to be on your guard; fortune helps the brave.

Ant. I am not myself.

Geta. But just now it is especially necessary you should be so, Antipho; for if your father perceives that you are alarmed, he will think that you have been guilty of some fault.

Phæd. That's true.

Ant. I can not change.

Geta. What would you do, if now something else still more difficult had to be done by you?

Ant. As I am not equal to this, I should be still less so to the other.

Geta. This is doing nothing at all, Phædria, let's be gone; why do we waste our time here to no purpose. I shall be off.

Phæd. And I too. (*They move as if going.*)

Ant. Pray, now, if I assume an air, will that do? (*He endeavors to assume another air.*)

Geta. You are trifling.

Ant. Look at my countenance — there's for you. (*Assuming a different air.*) Will that do?

Geta. No.

Ant. Well, will this? (*Assuming another air.*)

Geta. Pretty well.

Ant. Well then, this? (*Assuming a still bolder air.*)

Geta. That's just the thing. There now, keep to that, and answer him word for word, like for like; don't let him, in his anger, disconcert you with his blustering words.

Ant. I understand.

Geta. Say that you were forced against your will by law, by sentence of the court; do you take me? (*Looking earnestly in one direction.*) But who is the old man that I see at the end of the street?

Ant. 'Tis he himself. I can not stand it. (*Going.*)

Geta. Oh! What are you about? Whither are you going, Antipho? Stop, I tell you.

Ant. I know my own self and my offense; to your management I trust Phanium and my own existence.

Exit hastily.

Scene V.

Phædria and Geta.

Phæd. Geta, what's to be done now?

Geta. You will just hear some harsh language: I shall be trussed up and trounced, if I am not somewhat mistaken. But what we were just now advising Antipho to do, the same we must do ourselves, Phædria.

Phæd. Away with your “musts;” rather do you command me what I am to do.

Geta. Do you remember what were your words formerly on our entering upon this project, with the view of protecting yourselves from ill consequences — that their cause was just, clear, unanswerable, *and* most righteous?

Phæd. I remember it.

Geta. Well then, now there's need of that *plea*, or of one still better and more plausible, if such there can be.

Phæd. I'll use my best endeavors.

Geta. Do you then accost him first; I'll be here in reserve, by way of reinforcement, if you give ground at all.

Phæd. Very well.

They retire to a distance.

Scene VI.

Enter Demipho, at the other side of the stage.

Dem. (to himself.) And is it possible that Antipho has taken a wife without my consent? and that no authority of mine — but let alone “authority” — no displeasure of mine, at all events, has he been in dread of? To have no sense of shame! O audacious conduct! O Geta, *rare* adviser!

Geta (*apart to Phædria.*) Just *brought in* at last.

Dem. What will they say to me, or what excuse will they find? I wonder much.

Geta (*apart.*) Why, I’ve found that out already; do think of something else.

Dem. Will he be saying this to me: “I did it against my will; the law compelled me?” I hear *you*, and admit it.

Geta (*apart.*) Well said!

Dem. But knowingly, in silence, to give up the cause to his adversaries — did the law oblige him to do that as well?

Geta (*apart.*) That is a hard *blow*.

Phæd. I’ll clear that up; let me alone *for that*.

Dem. It is a matter of doubt what I am to do; for beyond expectation, and quite past all belief, has this befallen me. So enraged am I, that I can not compose my mind to think *upon it*. Wherefore it is the duty of all persons, when affairs are the most prosperous, then in especial to reflect within themselves in what way they are to endure adversity. Returning from abroad, let him always picture to himself dangers and losses, either offenses committed by a son, or the death of his

wife, or the sickness of a daughter, — that these things are the common lot, so that no one of them may ever come as a surprise upon his feelings. Whatever falls out beyond his hopes, all that he must look upon as so much gain.

Geta (*apart.*) O Phædria, it is incredible how much I surpass my master in wisdom. All my misfortunes have been *already* calculated upon by me, upon my master coming home. I must grind at the mill, be beaten, wear fetters, be set to work in the fields; not one individual thing of these will happen unexpected by my mind. Whatever falls out beyond my expectations, all that I shall look upon as so much gain. But why do you hesitate to accost him, and soften him at the outset with fair words?

Phædria goes forward to accost Demipho.

Dem. (to himself.) I see Phædria, my brother's son, coming toward me.

Phæd. My uncle, welcome!

Dem. Greetings to you; but where is Antipho?

Phæd. That you have arrived in safety —

Dem. I believe it; answer my question.

Phæd. He is well; he's close at hand; but is every thing quite to your wishes?

Dem. I wish it was so, indeed.

Phæd. What's the matter?

Dem. Do you ask me, Phædria? You *people* have cooked up a fine marriage in my absence.

Phæd. What now, are you angry with him for that?

Geta (*apart.*) What a clever contriver!

Dem. Have I not reason to be angry with him? I long for him to come into my sight, that he may know that through his faultiness, from being a mild father, I am become a most severe one.

Phæd. But he has done nothing, uncle, for which you should blame him.

Dem. Now, do look at that; all alike; all hanging together; when you know one, you know all.

Phæd. That is not the case.

Dem. When the one is in fault, the other is at hand to defend him; when it is the other, *then* he is ready; they *just* help one another by turns.

Geta (*apart.*) The old man, without knowing it, has exactly described their proceedings.

Dem. For if it had not been so, you would not, Phædria, have stood up for him.

Phæd. If, uncle, it is *the fact*, that Antipho has been guilty of any fault, in consequence of which he has been too regardless of his interest or his reputation, I would not allege any reason why he should not suffer what he deserves. But if some one by chance, relying upon his own artfulness, has laid a snare for our youthful age, and has succeeded, is it our fault or *that* of the judges, who often, through envy, take away from the rich, or, through compassion, award to the poor?

Geta (*apart.*) Unless I knew the case, I could fancy he was saying the truth.

Dem. Is there any judge who can possibly know your rights, when you yourself don't answer a word — as he has done?

Phæd. He acted the part of an ingenuous young man; after they had come before the judges, he was not able to say what he had intended, so much did his modesty confuse him there through his bashfulness.

Geta (*apart.*) I commend him: but why do I hesitate at once to accost the old man? (*Going forward to Demipho.*) Master, welcome to you! I'm glad to see you safe returned.

Dem. (*ironically.*) Ah, excellent guardian! save you, stay of my family, no doubt, to whom, at my departure, I intrusted my son.

Geta. For some minutes past I've heard you accusing all of us undeservedly; and me the most undeservedly of them all; for what would you have had me do for you in this affair? The laws do not allow a person who is a slave to plead; nor is there any giving evidence *on his part*.

Dem. I grant all that: I admit this too — the young man, unused to courts, was bashful; I allow it: you, *too*, are a slave: still, if she was ever so near a relative, it was not necessary *for him* to marry her, but as the law enjoins, you might have given her a portion; she could have looked out for another husband. Why, then, in preference, did he bring a pauper home?

Geta. No *particular* reason; but he hadn't the money.

Dem. He might have borrowed it from some person or other.

Geta. From some person or other? Nothing more easily said.

Dem. After all, if on no other terms, on interest.

Geta. Aye, aye, fine talking; as if any one would have trusted him, while you were living.

Dem. No, it shall not be so; it must not be. Ought I to allow her to remain with him as his wife a single day? She merits no indulgence. I should like this fellow to be pointed out to me, or to be shown where

he lives.

Geta. Phormio, do you mean?

Dem. That fellow, the woman's next friend?

Geta. I'll have him here immediately.

Dem. Where is Antipho at present?

Geta. Away from home.

Dem. Go, Phædria, look for him, and bring him here.

Phæd. I'll go straightway to the place.

Geta (aside.) To Pamphila, you mean.

Exeunt Phædria and Geta.

Scene VII.

Demipho, alone.

Dem. (to himself.) I'll just step home to salute the household Gods. From there, I'll go to the Forum, and summon some of my friends to give me their assistance in this affair; so that I may not be unprepared, when Phormio comes.

Goes into his house.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Phormio and Geta.

Phor. And so you say that, dreading his father's presence, he has taken himself off?

Geta. Exactly so.

Phor. That Phanium is left alone?

Geta. Just so.

Phor. And that the old man is in a rage?

Geta. Extremely so.

Phor. The whole business, Phormio, rests on yourself alone; you yourself have hashed it up; it must all be swallowed by yourself, *so* set about it.

Geta. I entreat you ——

Phor. (*to himself.*) If he inquires.

Geta. In you is *all* our hope.

Phor. (*to himself.*) Look at this, now: — What if he sends her back?

Geta. It was you that urged us.

Phor. (*to himself.*) I think that will do.

Geta. Do help us.

Phor. (*with alacrity.*) Let the old gentleman come; all my plans are now ready prepared in my mind.

Geta. What will you do?

Phor. What would you have me? But that Phanium may continue *with him*, and that I may clear Antipho from this charge, and turn upon myself all the wrath of the old gentleman?

Geta. O brave and kind man! But, Phormio, I often dread lest this courage may end in the stocks at last.

Phor. Oh, by no means; I've made trial, and have already pondered on the paths for my feet. How many men before to-day do you suppose I have beaten, even to death, strangers as well as citizens: the better I understand it, the oftener I try it. Just tell me, look you, did you ever hear of an action of damages being brought against me?

Geta. How *is* that?

Phor. Because the net is never spread for the hawk or the kite, that do us the mischief; it is spread for those that do us none: because in the last there is profit, while with the others it is labor lost. For persons, out of whom any thing can be got, there's risk from others; they know that I've got nothing. You will say: "They will take you, when sentenced, into their house;" they have no wish to maintain a devouring fellow; and, in my opinion, they are wise, if for an injury they are unwilling to return the highest benefits.

Geta. It's impossible that sufficient thanks can be returned you by him for your kindness.

Phor. Why no; no person can return thanks sufficient to his patron for his kindness. For you to take your place *at table* at free cost, anointed and just washed at the bath, with your mind at ease, whereas he is devoured with the care and expense: while every thing is being done to give you delight, he is being vexed at heart; you are laughing away, first to drink, take the higher place; a banquet full of doubts is placed before you —

Geta. What is the meaning of that expression?

Phor. When you are in doubt which in especial to partake of. When you enter upon a consideration how delicious these things are, and how costly they are, the person who provides them, must you not account him a very God — neither more nor less?

Geta. The old man is coming; take care what you are about; the first onset is the fiercest; if you stand that, then, afterward, you may play just as you please.

They retire to a distance.

Scene II.

Enter, at a distance, Demipho, Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito, following him.

Dem. Well now — did you ever hear of an injury being done to any person in a more affronting manner than this has to me? Assist me, I do beg of you.

Geta (*apart.*) He's in a passion.

Phor. (*apart.*) Do you mind your cue; I'll rouse him just now. (*Stepping forward and crying aloud.*) Oh immortal Gods! does Demipho deny that Phanium here is related to him?

Geta. He does deny it.

Dem. (*to his friends.*) I believe it is the very man I was speaking about. Follow me.

They all come forward.

Phor. (*to Geta.*) And that he knows who her father was?

Geta. He does deny it.

Phor. And that he knows who Stilpho was?

Geta. He does deny it.

Phor. Because the poor thing was left destitute, her father is disowned; she herself is slighted: see what avarice does.

Geta (*in a loud voice.*) If you are going to accuse my master of avarice, you shall hear what you won't like.

Dem. Oh, the impudence of the fellow! Does he come on purpose to accuse me?

Phor. For really, I have no reason why I should be offended at the young man, if he did not know him; since that person, when growing aged *and* poor, and supporting himself by his labor, generally confined himself to the country; there he had a piece of land from my father to cultivate; full oft, in the mean time, did the old man tell me that this kinsman of his neglected him: but what a man? The very best I *ever* saw in *all* my life.

Geta (*in a loud voice.*) Look to yourself as well as to him, how you speak.

Phor. (*with affected indignation.*) Away, to utter perdition, *with you*. For if I had not formed such an opinion of him, I should never have incurred such enmity with your family on her account, whom he now slights in such an ungenerous manner.

Geta (*aloud.*) What, do you persist in speaking abusively of my master in his absence, you most abominable fellow?

Phor. Why, it's *just* what he deserves.

Geta (*aloud.*) Say you so, you jail-bird?

Dem. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

Geta (*aloud.*) A plunderer of people's property — a perverter of the laws!

Dem. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

Phor. (*apart, in a low voice.*) Answer him.

Geta. Who is it? (*Looking round.*) Oh! —

Dem. Hold your peace.

Geta. He has never left off uttering abuse against you behind your back, unworthy of you, and *just* befitting himself.

Dem. Well now, have done. (*Addressing Phormio.*) Young man, in the first place, with your good leave, I ask you this, if you may possibly be pleased to give me an answer: explain to me who this friend of yours was, that you speak of, and how he said that he was related to me.

Phor. (*sneeringly.*) You are fishing it out, just as if you didn't know.

Dem. I, know?

Phor. Yes.

Dem. I say I do not; you, who affirm it, recall it to my recollection.

Phor. Come now, didn't you know your own cousin-german?

Dem. You torture me to death; tell me his name.

Phor. His name?

Dem. Of course. (*Phormio hesitates.*) Why are you silent now?

Phor. (*aside.*) Heavens, I'm undone; I've forgot the name.

Dem. Well, what do you say?

Phor. (*aside, to Geta.*) Geta, if you recollect the *name* I told you a short time since, prompt me. (*Aloud, to Demipho.*) Well then, I sha'n't tell you; as if you didn't know, you come to pump me.

Dem. I, come to pump you, indeed?

Geta. (*whispering to Phormio.*) Stilpho.

Phor. But, after all, what matters that to me? It is Stilpho.

Dem. Whom did you say?

Phor. Stilpho, I tell you; you knew him.

Dem. I neither know him, nor had I ever any relation of that name.

Phor. Say you so? Are you not ashamed of this? But if he had left you ten talents ——

Dem. May the Gods confound you!

Phor. You'd have been the first, from memory, to trace your line of kindred, even as far back as from grandfather and great-grandfather.

Dem. Very likely what you say. In that case, when I had undertaken it, I should have shown how she was related to me; do you do the same: tell me, how is she related to me?

Geta. Well done, my *master*, that's right! (*Threateningly to Phormio.*) Hark you, take you care.

Phor. I've already made the matter quite plain where I ought, before the judges; besides, if it was untrue, why didn't your son disprove it?

Dem. Do you talk about my son to me? Of whose folly there is no speaking in the language it deserves.

Phor. Then do you, who are so wise, go to the magistrates, that for you they may give a second decision in the same cause, since you reign alone *here*, and are the only man allowed to get a second trial in the same cause.

Dem. Although wrong has been done me, still, however, rather than engage in litigation, or listen to you, just as though she had been my relation, *as* the law orders one to find her a portion, rid me of her, *and* take five minæ.

Phor. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant individual!

Dem. Well! am I asking any thing unfair? Or am I not to obtain even this, which is my right at common law?

Phor. Pray, really is it so, that when you have abused her like a

courtesan, the law orders you to pay her hire and pack her off? Or *is it* the fact, that in order that a citizen may bring no disgrace upon herself through poverty, she has been ordered to be given to her nearest relative, to pass her life with him alone? A *thing* which you mean to prevent.

Dem. Yes, to her nearest relative, indeed; but why to us, or on what ground?

Phor. Well, well, a thing tried, they say, you can't try over *again*.

Dem. Not try it? On the contrary, I shall not desist until I have gone through with it.

Phor. You are trifling.

Dem. Only let me alone *for that*.

Phor. In short, Demipho, I have nothing to do with you; your son has been cast, *and* not you; for your time of life for marrying has now gone by.

Dem. Consider that it is he that says to you all I now say, or else assuredly, together with this wife *of his*, I'll be forbidding him the house.

Geta (*aside*.) He's in a passion.

Phor. You'll be acting more considerately.

Dem. Are you so resolved, you unlucky fellow, to do me all the mischief you can?

Phor. (*aside, to Geta*.) He's afraid of us, although he's so careful to conceal it.

Geta (*aside, to Phormio*.) Your beginning has turned out well.

Phor. But if, on the contrary, you endure what must be endured,

you'll be doing what's worthy of you, so that we may be on friendly terms.

Dem. (indignantly.) What, I seek your friendship, or have any wish to see or hear you?

Phor. If you can agree with her, you will have some one to cheer up your old age; *just* consider your time of life.

Dem. Let her cheer up yourself; keep her to yourself.

Phor. Really, do moderate your passion.

Dem. Mark what I say. There have been words enough already; if you don't make haste to fetch away the woman, I shall turn her out: I have said it, Phormio.

Phor. If you use her in any other manner than is befitting a free-born woman, I shall be bringing a swinging action against you: I have said it, Demipho. *(To Geta.)* Hark you, if there should be any occasion for me, I shall be at home.

Geta (apart.) I understand you.

Exit Phormio.

Scene III.

Demipho, Hegio, Cratinus, Crito, and Geta.

Dem. What care and anxiety my son does bring upon me, by entangling himself and me in this same marriage! And he doesn't *so much as* come into my sight, that at least I might know what he says about this matter, or what his sentiments are. (*To Geta.*) Be off, go see whether he has returned home or not by this.

Geta. I will.

Goes into the house.

Dem. (to the Assistants.) You see how the case stands. What am I to do? Tell *me*, Hegio.

Heg. What, I? I think Cratinus *ought*, if it seems good to you.

Dem. Tell *me*, Cratinus.

Crat. What, do you wish me to speak? I should like you to do what is most for your advantage; it is my opinion, that what this son of yours has done in your absence, in law and justice ought to be annulled; and that you'll obtain redress. That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio.

Heg. I believe that he has spoken with due deliberation; but it is the fact, "as many men, so many minds;" every one his own way. It doesn't appear to me that what has been done by law can be revoked; and it is wrong to attempt it.

Dem. Speak, Crito.

Crit. I am of opinion that we must deliberate further; it is a matter of importance.

Heg. Do you want any thing further with us?

Dem. You have done very well. (*Exeunt Assistants.*) I am much more at a loss than before.

Re-enter Geta, from the house.

Geta. They say that he has not come back.

Dem. I must wait for my brother. The advice that he gives me about this matter, I shall follow. I'll go make inquiry at the harbor, when he is to come back.

Exit.

Geta. And I'll go look for Antipho, that he may learn what has passed here. But look, I see him coming this way, just in the very nick of time.

Scene IV.

Enter Antipho, at a distance.

Ant. (to himself.) Indeed, Antipho, in many ways you are to be blamed for these feelings; to have thus run away, and intrusted your existence to the protection of other people. Did you suppose that others would give more attention to your interests than your own self? For, however other matters stood, certainly you should have thought of her whom you have now at home, that she might not suffer any harm in consequence of her confiding in you, whose hopes and resources, poor thing, are all now centred in yourself alone.

Geta (coming forward.) Why really, master, we have for some time been censuring you here in your absence, for having *thus* gone away.

Ant. You are the very person I was looking for.

Geta. But still, we were not a bit the more remiss on that account.

Ant. Tell me, I beg of you, in what posture are my interests and fortunes. Has my father any suspicion?

Geta. Not any at present.

Ant. Is there still any hope?

Geta. I don't know.

Ant. Alas!

Geta. But Phædria has not neglected to use his endeavors in your behalf.

Ant. He did nothing new.

Geta. Then Phormio, too, in this matter, just as in every thing else, showed himself a man of energy.

Ant. What did he do?

Geta. With his words he silenced the old man, who was very angry.

Ant. Well done, Phormio!

Geta. I, too, *did* all I could.

Ant. My *dear* Geta, I love you all.

Geta. The commencement is just in this position, as I tell you: matters, at present, are going on smoothly, and your father intends to wait for your uncle till he arrives.

Ant. Why him?

Geta. He said he was wishful to act by his advice, in all that relates to this business.

Ant. How greatly now, Geta, I do dread my uncle's safe arrival! For, according to his single sentence, from what I hear, I am to live or die.

Geta. Here comes Phædria.

Ant. Where is he, pray?

Geta. See, he's coming from his place of exercise.

Scene V.

Enter from Dorio's house, Dorio, followed by Phædria.

Phæd. Prithee, hear me, Dorio.

Dor. I'll not hear you.

Phæd. Only a moment.

Dor. Let me alone.

Phæd. Do hear what I have to say.

Dor. Why really I am tired of hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

Phæd. But now, I have something to tell you that you'll hear with pleasure.

Dor. Speak *then*; I'm listening.

Phæd. Can I not prevail on you to wait for only three days? Whither are you going now?

Dor. I was wondering if you had any thing new to offer.

Ant. (apart, to Geta.) I'm afraid for this Procurer, lest ——

Geta (apart, to Antipho.) Something may befall his own safety.

Phæd. You don't believe me?

Dor. You guess right.

Phæd. But if I pledge my word.

Dor. Nonsense!

Phæd. You will have reason to say that this kindness was well laid out by you on interest.

Dor. Stuff!

Phæd. Believe me, you will be glad you did so; upon my faith, it is the truth.

Dor. Mere dreams!

Phæd. Do but try; the time is not long.

Dor. The same story over again.

Phæd. You *will be* my kinsman, my father, my friend; you ——

Dor. Now, do prate on.

Phæd. For you to be of a disposition so harsh and inexorable, that neither by pity nor by entreaties can you be softened!

Dor. For you to be of a disposition so unreasonable and so unconscionable, Phædria, that you can be talking me over with fine words, and be for amusing yourself with what's my property for nothing!

Ant. (apart, to Geta.) I am sorry for him.

Phæd. (aside.) Alas! I feel it to be too true.

Geta (apart, to Antipho.) How well each keeps up to his character!

Phæd. (to himself.) And would that this misfortune had not befallen me at a time when Antipho was occupied with other cares as well.

Ant. (coming forward.) Ah Phædria, why, what is the matter?

Phæd. O most fortunate Antipho!

Ant. What, I?

Phæd. To have in your possession the object of your love, and have no occasion to encounter such a nuisance as this.

Ant. What I, in my possession? Why yes, as the saying is, I've got a wolf by the ears; for I neither know how to get rid of her, nor yet how to keep her.

Dor. That's just my case with regard to him (*pointing to Phædria*).

Ant. (to Dorio.) Aye, aye, don't you show too little of the Procurer. (*To Phædria.*) What has he been doing?

Phæd. What, he? Acting the part of a most inhuman fellow; been and sold my Pamphila.

Geta. What! Sold her?

Ant. Sold her, say you?

Phæd. Sold her.

Dor. (ironically.) What a shocking crime — a wench bought with one's own money!

Phæd. I can not prevail upon him to wait for me the next three days, and *so far* break off the bargain with the person, while I get the money from my friends, which has been promised *me*; if I don't give it him then, let him not wait a single hour longer.

Dor. Very good.

Ant. It's not a long time that he asks, Dorio; do let him prevail upon you; he'll pay you two-fold for having acted to him thus obligingly.

Dor. *Mere* words!

Ant. Will you allow Pamphila to be carried away from this place?

And then, besides, can you possibly allow their love to be severed asunder?

Dor. Neither I nor you *cause that*.

Geta. May all the Gods grant you what you are deserving of!

Dor. I have borne with you for several months quite against my inclination; promising *and* whimpering, and *yet* bringing nothing; now, on the other hand, I have found one to pay, and not be sniveling; give place to your betters.

Ant. I' faith, there surely was a day named, if I remember right, for you to pay him.

Phæd. *It is the fact.*

Dor. Do I deny it?

Ant. Is that *day* past, then?

Dor. No; but this one has come before it.

Ant. Are you not ashamed of your perfidy?

Dor. Not at all, so long as it is for my interest.

Geta. Dunghill!

Phæd. Dorio, is it right, pray, for you to act thus?

Dor. It is my way; if I suit you, make use of me.

Ant. Do you try to trifle with him (*pointing to Phædria*) in this manner?

Dor. Why really, on the contrary, Antipho, it's he trifling with me, for he knew me to be a person of this sort; I supposed him to be quite a different man; he has deceived me; I'm not a bit different to him

from what I was *before*. But however that may be, I'll yet do this; the captain has said, that to-morrow morning he will pay me the money; if you bring it me before that, Phædria, I'll follow my rule, that he is the first served who is the first to pay. Farewell!

Goes into his house.

Scene VI.

Phædria, Antipho, and Geta.

Phæd. What am I to do? Wretch that I am! where am I now in this emergency to raise the money for him, *I*, who am worse than nothing? If it had been possible for these three days to be obtained of him, it was promised me *by then*.

Ant. Geta, shall we suffer him to continue thus wretched, when he so lately assisted me in the kind way you were mentioning? On the contrary, why not, as there's need of it, try to do him a kindness in return?

Geta. For my part, I'm sure it is *but* fair.

Ant. Come then, you are the only man able to serve him.

Geta. What can I do?

Ant. Procure the money.

Geta. I wish I could; but where *it is to come* from — tell me that.

Ant. My father has come home.

Geta. I know; but what of that?

Ant. Oh, a word to the wise is quite enough.

Geta. Is that it, then?

Ant. Just so.

Geta. Upon my faith, you really do give me fine advice; out upon you! Ought I not to be heartily glad, if I meet with no mishap through your marriage, but what, in addition to that, you must now bid me, for his sake, to be seeking risk upon risk?

Ant. 'Tis true what he says.

Phæd. What! am I a stranger to you, Geta?

Geta. I don't consider *you so*. But is it so trifling a matter that the old gentleman is now vexed with us all, that we must provoke him still more, and leave no room for entreaty?

Phæd. Is another man to take her away from before my eyes to some unknown spot? Alas! speak to me then, Antipho, and look upon me while you have the opportunity, and while I'm present.

Ant. Why so, or what are you going to do? Pray, tell me.

Phæd. To whatever part of the world she is borne away, I'm determined to follow her or to perish.

Geta. May the Gods prosper your design! Cautiously's *the word*, however.

Ant. (to Geta.) Do see if you can give him any assistance at all.

Geta. Any at all — how?

Ant. Pray, do try, that he mayn't be doing something that we may afterward be more or less sorry for, Geta.

Geta. I'm considering. (*He pauses.*) He's all safe, so far as I can guess: but still, I'm afraid of mischief.

Ant. Don't be afraid: together with you, we'll share good *and* bad.

Geta. (to Phædria.) How much money do you want? Tell me.

Phæd. Only thirty minæ.

Geta. Thirty? Heyday! she's monstrous dear, Phædria.

Phæd. Indeed, she's very cheap.

Geta. Well, well, I'll get them for you.

Phæd. Oh the dear man! (*They both fall to hugging Geta.*)

Geta. Take yourselves off. (*Shakes them off.*)

Phæd. There's need for them directly.

Geta. You shall have them directly; but I must have Phormio for my assistant in this business.

Ant. He's quite ready; right boldly lay on him any load you like, he'll bear it: he, in especial, is a friend to his friend.

Geta. Let's go to him at once then.

Ant. Will you have any occasion for my assistance?

Geta. None; but be off home, and comfort that poor thing, who I am sure is now in-doors almost dead with fear. Do you linger?

Ant. There's nothing I could do with so much pleasure.

Goes into the house of Demipho.

Phæd. What way will you manage this?

Geta. I'll tell you on the road; first thing, betake yourself off.

Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho and Chremes.

Dem. Well, have you brought your daughter with you, Chremes, for whom you went to Lemnos?

Chrem. No.

Dem. Why not?

Chrem. When her mother found that I staid here longer than usual, and at the same time the age of the girl did not suit with my delays, they told me that she, with all her family, set out in search of me.

Dem. Pray, then, why did you stay there so long, when you had heard of this?

Chrem. Why, faith, a malady detained me.

Dem. From what cause? Or what *was it*?

Chrem. Do you ask me? Old age itself is a malady. However, I heard that they had arrived safe, from the captain who brought them.

Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, what has happened to my son in my absence?

Chrem. 'Tis that, in fact, that has embarrassed me in my plans. For if I offer my daughter in marriage to any person that's a stranger, it must all be told how and by whom I had her. You I knew to be fully as faithful to me as I am to myself; if a stranger shall think fit to be connected with me by marriage, he will hold his tongue, just as long as good terms exist between us: but if he takes a dislike to me, he'll be knowing more than it's proper he should know. I am afraid, too, lest my wife should, by some means, come to know of it; if that is the case, it *only* remains for me to shake myself and leave the house;

for I'm the only one I can rely on at home.

Dem. I know it is so, and that circumstance is a cause of anxiety to me; and I shall never cease trying, until I've made good what I promised you.

Scene II.

Enter Geta, on the other side of the stage, not seeing Demipho or Chremes.

Geta. (to himself.) I never saw a more cunning fellow than this Phormio. I came to the fellow to tell him that money was needed, and by what means it might be procured. Hardly had I said one half, when he understood me; he was quite delighted; complimented me; asked where the old man was; gave thanks to the Gods that an opportunity was afforded him for showing himself no less a friend to Phædria than to Antipho: I bade the fellow wait for me at the Forum; whither I would bring the old gentleman. But see, here's the very man (*catching sight of the Old Man*). Who is the further one? Heyday, Phædria's father has got back! still, brute beast that I am, what was I afraid of? Is it because two are presented instead of one for me to dupe? I deem it preferable to enjoy a two-fold hope. I'll try for it from him from whom I first intended: if he gives it me, well and good; if I can make nothing of him, then I'll attack this new-comer.

Scene III.

Enter Antipho from the house, behind at a distance.

Ant. (to himself.) I'm expecting every moment that Geta will be here. But I see my uncle standing close by, with my father. Ah me! how much I fear what influence his return may have upon my father!

Geta. (to himself.) I'll accost them. (*Goes up to them.*) O welcome to you, our *neighbor* Chremes.

Chrem. Save you, Geta.

Geta. I'm delighted to see you safe returned.

Chrem. I believe you.

Geta. How go matters?

Chrem. Many changes here upon my arrival, as usually the case.

Geta. True; have you heard what has happened to Antipho?

Chrem. All.

Geta. (to Demipho.) What, have you told him? Disgraceful conduct, Chremes, thus to be imposed on.

Dem. It was about that I was talking to him just now.

Geta. But really, on carefully reflecting upon this matter I think I have found a remedy.

Dem. What *is* the remedy?

Geta. When I left you, by accident Phormio met me.

Chrem. Who *is* Phormio?

Geta. He who *patronized* her.

Chrem. I understand.

Geta. It seemed to me that I might first sound him; I took the fellow aside: “Phormio,” said I, “why don’t we try to settle these matters between us rather with a good grace than with a bad one? My master’s a generous *man*, and one who hates litigation; but really, upon my faith, all his friends were just now advising him with one voice to turn her instantly out of doors.”

Ant. (apart.) What is he about? Or where is this to end at last?

Geta (continuing the supposed conversation.) “He’ll have to give satisfaction at law, you say, if he turns her out? That has been already inquired into: aye, aye, you’ll have enough to do, if you engage with him; he is so eloquent. But suppose he’s beaten; still, however, it’s not his life, but his money that’s at stake.” After I found that the fellow was influenced by these words, I said: “We are now by ourselves here; come now, what should you like to be given you, money down, to drop this suit with my master, so that she may betake herself off, *and* you annoy us no more?”

Ant. (apart.) Are the Gods quite on good terms with him?

Geta (continuing the conversation.) “For I’m quite sure, if you were to mention any thing that’s fair and reasonable, as he is a reasonable man, you’ll not have to bandy three words with him.”

Dem. Who ordered you to say so?

Chrem. Nay, he could not have more happily contrived to bring about what we want.

Ant. (apart.) Undone!

Chrem. Go on with your story.

Geta. At first the fellow raved.

Dem. Say, what did he ask?

Geta. What? A great deal too much.

Chrem. How much? Tell me.

Geta. Suppose he were to give a great talent.

Dem. Aye, faith, perdition to him rather; has he no shame?

Geta. Just what I said to him: "Pray," said I, "suppose he was portioning an only daughter of his own. It has been of little benefit that he hasn't one of his own, when another has been found to be demanding a fortune." To be brief, and to pass over his impertinences, this at last was his final answer: "I," said he, "from the very first, have been desirous to marry the daughter of my friend, as was fit I should; for I was aware of the ill results of this, a poor wife being married into a rich family, and becoming a slave. But, as I am now conversing with you unreservedly, I was in want of a wife to bring me a little money with which to pay off my debts; and even yet, if Demipho is willing to give as much as I am to receive with her to whom I am engaged, there is no one whom I should better like for a wife."

Ant. (apart.) Whether to say he's doing this through folly or mischief, through stupidity or design, I'm in doubt.

Dem. What if he's in debt to the amount of his life?

Geta. His land is mortgaged, — for ten minæ he said.

Dem. Well, well, let him take her then; I'll give it.

Geta. He has a house besides, *mortgaged* for another ten.

Dem. Huy, huy! that's too much.

Chrem. Don't be crying out; you may have those ten of me.

Geta. A lady's maid must be brought for his wife; and then too, a little more is wanted for some furniture, *and* some is wanted for the wedding expenses. "Well then," said he, "for these items, put down ten more."

Dem. Then let him at once bring six hundred actions against me; I shall give nothing at all; is this dirty fellow to be laughing at me as well?

Chrem. Pray do be quiet; I'll give it: do you only bring your son to marry the woman we want him *to have*.

Ant. (apart.) Ah me! Geta, you have ruined me by your treachery.

Chrem. 'Tis on my account she's turned off; it's right that I should bear the loss.

Geta. "Take care and let me know," said he, "as soon as possible, if they are going to let me have her, that I may get rid of the other, so that I mayn't be in doubt; for the others have agreed to pay me down the portion directly."

Chrem. Let him have her at once; let him give notice to them that he breaks off the match *with the other, and* let him marry this woman.

Dem. Yes, *and* little joy to him of the bargain!

Chrem. Luckily, too, I've now brought *home* some money with me, the rents which my wife's farms at Lemnos produce. I'll take it out of that, *and* tell my wife that you had occasion for it.

They go into the house of Chremes.

Scene IV.

Antipho and Geta.

Ant. (coming forward.) Geta.

Geta. Well.

Ant. What have you been doing?

Geta. Diddling the old fellows out of their money.

Ant. Is that quite the thing?

Geta. I' faith, I don't know: it's just what I was told *to do*.

Ant. How now, whip-scurdrel, do you give me an answer to what I don't ask you? (*Kicks him.*)

Geta. What was it then that you did ask?

Ant. What was it I did ask? Through your agency, matters have most undoubtedly come to the pass that I may go hang myself. May then all the Gods, Goddesses, Deities above *and* below, with every evil confound you! Look now, if you wish any thing to succeed, intrust it to him who may bring you from smooth water on to a rock. What was there less advantageous than to touch upon this sore, or to name my wife? Hopes have been excited in my father that she may possibly be got rid of. Pray now, tell me, suppose Phormio receives the portion, she must be taken home *by him* as his wife: what's to become of me?

Geta. But he's not going to marry her.

Ant. I know that. But (*ironically*) when they demand the money back, of course, for our sake, he'll prefer going to prison.

Geta. There is nothing, Antipho, but what it may be made worse by

being badly told: you leave out what is good, *and* you mention the bad. Now then, hear the other side: if he receives the money, she must be taken as his wife, you say; I grant you; still, some time at least will be allowed for preparing for the nuptials, for inviting, *and* for sacrificing. In the mean time, *Phædria's* friends will advance what they have promised; out of that he will repay it.

Ant. On what grounds? Or what will he say?

Geta. Do you ask the question? "How many circumstances, since then, have befallen me as prodigies? A strange black dog entered the house; a snake came down from the tiles through the sky-light; a hen crowed; the soothsayer forbade it; the diviner warned me not: besides, before winter there is no sufficient reason for me to commence upon any new undertaking." This will be the case.

Ant. I only wish it may be the case.

Geta. It shall be the case; trust me for that. Your father's coming out; go tell *Phædria* that the money is found.

Scene V.

Enter Demipho and Chremes, from the house of the latter, the former with a purse of money.

Dem. Do be quiet, I tell you; I'll take care he shall not be playing any tricks *upon us*. I'll not rashly part with this without having my witnesses; I'll have it stated to whom I pay it, *and* for what purpose I pay it.

Geta. (*apart.*) How cautious he is, when there's no need for it!

Chrem. Why yes, you had need do so, and with all haste, while the fit is upon him; for if this other woman shall prove more pressing, perhaps he may throw us over.

Geta. You've hit upon the very thing.

Dem. Lead me to him then.

Geta. I won't delay.

Chrem. (*to Demipho.*) When you've done so, go over to my wife, that she may call upon her before she goes away. She must tell her that we are going to give her in marriage to Phormio, that she may not be angry with us; and that he is a fitter match for her, as knowing more of her; that we have in no way departed from our duty; that as much has been given for a portion as he asked for.

Dem. What the plague does that matter to you?

Chrem. A great deal, Demipho. It is not enough for you to do your duty, if common report does not approve of it; I wish *all* this to be done with her own sanction as well, that she mayn't be saying that she has been turned out of doors.

Dem. I can do *all* that myself.

Chrem. It will come better from one woman to another.

Dem. I'll ask her.

Goes into the house of Chremes; and exit Geta.

Chrem. (to himself.) I'm thinking where I can find them now.

Scene VI.

Enter Sophrona from the house of Demipho, at a distance.

Soph. (to herself.) What am I to do? What friend, in my distress, shall I find, to whom to disclose these plans; and where shall I look for relief? For I'm afraid that my mistress, in consequence of my advice, may undeservingly sustain some injury, so extremely ill do I hear that the young man's father takes what has happened.

Chrem. (apart, to himself.) But what old woman's this, that has come out of my brother's house, half dead with fright?

Soph. (to herself, continuing.) It was distress that compelled me to this step, though I knew that the match was not likely to hold good; my object was, that in the mean time life might be supported.

Chrem. (apart, to himself.) Upon my faith, surely, unless my recollection deceives me, or my sight's not very good, I espy my daughter's nurse.

Soph. (to herself.) And we are not able to find ——

Chrem. (apart.) What must I do?

Soph. (to herself.) Her father.

Chrem. (to himself, apart.) Shall I accost her, or shall I wait to learn more distinctly what it is she's saying?

Soph. (to herself.) If now I could find him, there's nothing that I should be in fear of.

Chrem. (apart, to himself, aloud.) 'Tis the very woman. I'll address her.

Soph. (turning round.) Who's that speaking here?

Chrem. (coming forward.) Sophrona.

Soph. Mentioning my name, too?

Chrem. Look round at me.

Soph. (seeing him.) Ye Gods, I do beseech you, isn't this Stilpho?

Chrem. No.

Soph. Do you deny it?

Chrem. (in a low voice.) Step a little this way from that door, Sophrona, if you please (pointing). Don't you, henceforth, be calling me by that name.

Soph. Why? Pray, are you not the person you always used to say you were?

Chrem. Hush! (pointing to his own house.)

Soph. Why are you afraid about that door?

Chrem. (in a low voice.) I have got a shrew of a wife shut up there. For by that name I formerly falsely called myself, in order that you might not chance indiscreetly to blab it out of doors, and then my wife, by some means or other, might come to know of it.

Soph. I' faith, that's the very reason why we, wretched creatures, have never been able to find you out here.

Chrem. Well, but tell me, what business have you with that family from whose house you were coming out? Where are the ladies?

Soph. Ah, wretched me!

Chrem. Hah! What's the matter? Are they still alive?

Soph. Your daughter is alive. Her poor mother died of grief.

Chrem. An unfortunate thing!

Soph. As for me, being a lone old woman, in want, *and* unknown, I contrived, as well as I could, to get the young woman married to the young man who is master of this house (*pointing*).

Chrem. What! to Antipho?

Soph. The very same, I say.

Chrem. What? *Has* he *got* two wives?

Soph. Dear no, prithee, he has only got this one.

Chrem. What about the other one that's called his relative?

Soph. Why, this is she.

Chrem. What is it you say?

Soph. It was done on purpose, in order that her lover might be enabled to marry her without a portion.

Chrem. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! How often do those things come about through accident, which you couldn't dare to hope for? On my return, I have found my daughter matched with the very person I wished, and just as I wanted; a thing that we were both using our endeavors, with the greatest earnestness, to bring about. Without any very great management on our part, by her own management, she has by herself brought this about.

Soph. Now consider what's to be done. The young man's father has returned, and they say that he bears this with feelings highly offended.

Chrem. There's no danger *of that*. But, by Gods and men, do take care that no one comes to know that she's my daughter.

Soph. No one shall know *it* from me.

Chrem. Follow me; in-doors we'll hear the rest.

He goes into Demipho's house, followed by Sophrona.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho and Geta.

Dem. 'Tis caused by our own fault, that it is advantageous to be dishonest; while we wish ourselves to be styled very honest and generous. "So run away as *not to run* beyond the house," as the saying is. Was it not enough to receive an injury from him, but money must be voluntarily offered him as well, that he may have something on which to subsist while he plans some other *piece* of roguery?

Geta. Most clearly so.

Dem. They now get rewarded for it, who confound right with wrong.

Geta. Most undoubtedly.

Dem. How very foolishly, in fact, we have managed the affair with him!

Geta. If by these means we can only manage for him to marry her.

Dem. Is that, then, a matter of doubt?

Geta. I' faith, judging from what the fellow is, I don't know whether he mightn't change his mind.

Dem. How! change it indeed?

Geta. I don't know: but "if perhaps," I say.

Dem. I'll do as my brother advised me, bring hither his wife, to talk with her. Do you, Geta, go before; tell her that Nausistrata is about to visit her.

Demipho goes into the house of Chremes.

Scene II.

Geta, alone.

Geta. The money's been got for Phædria; it's all hushed about the lawsuit; due care has been taken that she's not to leave for the present. What next, then? What's to be done? You are still sticking in the mud. You are paying by borrowing; the evil that was at hand, has been put off for a day. The toils are increasing upon you, if you don't look out. Now I'll away home, and tell Phanium not to be afraid of Nausistrata, or his talking.

Goes into the house of Demipho.

Scene III.

Enter Demipho and Nausistrata, from the house of Chremes.

Dem. Come now, Nausistrata, after your usual way, manage to keep her in good-humor with us, *and* make her do of her own accord what must be done.

Naus. I will.

Dem. You are now seconding me with your endeavors, just as you assisted me with your money before.

Naus. I wish to do so; and yet, i' faith, through the fault of my husband, I am less able than I ought to be.

Dem. Why so?

Naus. Because, i' faith, he takes such indifferent care of the property that was so industriously acquired by my father; for from those farms he used regularly to receive two talents of silver *yearly*; there's an instance, how superior one man is to another.

Dem. Two *talents*, pray?

Naus. Aye, and when things were much worse, two talents even.

Dem. Whew!

Naus. What! does this seem surprising?

Dem. Of course it does.

Naus. I wish I had been born a man; I'd have shown ——

Dem. That I'm quite sure of.

Naus. In what way ——

Dem. Forbear, pray, that you may be able *to do battle* with her; lest she, *being* a young woman, may be more than a match for you.

Naus. I'll do as you bid me; but I see my husband coming out of your house.

Scene IV.

Enter Chremes, hastily, from Demipho's house.

Chrem. Ha! Demipho, has the money been paid him yet?

Dem. I took care immediately.

Chrem. I wish it hadn't been paid him. (*On seeing Nausistrata, aside.*) Halloo, I espy my wife; I had almost said more than I ought.

Dem. Why do you wish I hadn't, Chremes?

Chrem. It's all right.

Dem. What say you? Have you been letting her know why we are going to bring her? (*pointing to Nausistrata.*)

Chrem. I've arranged it.

Dem. Pray, what does she say?

Chrem. She can't be got to leave.

Dem. Why can't she?

Chrem. Because they are fond of one another.

Dem. What's that to us?

Chrem. (*apart, to Demipho.*) A great deal; besides that, I've found out that she is related to us.

Dem. (*apart.*) What! You are mad, *surely*.

Chrem. (*apart.*) So you will find; I don't speak at random; I've recovered my recollection.

Dem. (apart.) Are you quite in your senses?

Chrem. (apart.) Nay, prithee, do take care not to injure your kinswoman.

Dem. (apart.) She is not.

Chrem. (apart.) Don't deny it; her father went by another name; that was the cause of your mistake.

Dem. (apart.) Did she not know who was her father?

Chrem. (apart.) She did.

Dem. (apart.) Why did she call him by another *name*?

Chrem. (apart, frowning.) Will you never yield to me, nor understand *what I mean*?

Dem. (apart.) If you don't tell me of any thing ——

Chrem. (impatiently.) Do you persist?

Naus. I wonder what *all* this can be.

Dem. For my part, upon my faith, I don't know.

Chrem. (whispering to him.) Would you like to know? Then, so may Jupiter preserve me, not a person is there more nearly related to her than are you and I.

Dem. (starting.) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! let's away to her; I wish for all of us, one way or other, to be sure about this (*going*).

Chrem. (stopping him.) Ah!

Dem. What's the matter?

Chrem. That you should put so little confidence in me!

Dem. Do you wish me to believe you? Do you wish me to consider this as quite certain? Very well, be it so. Well, what's to be done with our friend's daughter?

Chrem. She'll do well enough.

Dem. Are we to drop her, then?

Chrem. Why not?

Dem. The other one to stop?

Chrem. Just so.

Dem. You may go then, Nausistrata.

Naus. I' faith, I think it better for all that she should remain here as it is, than as you *first* intended; for she seemed to me a very genteel person when I saw her.

Goes into her house.

Scene V.

Demipho and Chremes.

Dem. What is the meaning of all this?

Chrem. (*looking at the door of his house.*) Has she shut the door yet?

Dem. Now *she has*.

Chrem. O Jupiter! the Gods do befriend us; I have found that it is my daughter married to your son.

Dem. Ha! How can that possibly be?

Chrem. This spot is not exactly suited for me to tell it *you*.

Dem. Well then, step in-doors.

Chrem. Hark you, I don't wish our sons even to come to know of this.

They go into Demipho's house.

Scene VI.

Enter Antipho.

Ant. I'm glad that, however my own affairs go, my brother has succeeded in his wishes. How wise it is to cherish desires of that nature in the mind, that when things run counter, you may easily find a cure *for them*! He has both got the money, *and* released himself from care; I, by no method, can extricate myself from these troubles; on the contrary, if the matter is concealed, *I am* in dread — but if disclosed, in disgrace. Neither should I now go home, were not a hope *still* presented me of retaining her. But where, I wonder, can I find Geta, that I may ask him what opportunity he would recommend me to take for meeting my father?

Scene VII.

Enter Phormio, at a distance.

Phor. (to himself.) I received the money; handed it over to the Procurer; brought away the woman, that Phædría might have her as his own — for she has *now* become free. Now there is one thing still remaining for me to manage, — to get a respite from the old gentlemen for carousing; for I'll enjoy myself the *next* few days.

Ant. But *here's* Phormio. (*Going up to him.*) What have you to say?

Phor. About what?

Ant. Why — what's Phædría going to do now? In what way does he say that he intends to take his fill of love?

Phor. In his turn, he's going to act your part.

Ant. What *part*?

Phor. To run away from his father; he begs that you in your return will act on his behalf — to plead his cause for him. For he's going to carouse at my house. I shall tell the old man that I'm going to Sunium, to the fair, to purchase the female servant that Geta mentioned a while since, so that, when they don't see me here, they mayn't suppose that I'm squandering their money. But there is a noise at the door of your house.

Ant. See who's coming out.

Phor. It's Geta.

Scene VIII.

Enter Geta, at a distance, hastily, from the house of Demipho.

Geta. (to himself.) O fortune! O good luck! with blessings how great, how suddenly hast thou loaded this day with thy favors to my master Antipho! —

Ant. (apart to Phormio.) I wonder what it is he means.

Geta. (continuing.) And relieved us, his friends, from alarm; but I'm now delaying, in not throwing my cloak over my shoulder (*throws it over his shoulder*), and making haste to find him, that he may know what has happened.

Ant. (apart to Phormio.) Do you understand what he's talking about?

Phor. (apart to Antipho.) Do you?

Ant. (apart to Phormio.) Not at all.

Phor. (apart to Antipho.) And I just as much.

Geta. (to himself.) I'll be off hence to the Procurer's; they are there just now. (*Runs along.*)

Ant. (calling out.) Halloo! Geta!

Geta. (still running.) There's for you. Is it any thing new or wonderful to be called back, directly you've started?

Ant. Geta!

Geta. Do you persist? Troth, you shall not on this occasion get the better of me by your annoyance.

Ant. (running after him.) Won't you stop?

Geta. You'll be getting a beating.

Ant. Assuredly that will befall yourself just now unless you stop, you whip-knave.

Geta. This must be some one pretty familiar, threatening me with a beating. (*Turns round.*) But is it the person I'm in search of or not? 'Tis the very man! Up to him at once.

Ant. What's the matter?

Geta. O being most blessed of all men living! For without question, Antipho, you are the only favorite of the Gods.

Ant. So I could wish; but I should like to be told why I'm to believe it is so.

Geta. Is it enough if I plunge you into a sea of joy?

Ant. You are worrying me to death.

Phor. Nay but do have done with your promises, and tell us what you bring.

Geta. (*looking round.*) Oh, are you here too, Phormio?

Phor. I am: but *why* do you delay?

Geta. Listen, then. When we just now paid you the money at the Forum, we went straight to Chremes; in the mean time, my master sent me to your wife.

Ant. What for?

Geta. I'll omit telling you *that*, as it is nothing to the present purpose, Antipho. Just as I was going to the woman's apartments, the boy Mida came running up to me, and caught me behind by my cloak, *and* pulled me back; I turned about, *and* inquired for what reason he stopped me; he said that it was forbidden for any one to go in to his

mistress. "Sophrona has just now," said he, "introduced here Chremes, the old gentleman's brother," and *he said* that he was then in the room with them: when I heard this, on tip-toe I stole softly along; I came there, stood, held my breath, I applied my ear, *and* so began to listen, catching the conversation every word in this fashion (*shows them*).

Ant. Well done, Geta.

Geta. Here I overheard a very pretty piece of business; so much so that I had nearly cried out for joy.

Ant. What *was it*?

Geta. (*laughing.*) What do you think?

Ant. I don't know.

Geta. Why, something most marvelous. Your uncle has been discovered to be the father of your wife, Phanium.

Ant. (*starting.*) Ha! what's that you say?

Geta. He formerly cohabited secretly with her mother at Lemnos.

Phor. A dream: how could she be ignorant about her own father?

Geta. Be sure, Phormio, that there is some reason: but do you suppose that, outside of the door, I was able to understand every thing that passed between them within?

Ant. On my faith, I too have heard the same story.

Geta. Aye, and I'll give you still further reason for believing it: your uncle in the mean time came out from there; not long after he returned again, with your father; each said that he gave you permission to retain her; in fine, I've been sent to find you, and bring you to them.

Ant. Why then carry me off *at once*; — why do you delay?

Geta. I'll do so.

Ant. O my *dear* Phormio, farewell!

Phor. Farewell, Antipho.

Antipho and Geta go into Demipho's house.

Scene IX.

Phormio, alone.

Phor. So may the Gods bless me, this has turned out luckily. I'm glad *of it*, that such good fortune has thus suddenly befallen them. I have now an excellent opportunity for diddling the old men, and ridding Phædria of *all* anxiety about the money, so that he mayn't be under the necessity of applying to any of his companions. For this same money, as it has been given him, shall be given *for good*, whether they like it or not: how to force them to this, I've found out the very way. I must now assume a new air and countenance. But I'll betake myself off to this next alley; from that spot I'll present myself to them, when they come out of doors. I sha'n't go to the fair, where I pretended I was going.

He retires into the alley.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho and Chremes, from Demipho's house.

Dem. I do give and return hearty thanks to the Gods, and with reason, brother, inasmuch as these matters have turned out for us so fortunately. We must now meet with Phormio as soon as possible, before he squanders our thirty minæ, so that we may get them from him.

Enter Phormio, coming forward, and speaking aloud, as though not seeing them.

Phor. I'll go see if Demipho's at home; that as to what —

Dem. (accosting him.) Why, Phormio, we were coming to you.

Phor. Perhaps about the very same affair. (*Demipho nods assent.*) I' faith, I thought so. What were you coming to my house for? Ridiculous; are you afraid that I sha'n't do what I have once undertaken? Hark you, whatever is my poverty, still, of this one thing I have taken due care, not to forfeit my word.

Chrem. (to Demipho.) Is she not genteel-looking, just as I told you?

Dem. Very much so.

Phor. And this is what I'm come to tell you, Demipho, that I'm quite ready; whenever you please, give me my wife. For I postponed all my *other* business, as was fit I should, when I understood that you were so very desirous to have it so.

Dem. (pointing to Chremes.) But he has dissuaded me from giving her to you. "For what," says he, "will be the talk among people if you do this? Formerly, when she might have been handsomely *disposed of*, then she wasn't given; now it's a disgrace for her to be turned out of doors, a repudiated woman;" pretty nearly, *in fact*, all

the reasons which you yourself, some little time since, were urging to me.

Phor. Upon my faith, you are treating me in a very insulting manner.

Dem. How so?

Phor. Do you ask me? Because I shall not be able to marry the other person *I mentioned*; for with what face shall I return to her whom I've slighted?

Chrem. Then besides, I see that Antipho is unwilling to part with her. (*Aside, prompting Demipho.*) Say so.

Dem. Then besides, I see that my son is very unwilling to part with the damsel. But have the goodness to step over to the Forum, and order this money to be transferred to my account, Phormio.

Phor. What, when I've paid it over to the persons to whom I was indebted?

Dem. What's to be done, then?

Phor. If you will let me have her for a wife, as you promised, I'll take her; but if you prefer that she should stay with you, the portion must stay with me, Demipho. For it isn't fair that I should be misled for you, as it was for your own sakes that I broke off with the other woman, who was to have brought me a portion just as large.

Dem. Away with you to utter perdition, with this swaggering, you vagabond. What, then, do you fancy we don't know you, or your doings?

Phor. You are provoking me.

Dem. Would you have married her, if she had been given to you?

Phor. Try the experiment.

Dem. That my son might cohabit with her at your house, that was your design.

Phor. Pray, what is that you say?

Dem. Then do you give me my money?

Phor. Nay, but do you give me my wife?

Dem. Come before a magistrate. (*Going to seize hold of him.*)

Phor. Why, really, if you persist in being troublesome ——

Dem. What will you do?

Phor. What, I? You fancy, perhaps, just now, that I am the protector of the portionless; for the well portioned, I'm in the habit *of being so* as well.

Chrem. What's that to us?

Phor. (*with a careless air.*) Nothing at all. I know a certain lady here (*pointing at Chremes's house*) whose husband had ——

Chrem. (*starting.*) Ha!

Dem. What's the matter?

Phor. Another wife at Lemnos —

Chrem. (*aside.*) I'm ruined!

Phor. By whom he had a daughter; and her he is secretly bringing up.

Chrem. (*aside.*) I'm dead and buried!

Phor. This I shall assuredly now inform her of. (*Walks toward the house.*)

Chrem. (running and catching hold of him.) I beg of you, don't do so.

Phor. (with a careless air.) Oh, were you the person?

Dem. What a jest he's making of us.

Chrem. (to Phormio.) We'll let you off.

Phor. Nonsense.

Chrem. What would you have? We'll forgive you the money you've got.

Phor. I hear you. Why the plague, then, do you *two* trifle with me in this way, you silly men, with your childish speeches—"I won't, *and* I will; I will, *and* I won't," over again: "keep it, give it me back; what has been said, is unsaid; what had been just a bargain, is *now* no bargain."

Chrem. (aside, to Demipho.) In what manner, or from whom has he come to know of this?

Dem. (aside.) I don't know; but that I've told it to no one, I know for certain.

Chrem. (aside.) So may the Gods bless me, 'tis as good as a miracle.

Phor. (aside, to himself.) I've graveled them.

Dem. (apart, to Chremes.) Well now, is he to be carrying off from us such a sum of money as this, and so palpably to impose upon us? By heavens, I'd sooner die. Manage to show yourself of resolute and ready wit. You see that this slip of yours has got abroad, and that you can not now possibly conceal it from your wife; it is then more conducive to our quiet, Chremes, ourselves to disclose what she will be hearing from others; *and* then, in our own fashion, we shall be able to take vengeance upon this dirty fellow.

Phor. (aside, to himself.) Good lack-a-day, *now's* the sticking-point, if I don't look out for myself. They are making toward me with a gladiatorial air.

Chrem. (apart, to Demipho.) But I doubt whether it's possible for her to be appeased.

Dem. (apart, to Chremes.) Be of good courage; I'll effect a reconciliation between you; remembering this, Chremes, that she is dead and gone by whom you had this girl.

Phor. (in a loud voice.) Is this the way you are going to deal with me? Very cleverly *done*. Come on with you. By heavens, Demipho, you have provoked me, not to his advantage (*pointing at Chremes*). How say you? (*addressing Chremes*). When you've been doing abroad just as you pleased, and have had no regard for this excellent lady *here*, but on the contrary, have been injuring her in an unheard-of manner, would you be coming to me with prayers to wash away your offenses? On telling her of this, I'll make her so incensed with you, that you sha'n't quench her, though you should melt away into tears.

Dem. (aside.) A plague may *all* the Gods and Goddesses send upon him. That any fellow should be possessed of so much impudence! Does not this villain deserve to be transported hence to some desolate land at the public charge?

Chrem. (aside.) I am brought to such a pass, that I really don't know what to do in it.

Dem. I know; let's go into court.

Phor. Into court? Here *in preference* (*pointing to Chremes's house*), if it suits you in any way. (*Moves toward the house.*)

Dem. (to Chremes.) Follow him, and hold him back, till I call out the servants.

Chrem. (trying to seize Phormio.) But I can't by myself; run *and help me.*

Phor. (to Demipho, who seizes hold of him.) There's one action of damages against you.

Chrem. Sue him at law, then.

Phor. And another with you, Chremes.

Dem. Lay hold of him. *(They both drag him.)*

Phor. Is it thus you do? Why then I must exert my voice: Nausistrata, come out *(calling aloud).*

Chrem. (to Demipho.) Stop his mouth.

Dem. See how strong the rascal is.

Phor. (calling aloud.) Nausistrata, I say.

Chrem. Will you not hold your tongue?

Phor. Hold my tongue?

Dem. (to Chremes, as they drag him along.) If he won't follow, plant your fists in his stomach.

Phor. Or e'en gouge out an eye. The time's coming when I shall have a full revenge on you.

Scene II.

Enter Nausistrata, in haste, from the house.

Naus. Who calls my name?

Chrem. (in alarm.) Ha!

Naus. My husband, pray what means this disturbance?

Phor. (to Chremes.) Oh, oh, why are you mute now?

Naus. Who is this man? Won't you answer me?

Phor. What, he to answer you? who, upon my faith, doesn't know where he is.

Chrem. (to Nausistrata.) Take care how you believe that fellow in any thing.

Phor. (to Nausistrata.) Go, touch him; if he isn't in a cold sweat all over, why then kill me.

Chrem. 'Tis nothing at all.

Naus. What is it, then, that this person is talking about?

Phor. You shall know directly; listen *now*.

Chrem. Are you resolved to believe him?

Naus. Pray, how can I believe him, when he has told me nothing?

Phor. The poor creature is distracted from fright.

Naus. It isn't for nothing, i' faith, that you are in such a fright.

Chrem. What, I in a fright?

Phor. (to Chremes.) All right, of course: since you are not in a fright at all, and this is nothing at all that I'm going to tell, do you relate it.

Dem. Villain, is he to relate it at your request?

Phor. (to Demipho.) Come now, you've managed nicely for your brother.

Naus. My husband, will you not tell me?

Chrem. But —

Naus. But what?

Chrem. There's no need to tell you.

Phor. Not for you, indeed; but there's need for her to know it. At Lemnos —

Chrem. (starting.) Ha! what are you doing?

Dem. (to Phormio.) Won't you hold your tongue?

Phor. (to Nausistrata.) Unknown to you ——

Chrem. Ah me!

Phor. He married another ——

Naus. My dear sir, may the Gods forbid it!

Phor. Such is the fact.

Naus. Wretch that I am, I'm undone!

Phor. And had a daughter by her, too, while you never dreamed of it.

Chrem. What are we to do?

Naus. O immortal Gods! — a disgraceful and a wicked misdeed!

Dem. (aside, to Chremes.) It's all up *with* you.

Phor. Was ever any thing now more ungenerously done? Your men, who, when they come to their wives, then become incapacitated from old age.

Naus. Demipho, I appeal to you; for with that man it is irksome for me to speak. Were these those frequent journeys and long visits at Lemnos? Was this the lowness of prices that reduced our rents?

Dem. Nausistrata, I don't deny that in this matter he has been deserving of censure; but still, it may be pardoned.

Phor. (apart.) He is talking to the dead.

Dem. For he did this neither through neglect or aversion to yourself. About fifteen years since, in a drunken fit, he had an intrigue with this poor woman, of whom this girl was born, nor did he ever touch her afterward. She is dead and gone: the *only* difficulty that remained in this matter. Wherefore, I do beg of you, that, as in other things, you'll bear this with patience.

Naus. Why *should* I with patience? I could wish, afflicted as I am, that there were an end now of this matter. But how can I hope? Am I to suppose that, at his age, he will not offend in future? Was he not an old man then, if old age makes people behave themselves decently? Are my looks and my age more attractive now, Demipho? What do you advance to me, to make me expect or hope that this will not happen any more?

Phor. (in a loud voice.) Those who have a mind to come to the funeral of Chremes, why now's their time. 'Tis thus I retaliate: come now, let him challenge Phormio who pleases: I'll have him victimized with just a like mischance. Why then, let him return again into her good graces. I have now had revenge enough. She has got something for her as long as she lives, to be forever ringing into his ears.

Naus. But it was because I deserved this, I suppose; why should I now, Demipho, make mention of each particular, how I have conducted myself toward him?

Dem. I know it all, as well as yourself.

Naus. Does it appear, then, that I deserved this treatment?

Dem. Far from it: but since, by reproaching, it can not now be undone, forgive him: he entreats you — he begs your pardon — owns his fault — makes an apology. What would you have more?

Phor. (aside.) But really, before she grants pardon to him, I must take care of myself and Phædria. *(To Nausistrata.)* Hark you, Nausistrata, before you answer him without thinking, listen *to me*.

Naus. What's the matter?

Phor. I got out of him thirty minæ by a stratagem. I give them to your son; he paid them to a Procurer for his mistress.

Chrem. Ha! what is it you say?

Phor. (sneeringly.) Does it seem to you so very improper for your son, a young man, to keep one mistress, *while you have* two wives? Are you ashamed of nothing? With what face will you censure him? Answer me that.

Dem. He shall do as you wish.

Naus. Nay, that you may now know my determination. I neither forgive nor promise any thing, nor give any answer, before I see my son: to his decision I leave every thing. What he bids me, I shall do.

Dem. You are a wise woman, Nausistrata.

Naus. Does that satisfy you, Chremes?

Chrem. Yes, indeed, I come off well, and fully to my satisfaction;

indeed, beyond my expectation.

Naus. (to *Phormio*.) Do you tell me, what is your name?

Phor. What, mine? *Phormio*; a well-wisher to your family, upon my honor, and to your *son* *Phaedria* in particular.

Naus. Then, *Phormio*, on my word, henceforward I'll both do and say for you all I can, and whatever you may desire.

Phor. You speak obligingly.

Naus. I' faith, it is as you deserve.

Phor. First, then, will you do this, *Nausistrata*, at once, to please me, and to make your husband's eyes ache *with vexation*?

Naus. With all my heart.

Phor. Invite me to dinner.

Naus. Assuredly indeed, I do invite you.

Dem. Let us now away in-doors.

Chrem. By all means; but where is *Phaedria*, our arbitrator?

Phor. I'll have him here just now. (To the Audience.) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

ADDITIONAL SCENE.

Which is generally considered to be spurious.

Enter Phædria and Phormio, from opposite sides of the stage.

Phæd. Assuredly there is a God, who both hears and sees what we do. And I do not consider that to be true which is commonly said: “Fortune frames and fashions the affairs of mankind, just as she pleases.”

Phor. (aside.) Heyday! what means this? I’ve met with Socrates, not Phædria, so far as I see. Why hesitate to go up and address him? (*Accosting him.*) How now, Phædria, whence have you acquired this new wisdom, and derived such great delight, as you show by your countenance?

Phæd. O welcome, *my* friend; O most delightful Phormio, welcome! There’s not a person in all the world I could more wish just now to meet than yourself.

Phor. Pray, tell me what is the matter.

Phæd. Aye, faith, I have to beg of you, that you will listen to it. My Pamphila is a citizen of Attica, and of noble birth, and rich.

Phor. What is it you tell me? Are you dreaming, pray?

Phæd. Upon my faith, I’m saying what’s true.

Phor. Yes, and this, too, is a true saying: “You’ll have no great difficulty in believing that to be true, which you greatly wish *to be so.*”

Phæd. Nay, but do listen, I beg of you, to all the wonderful things I have to tell you of. It was while thinking of this to myself, that I just now burst forth into those expressions which you heard — that we,

and what relates to us, are ruled by the sanction of the Gods, *and* not by blind chance.

Phor. I've been for some time in a state of suspense.

Phæd. Do you know Phanocrates?

Phor. As well as *I do* yourself.

Phæd. The rich man?

Phor. I understand.

Phæd. He is the father of Pamphila. Not to detain you, these were the circumstances: Calchas was his servant, a worthless, wicked fellow. Intending to run away from the house, he carried off this girl, whom her father was bringing up in the country, *then* five years old, and, secretly taking her with him to Eubæa, sold her to Lycus, a merchant. This person, a long time after, sold her, when now grown up, to Dorio. She, however, knew that she was the daughter of parents of rank, inasmuch as she recollected herself being attended *and* trained up by female servants: the name of her parents she didn't recollect.

Phor. How, then, were they discovered?

Phæd. Stay; I was coming to that. This runaway was caught yesterday, and sent back to Phanocrates: he related the wonderful circumstances I have mentioned about the girl, and how she was sold to Lycus, and afterward to Dorio. Phanocrates sent immediately, and claimed his daughter; but when he learned that she had been sold, he came running to me.

Phor. O, how extremely fortunate!

Phæd. Phanocrates has no objection to my marrying her; nor has my father, I imagine.

Phor. Trust me for that; I'll have all this matter managed for you;

Phormio has so arranged it, that you shall not be a suppliant to your father, but his judge.

Phæd. You are joking.

Phor. So it is, I tell you. Do you only *give me* the thirty minæ which Dorio —

Phæd. You put me well in mind; I understand you; you may have them; for he must give them back, as the law forbids a free woman to be sold; and, on my faith, I do rejoice that an opportunity is afforded me of rewarding you, and taking a hearty vengeance upon him; a monster of a fellow! he has feelings more hardened than iron.

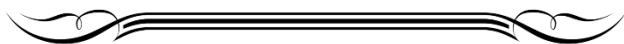
Phor. Now, Phædria, I return you thanks; I'll make you a return upon occasion, if ever I have the opportunity. You impose a heavy task upon me, to be contending with you in good offices, as I can not in wealth; and in affection and zeal, I must repay you what I owe. To be surpassed in deserving well, is a disgrace to a man of principle.

Phæd. Services badly bestowed, I take to be disservices. But I do not know any person more grateful and more mindful *of a service* than yourself. What is it you were just now mentioning about my father?

Phor. There are many particulars, which at present I have not the opportunity to relate. Let's go in-doors, for Nausistrata has invited me to dinner, and I'm afraid we may keep them waiting.

Phæd. Very well; follow me. (*To the Audience.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

THE EUNUCH



Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

One of Roman literature's most celebrated dramatic works, *The Eunuch* boasts a complex plot, based on a lost play by Menander. The play concerns the love between Phaedria, a young Athenian man, and Thais, a foreign born courtesan. As the play opens, Phaedria and Parmeno, his witty slave, discuss their situation, having been shut out of Thais' house, due to her mischievous nature.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Laches, an aged Athenian.

Phædria,

Chærea,

his sons.

Antipho, a young man, friend of Chærea.

Chremes, a young man, brother of Pamphila.

Thraso, a boastful Captain.

Gnatho, a Parasite.

Parmeno, servant of Phædria.

Sanga, cook to Thraso.

Donax,

Simalio,

Syriscus,

servants of Thraso.

Dorus, a Eunuch slave.

Thais, a Courtesan.

Pythias,

Dorias,

her attendants.

Sophrone, a nurse.

Pamphila, a female slave.

Scene. — Athens; before the houses of Laches and Thais.

THE SUBJECT.

A certain citizen of Athens had a daughter named Pamphila, and a son called Chremes. The former was stolen while an infant, and sold to a Rhodian merchant, who having made a present of her to a Courtesan of Rhodes, she brought her up with her own daughter Thais, who was somewhat older. In the course of years, Thais following her mother's way of life, removes to Athens. Her mother dying, her property is put up for sale, and Pamphila is purchased as a slave by Thraso, an officer and an admirer of Thais, who happens just then to be visiting Rhodes. During the absence of Thraso, Thais becomes acquainted with Phædria, an Athenian youth, the son of Laches; she also discovers from Chremes, who lives near Athens, that Pamphila, her former companion, is his sister. Thraso returns, intending to present to her the girl he has bought, but determines not to do so until she has discarded Phædria. Finding that the girl is no other than Pamphila, Thais is at a loss what to do, as she both loves Phædria, and is extremely anxious to recover Pamphila. At length, to please the Captain, she excludes Phædria, but next day sends for him, and explains to him her reasons, at the same time begging of him to allow Thraso the sole right of admission to her house for the next two days, and assuring him that as soon as she shall have gained possession of the girl, she will entirely throw him off. Phædria consents, and resolves to spend these two days in the country; at the same time he orders Parmeno to take to Thais a Eunuch and an Æthiopian girl, whom he has purchased for her. The Captain also sends Pamphila, who is accidentally seen by Chærea, the younger brother of Phædria; he, being smitten with her beauty, prevails upon Parmeno to introduce him into the house of Thais, in the Eunuch's dress. Being admitted there, in the absence of Thais, he ravishes the damsel. Shortly afterward Thraso quarrels with Thais, and comes with all his attendants to her house to demand the return of Pamphila, but is disappointed. In conclusion, Pamphila is recognized by her brother Chremes, and is promised in marriage to Chremes; while Thraso becomes reconciled to Phædria, through the mediation of Gnatho, his Parasite.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

Performed at the Megalensian Games; L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula being Curule Ædiles. L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to two treble flutes. From the Greek of Menander. It was acted twice, M. Valerius and C. Fannius being Consuls.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

The Captain, Thraso, being ignorant of the same, has brought *from abroad* a girl who used wrongly to be called the sister of Thais, and presents her to *Thais* herself: she *in reality* is a citizen of Attica. To the same woman, Phædria, an admirer of Thais, orders a Eunuch whom he has purchased, to be taken, and he himself goes away into the country, having been entreated to give up two days to Thraso. A youth, the brother of Phædria, having fallen in love with the damsel sent to the house of Thais, is dressed up in the clothes of the Eunuch. Parmeno prompts him; he goes in; he ravishes the maiden; but *at length* her brother being discovered, a citizen of Attica, betroths her who has been ravished, to the youth, *and* Thraso prevails upon Phædria by his entreaties.

THE PROLOGUE.

If there is any one who desires to please as many good men as possible, and to give offense to extremely few, among those does our Poet enroll his name. Next, if there is one who thinks that language too harsh, is *here* applied to him, let him bear this in mind — that it is an answer, not an attack; inasmuch as he has himself been the first aggressor; who, by translating *plays* verbally, and writing them in bad *Latin*, has made out of good Greek *Plays* Latin ones by no means good. Just as of late he has published the Phasma [the Apparition] of Menander; and in the Thesaurus [the Treasure] has described him from whom the gold is demanded, as pleading his cause why it should be deemed his own, before the person who demands it *has stated* how this treasure belongs to him, or how it came into the tomb of his father. Henceforward, let him not deceive himself, or fancy thus, “I have now done with it; there’s nothing that he can say to me.” I recommend him not to be mistaken, and to refrain from provoking me. I have many other points, as to which for the present he shall be pardoned, which, *however*, shall be brought forward hereafter, if he persists in attacking me, as he has begun to do. After the Ædiles had purchased the Eunuch of Menander, *the Play* which we are about to perform, he managed to get an opportunity of viewing it. When the magistrates were present it began to be performed. He exclaimed that a thief, no Poet, had produced the piece, but still had not deceived *him*; that, in fact, it was the Colax, an old Play of Plautus; *and* that from it were taken the characters of the Parasite and the Captain. If this is a fault, the fault is the ignorance of the Poet; not that he intended to be guilty of theft. That so it is, you will now be enabled to judge. The Colax is *a Play* of Menander’s; in it there is Colax, a Parasite, and a braggart Captain: he does not deny that he has transferred these characters into his Eunuch from the Greek; but assuredly he does deny this, that he was aware that those pieces had been already translated into Latin. But if it is not permitted *us* to use the same characters as others, how can it any more be allowed to represent hurrying servants, to describe virtuous matrons, artful courtesans, the gluttonous parasite, the

braggart captain, the infant palmed off, the old man cajoled by the servant, about love, hatred, suspicion? In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before. Wherefore it is but just that you should know this, and make allowance, if the moderns do what the ancients used to do. Grant me your attention, and give heed in silence, that you may understand what the Eunuch means.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Phædria and Parmeno.

Phæd. What, then, shall I do? Ought I not to go, not now even, when I am sent for of her own accord? Or ought I rather so to behave myself as not to put up with affronts from Courtesans? She shut her door against me; she *now* invites me back. Ought I to return? No; though she should implore me.

Par. I'faith, if indeed you *only* can, there's nothing better or more spirited; but if you begin, and can not hold out stoutly, and if, when you can not endure it, while no one asks you, peace being not made, you come to her of your own accord, showing that you love her, and can not endure it, you are done for; it's all over *with you*; you are ruined outright. She'll be jilting you, when she finds you overcome. Do you then, while there's time, again and again reflect upon this, master, that a matter, which in itself admits of neither prudence nor moderation, you are unable to manage with prudence. In love there are all these evils; wrongs, suspicions, enmities, reconcilements, war, then peace; if you expect to render these things, *naturally* uncertain, certain by dint of reason, you wouldn't effect it a bit the more than if you were to use your endeavors to be mad with reason. And, what you are now, in anger, meditating to yourself, "What! I to her? Who — him! Who — me! Who wouldn't? Only let me alone; I had rather die; she shall find out what sort of a person I am;" these expressions, upon my faith, by a single false tiny tear, which, by rubbing her eyes, poor thing, she can hardly squeeze out perforce, she will put an end to; and she'll be the first to accuse you; and you will be too ready to give satisfaction to her.

Phæd. O disgraceful conduct! I now perceive, both that she is perfidious, and that I am a wretched man. I am both weary of her, and burn with passion; knowing *and* fully sensible, alive and seeing it, I am going to ruin; nor do I know what I am to do.

Par. What you are to do? Why, only to redeem yourself, *thus* captivated, at the smallest price you can; if you can not at a very small rate, still for as little as you can; and do not afflict yourself.

Phæd. Do you persuade me to this?

Par. If you are wise. And don't be adding to the troubles which love itself produces; those which it does produce, bear patiently. But see, here she is coming herself, the downfall of our fortunes, — for that which we ought ourselves to enjoy she intercepts.

Scene II.

Enter Thais from her house.

Thais (*to herself, not seeing them.*) Ah wretched me! I fear lest Phædria should take it amiss or otherwise than I intended it, that he was not admitted yesterday.

Phæd. (*aside to Parmeno.*) I'm trembling and shivering all over, Parmeno, at the sight of her.

Par. (*apart.*) Be of good heart; *only* approach this fire, you'll soon be warmer than you need.

Thais (*turning round.*) Who is it that's speaking here? What, are you here, my Phædria? Why are you standing here! Why didn't you come into the house at once?

Par. (*whispering to Phædria.*) But not a word about shutting you out!

Thais. Why are you silent?

Phæd. Of course, it's because this door is always open to me, or because I'm the highest in your favor?

Thais. Pass those matters by.

Phæd. How pass them by? O Thais, Thais, I wish that I had equal affection with yourself, and that it were in like degree, that either this, might distress you in the same way that it distresses me, or that I might be indifferent at this being done by you.

Thais. Prithee, don't torment yourself, my life, my Phædria. Upon my faith, I did it, not because I love or esteem any person more *than you*; but the case was such *that* it was necessary to be done.

Par. (*ironically.*) I suppose that, poor thing, you shut him out of doors, for love, according to the usual practice.

Thais. Is it thus you act, Parmeno? Well, well. (*To Phædria.*) But listen — the reason for which I desired you to be sent for hither —

Phæd. Go on.

Thais. First tell me this; can this fellow possibly hold his tongue? (*pointing to Parmeno.*)

Par. What, I? Perfectly well. But, hark you, upon these conditions I pledge my word to you; the truth that I hear, I'm silent upon, and retain it most faithfully; but if I hear what's false and without foundation, it's out at once; I'm full of chinks, and leak in every direction. Therefore, if you wish it to be kept secret, speak the truth.

Thais. My mother was a Samian; she lived at Rhodes —

Par. That may be kept a secret.

Thais. There, at that period, a certain merchant made present to my mother of a little girl, who had been stolen away from Attica here.

Par. What, a citizen?

Thais. I think *so*; we do not know for certain: she herself used to mention her mother's and her father's name; her country and other tokens she didn't know, nor, by reason of her age, was she able. The merchant added this: that he had heard from the kidnappers that she had been carried off from Sunium. When my mother received her, she began carefully to teach her every thing, *and* to bring her up, just as though she had been her own daughter. Most persons supposed that she was my sister. Thence I came hither with that stranger, with whom alone at that period I was connected; he left me all which I *now* possess —

Par. Both these things are false; out it goes.

Thais. How so?

Par. Because you were neither content with one, nor was he the only one to make you presents; for he likewise (*pointing to Phædria*) brought a pretty considerable share to you.

Thais. Such is the fact; but do allow me to arrive at the point I wish. In the mean time, the Captain, who had begun to take a fancy to me, set out to Caria; since when, in the interval, I became acquainted with you. You yourself are aware how very dear I have held you; and how I confess to you all my nearest counsels.

Phæd. Nor will Parmeno be silent about that.

Par. O, is that a matter of doubt?

Thais. Attend; I entreat you. My mother died there recently; her brother is somewhat greedy after wealth. When he saw that this damsel was of beauteous form and understood music, hoping for a good price, he forthwith put her up for sale, *and* sold her. By good fortune this friend of mine was present; he bought her as a gift to me, not knowing or suspecting any thing of all this. He returned; but when he perceived that I had formed a connection with you as well, he feigned excuses on purpose that he might not give her; he said that if he could feel confidence that he should be preferred to yourself by me, so as not to apprehend that, when I had received her, I should forsake him, *then* he was ready to give her to me; but that he did fear this. But, so far as I can conjecture, he has set his affections upon the girl.

Phæd. Any thing beyond that?

Thais. Nothing; for I have made inquiry. Now, my Phædria, there are many reasons why I could wish to get her away from him. In the first place, because she was called my sister; moreover, that I may restore and deliver her to her friends. I am a lone woman; I have no one here, neither acquaintance nor relative; wherefore, Phædria, I am desirous by my good offices to secure friends. Prithee, do aid me in

this, in order that it may be the more easily effected. Do allow him for the few next days to have the preference with me. Do you make no answer?

Phæd. Most vile woman! Can I make you any answer after such behavior as this?

Par. Well done, my *master*, I commend you; (*aside*) he's galled at last. (*To Phædria.*) You show yourself a man.

Phæd. I was not aware what you were aiming at; "she was carried away from here, *when* a little child; my mother brought her up as though her own; she was called my sister; I wish to get her away, that I may restore her to her friends." The meaning is, that all these expressions, in fine, now amount to this, *that* I am shut out, he is admitted. For what reason? Except that you love him more than me: and now you are afraid of her who has been brought *hither*, lest she should win him, such as he is, from yourself.

Thais. I, afraid of that?

Phæd. What else, then, gives you concern? Let me know. Is he the only person who makes presents? Have you found my bounty shut against you? Did I not, when you told me that you wished for a servant-maid from Æthiopia, setting all other matters aside, go and seek for one? Then you said that you wanted a Eunuch, because ladies of quality alone make use of them; I found *you one*. I yesterday paid twenty minæ for them both. Though slighted by you, I *still* kept these things in mind; as a reward for so doing, I am despised by you.

Thais. Phædria, what does this mean? Although I wish to get her away, and think that by these means it could most probably be effected; still, rather than make an enemy of you, I'll do as you request me.

Phæd. I *only* wish that you used that expression from your heart and truthfully, "rather than make an enemy of you." If I could believe

that this was said sincerely, I could put up with any thing.

Par. (aside.) He staggers; how instantaneously is he vanquished by a single expression!

Thais. I, wretched woman, not speak from my heart? What, pray, did you ever ask of me in jest, but that you carried your point? I am unable to obtain *even* this of you, that you would grant *me* only two days.

Phæd. If, indeed, *it is but* two days; but don't let these days become twenty.

Thais. Assuredly not more than two days, or —

Phæd. “Or?” I won't have it.

Thais. It shall not be; only do allow me to obtain this of you.

Phæd. Of course that which you desire must be done.

Thais. I love you as you deserve; you act obligingly.

Phæd. (to Parmeno.) I shall go into the country; there I shall worry myself for the *next* two days: I'm resolved to do so; Thais must be humored. Do you, Parmeno, take care that they are brought hither.

Par. Certainly.

Phæd. For the next two days *then*, Thais, adieu.

Thais. And the same to you, my Phædria; do you desire aught else?

Phæd. What should I desire? That, present with the Captain, you may be as if absent; that night and day you may love me; may feel my absence; may dream of me; may be impatient for me; may think about me; may hope for me; may centre your delight in me; may be all in all with me; in fine, if you will, be my *very* life, as I am yours.

Exeunt Phædria and Parmeno.

Scene III.

Thais alone.

Thais, (*to herself.*) Ah wretched me! perhaps now he puts but little faith in me, and forms his estimate of me from the dispositions of other women. By my troth, I, who know my own self, am very sure of this, that I have not feigned any thing that's false, and that no person is dearer to my heart than this *same* Phædria; and whatever in the present case I have done, for *this* girl's sake have I done it; for I trust that now I have pretty nearly discovered her brother, a young man of very good family; and he has appointed this day to come to me at my house. I'll go hence in-doors, and wait until he comes.

She goes into her house.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Phædria and Parmeno.

Phæd. Mind that those people are taken *there*, as I ordered.

Par. I'll do *so*.

Phæd. And carefully.

Par. It shall be done.

Phæd. And with all speed.

Par. It shall be done.

Phæd. Have you had sufficient instructions?

Par. Dear me! to ask the question, as though it were a matter of difficulty. I wish that you were able, Phædria, to find any thing as easily as this present will be lost.

Phæd. Together with it, I *myself* am lost, which concerns me more nearly. Don't bear this with such a feeling of vexation.

Par. By no means; on the contrary, I'll see it done. But do you order any thing else?

Phæd. Set off my present with words, as far as you can; and so far as you are able, do drive away that rival *of mine* from her.

Par. Pshaw! I should have kept that in mind, even if you hadn't reminded me.

Phæd. I shall go into the country and remain there.

Par. I agree with you. (*Moves as if going.*)

Phæd. But hark you!

Par. What is it you want?

Phæd. Are you of opinion that I can muster resolution and hold out so as not to come back within the time?

Par. What, you? Upon my faith, I don't think *so*; for either you'll be returning at once, or by-and-by, at night, want of sleep will be driving you hither.

Phæd. I'll do some *laborious* work, that I may be continually fatigued, so as to sleep in spite of myself.

Par. When wearied, you will be keeping awake; by this you will be making it worse.

Phæd. Oh, you talk to no purpose, Parmeno: this softness of spirit, upon my faith, must be got rid of; I indulge myself too much. Could I not do without her, pray, if there were the necessity, even for a whole three days?

Par. Whew! an entire three days! Take care what you are about.

Phæd. My mind is made up.

Exit.

Scene II.

Parmeno alone.

Par. (to himself.) Good Gods! What a malady is this! That a man should become so changed through love, that you wouldn't know him to be the same person! Not any one was there less inclined to folly than he, and no one more discreet *or* more temperate. But who is it that's coming this way? Heyday! surely this is Gnatho, the Captain's Parasite; he's bringing along with him the damsel as a present to her. Heavens! How beautiful! No wonder if I make but a sorry figure here to-day with this decrepit Eunuch of mine. She surpasses Thais herself.

Stands aside.

SCENE III.

Enter Gnatho at a distance, leading Pamphila.

Gna. (to himself.) Immortal Gods! how much does one man excel another! What a difference there is between a wise person and a fool! This strongly came into my mind from the following circumstance. As I was coming along to-day, I met a certain person of this place, of my own rank and station, no mean fellow, one who, like myself, had guttled away his paternal estate; I saw him, shabby, dirty, sickly, beset with rags and years;—"What's the meaning of this garb?" said I; *he answered*, "Because, wretch that I am, I've lost what I possessed: see to what I am reduced, — all my acquaintances and friends forsake me." On this I felt contempt for him in comparison with myself. "What!" said I, "you pitiful sluggard, have you so managed matters as to have no hope left? Have you lost your wits together with your estate? Don't you see me, who have risen from the same condition? What a complexion I have, how spruce and well dressed, what portliness of person? I have every thing, *yet* have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still, of nothing am I in want." "But I," *said he*, "unhappily, can neither be a butt nor submit to blows." "What!" *said I*, "do you suppose it is managed by those means? You are quite mistaken. Once upon a time, in the early ages, there was a calling for that class; this is a new mode of coney-catching; I, in fact, have been the first to strike into this path. There is a class of men who strive to be the first in every thing, but are not; to these I make my court; I do not present myself to them to be laughed at; but I am the first to laugh with them, and at the same time to admire their parts: whatever they say, I commend; if they contradict that self-same thing, I commend again. Does any one deny? I deny: does he affirm? I affirm: in fine, I have *so* trained myself as to humor them in every thing. This calling is now by far the most productive."

Par. (apart.) A clever fellow, upon my faith! From being fools he makes men mad outright.

Gna. (to himself, continuing.) While we were thus talking, in the mean time we arrived at the market-place; overjoyed, all the confectioners ran at once to meet me; fishmongers, butchers, cooks, sausage-makers, *and* fishermen, whom, both when my fortunes were flourishing and when they were ruined, I had served, and often serve *still*: they complimented me, asked me to dinner, *and* gave me a hearty welcome. When this poor hungry wretch saw that I was in such great esteem, and that I obtained a living so easily, then the fellow began to entreat me that I would allow him to learn this *method* of me; I bade him become my follower if he could; as the disciples of the Philosophers take their names from *the Philosophers* themselves, so too, the Parasites ought to be called Gnathonics.

Par. (apart to the Audience.) Do you see the effects of ease and feeding at another's cost?

Gna. (to himself, continuing.) But why do I delay to take this girl to Thais, and ask her to come to dinner? (*Aside, on seeing Parmeno.*) But I see Parmeno, our rival's servant, waiting before the door of Thais with a sorrowful air; all's safe; no doubt these people are finding a cold welcome. I'm resolved to have some sport with this knave.

Par. (aside.) They fancy that, through this present, Thais is *quite* their own.

Gna. (accosting Parmeno.) With his very best wishes Gnatho greets Parmeno, his very good friend. — What are you doing?

Par. I'm standing.

Gna. So I perceive. Pray, do you see any thing here that don't please you?

Par. Yourself.

Gna. I believe *you*, — but any thing else, pray?

Par. Why so?

Gna. Because you are out of spirits.

Par. Not in the least.

Gna. Well, don't be so; but what think you of this slave? (*pointing to her.*)

Par. Really, not amiss.

Gna. (*aside.*) I've galled the fellow.

Par. (*aside, on overhearing him.*) How mistaken you are in your notion!

Gna. How far do you suppose this gift will prove acceptable to Thais?

Par. It's this you mean to say now, that we are discarded there. Hark you, there are vicissitudes in all things.

Gna. For the next six months, Parmeno, I'll set you at ease; you sha'n't have to be running to and fro, or sitting up till daylight. Don't I make you happy?

Par. Me? O prodigiously!

Gna. That's my way with my friends.

Par. I commend *you*.

Gna. I'm detaining you; perhaps you were about to go somewhere else.

Par. Nowhere.

Gna. In that case then, lend me your services a little; let me be introduced to her.

Par. Very well; (*Gnatho knocks at the door, which immediately opens*) now the door is open for you, (*aside*) because you are bringing her.

Gna. (*going into the house of Thais, ironically.*) Should you like any one to be called out from here?

Goes in with Pamphila, and shuts the door.

Scene IV.

Parmeno, alone.

Par. (to himself.) Only let the next two days go by; you who, at present, in such high favor, are opening the door with one little finger, assuredly I'll cause to be kicking at that *door* full oft, with your heels, to no purpose.

Re-enter Gnatho from the house.

Gna. Still standing here, Parmeno? Why now, have you been left on guard here, that no go-between might perchance be secretly running from the Captain to her?

Exit.

Par. Smartly said; really *they ought to be* wonderful things to please the Captain. But I see my master's youngest son coming this way; I wonder why he has come away from the Piraeus, for he is at present on guard there in the public service. It's not for nothing; he's coming in a hurry, too; I can't imagine why he's looking around in all directions.

Scene V.

Enter Chærea on the other side of the stage, in haste.

Chæ. (to himself.) I'm utterly undone! The girl is nowhere; nor do I know where I am myself, to have lost sight of her. Where to inquire for her, where to search for her, whom to ask, which way to turn, I'm at a loss. I have only this hope; wherever she is, she can not long be concealed. O what beauteous features! from this moment I banish all other women from my thoughts; I can not endure these every-day beauties.

Par. (apart.) Why look, here's the other one. He's saying something, I don't know what, about love. O unfortunate old man, *their father!* This assuredly is a youth, who, if he does begin, you will say that the other one was mere play and pastime, compared with what the madness of this one will cause.

Chæ. (to himself, aloud.) May all the Gods and Goddesses confound that old fellow who detained me to-day, and me as well who stopped for him, and in fact troubled myself a straw about him. But see, here's Parmeno. (*Addressing him.*) Good-morrow to you.

Par. Why are you out of spirits, and why in *such* a hurry? Whence come you?

Chæ. What, I? I'faith, I neither know whence I'm come, nor whither I'm going; so utterly have I lost myself.

Par. How, pray?

Chæ. I'm in love.

Par. (starting.) Ha!

Chæ. Now, Parmeno, you may show what sort of a man you are. You know that you often promised me *to this effect*: "Chærea, do you

only find some *object* to fall in love with; I'll make you sensible of my usefulness in such matters," when I used to be storing up my father's provisions for you on the sly in your little room.

Par. To the point, *you* simpleton.

Chæ. Upon my faith, this is the fact. Now, then, let your promises be made good, if you please, or if indeed the affair is a deserving one for you to exert your energies upon. The girl isn't like our girls, whom their mothers are anxious to have with shoulders kept down, *and* chests well girthed, that they may be slender. If one is a little inclined to plumpness, they declare that she's training for a boxer, *and* stint her food; although their constitutions are good, by their treatment they make them as slight as bulrushes; and so for that reason they are admired, *forsooth*.

Par. What sort of a girl is this one of yours?

Chæ. A new style of beauty.

Par. (*ironically.*) Astounding!

Chæ. Her complexion genuine, her flesh firm and full of juiciness.

Par. Her age?

Chæ. Her age? Sixteen.

Par. The very flower of youth.

Chæ. Do you make it your care to obtain her for me either by force, stealth, or entreaty; so that I only gain her, it matters not how to me.

Par. Well, but to whom does the damsel belong?

Chæ. *That*, i' faith, I don't know.

Par. Whence did she come?

Chæ. That, just as much.

Par. Where does she live?

Chæ. Nor yet do I know that.

Par. Where did you see her?

Chæ. In the street.

Par. How did you come to lose her?

Chæ. Why, that's what I was just now fretting myself about; and I do not believe that there is one individual to whom all good luck is a greater stranger than to myself. What ill fortune this is! I'm utterly undone!

Par. What's the matter?

Chæ. Do you ask me? Do you know Archidemides, my father's kinsman and years'-mate?

Par. Why not?

Chæ. He, while I was in full pursuit of her, met me.

Par. Unseasonably, upon my faith.

Chæ. Aye, unhappily, rather; for other *ordinary* matters are to be called "unseasonable," Parmeno. It would be safe for me to make oath that I have not seen him for fully these six or seven months, until just now, when I least wanted, and there was the least occasion. Come now! isn't this like a fatality? What do you say?

Par. Extremely *so*.

Chæ. At once he came running up to me, from a considerable distance, stooping, palsied, hanging his lip, *and* wheezing. "Halloo, Chærea! halloo!" said he; "I've something to say to you." I stopped.

“Do you know what *it is* I want with you?” *said he*. “Say on,” *said I*. “To-morrow my cause comes on,” *said he*. “What then?” “Be sure and tell your father to remember and be my advocate in the morning.” In talking of this, an hour elapsed. I inquired if he wanted any thing *else*. “That’s all,” *said he*. I left him. When I looked in this direction for the damsel, she had that very instant turned thia way down this street of ours.

Par. (aside.) It’s a wonder if he doesn’t mean her who has just now been made a present of to *Thais here*.

Chæ. When I got here, she was nowhere to be seen.

Par. Some attendants, I suppose, were accompanying the girl?

Chæ. Yes; a Parasite, and a female servant.

Par. (apart.) It’s the very same. (*To Chærea.*) It’s all over with you; make an end of it; you’ve said your last.

Chæ. You are thinking about something else.

Par. Indeed I’m thinking of this same matter.

Chæ. Pray, tell me, do you know her, or did you see her?

Par. I did see, *and* I do know her; I am aware to what house she has been taken.

Chæ. What, my *dear* Parmeno, do you know her, and are you aware where she is?

Par. She has been brought here (*pointing*) to the house of *Thais* the Courtesan. She has been made a present to her.

Chæ. What opulent person is it, to be presenting a gift so precious as this?

Par. The Captain *Thraso*, *Phædria*’s rival.

Chæ. An unpleasant business for my brother, it should seem.

Par. Aye, and if you did but know what present he is pitting against this present, you would say so still more.

Chæ. Troth now, what is it, pray?

Par. A Eunuch.

Chæ. What! that unsightly creature, pray, that he purchased yesterday, an old woman?

Par. That very same.

Chæ. To a certainty, the gentleman will be bundled out of doors, together with his present; but I wasn't aware that this Thais is our neighbor.

Par. It isn't long *since she came*.

Chæ. Unhappy wretch that I am! never to have seen her, even. Come now, just tell me, is she as handsome as she is reported to be?

Par. Quite.

Chæ. But nothing in comparison with this damsel of mine?

Par. Another thing altogether.

Chæ. Troth now, Parmeno, prithee do contrive for me to gain possession of her.

Par. I'll do my best, and use all my endeavors; I'll lend you my assistance. (*Going.*) Do you want any thing else with me?

Chæ. Where are you going now?

Par. Home; to take those slaves to Thais, as your brother ordered me.

Chæ. Oh, lucky Eunuch that! really, to be sent as a present to that house! *Par.* Why so?

Chæ. Do you ask? He will always see at home a fellow-servant of consummate beauty, *and* he conversing with her; he will be in the same house with her; sometimes he will take his meals with her; sometimes sleep near her.

Par. What now, if you yourself were to be this fortunate person?

Chæ. By what means, Parmeno? Tell me.

Par. Do you assume his dress.

Chæ. His dress! Well, what then?

Par. I'll take you there instead of him.

Chæ. (*musings.*) I hear you.

Par. I'll say that you are he.

Chæ. I understand you.

Par. You may enjoy those advantages which you just now said he *would enjoy*; you may take your meals together with her, be in company with her, touch her, dally with her, *and* sleep by her side; as not one of these women is acquainted with you, nor yet knows who you are. Besides, you are of an age and figure that you may easily pass for a eunuch.

Chæ. You speak to the purpose; I never knew better counsel given. Well, let's go in at once; dress me up, take me away, lead me to her, as fast as you can.

Par. What do you mean? Really, I was only joking.

Chæ. You talk nonsense.

Par. I'm undone! Wretch that I am! what have I done? (*Chærea pushes him along.*) Whither are you pushing me? You'll throw me down presently. I entreat you, be quiet.

Chæ. Let's be off. (*Pushes him.*)

Par. Do you still persist?

Chæ. I am resolved upon it.

Par. Only take care that this isn't too rash a project.

Chæ. Certainly it isn't; let me alone for that.

Par. Aye, but I shall have to pay the penalty for this?

Chæ. Pshaw!

Par. We shall be guilty of a disgraceful action.

Chæ. What, is it disgraceful to be taken to the house of a Courtesan, and to return the compliment upon those tormentors who treat us and our youthful age so scornfully, and who are always tormenting us in every way; — to dupe them just as we are duped by them? Or is it right and proper that in preference my father should be wheedled *out of his money* by deceitful pretexts? Those who knew of this would blame me; while all would think the other a meritorious act.

Par. What's to be done in such case? If you are determined to do it, you must do it: but don't you by-and-by be throwing the blame upon me.

Chæ. I shall not do so.

Par. Do you order me, *then*?

Chæ. I order, charge, and command you; I will never disavow my authorizing you.

Par. Follow me; may the Gods prosper it!

They go into the house of Laches.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Thraso and Gnatho.

Thra. Did Thais really return me many thanks?

Gna. Exceeding *thanks*.

Thra. Was she delighted, say you?

Gna. Not so much, indeed, at the present itself, as because it was given by you; really, in right earnest, she does exult at that.

Enter Parmeno unseen, from Laches' house.

Par. (apart.) I've come here to be on the look-out, that when there is an opportunity I may take *the presents*. But see, here's the Captain.

Thra. Undoubtedly it is the case with me, that every thing I do is a cause for thankfulness.

Gna. Upon my faith, I've observed it.

Thra. The most mighty King, even, always used to give me especial thanks for whatever I did; but not so to others.

Gna. He who has the wit that you have, often by his words appropriates to himself the glory that has been achieved by the labor of others.

Thra. You've just hit it.

Gna. The king, then, kept you in his eye.

Thra. Just so.

Gna. To enjoy your society.

Thra. True; he intrusted *to me* all his army, all his state secrets.

Gna. Astonishing!

Thra. Then if, on any occasion, a surfeit of society, or a dislike of business, came upon him, when he was desirous to take some recreation; just as though — you understand?

Gna. I know; just as though on occasion he would rid his mind of those anxieties.

Thra. You have it. Then he used to take me aside as his only boon companion.

Gna. Whew! You are telling of a King of refined taste.

Thra. Aye, he is a person of that sort; a man of but very few acquaintanceships.

Gna. (aside.) Indeed, of none, I fancy, if he's on intimate terms with you.

Thra. All the people envied me, and attacked me privately. I don't care one straw. They envied me dreadfully; but one in particular, whom *the King* had appointed over the Indian elephants. Once, when he became particularly troublesome, "Prithee, Strato," said I, "are you so fierce because you hold command over the wild beasts?"

Gna. Cleverly said, upon my faith, and shrewdly. Astounding! You did give the fellow a home thrust. What said he?

Thra. Dumfounded, instantaneously.

Gna. How could he be otherwise?

Par. (apart.) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! a lost and miserable fellow the one, and the other a scoundrel.

Thra. Well then, about that matter, Gnatho, the way in which I

touched up the Rhodian at a banquet — did I never tell you?

Gna. Never; but pray, do tell me. (*Aside.*) I've heard it more than a thousand times already.

Thra. There was in my company at a banquet, this young man of Rhodes, whom I'm speaking of. By chance I had a mistress there; he began to toy with her, and to annoy me. "What are you doing, sir impudence?" said I to the fellow; "a hare yourself, and looking out for game?"

Gna. (*pretending to laugh very heartily.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Thra. What's the matter?

Gna. How apt, how smart, how clever; nothing *could be* more excellent. Prithee, was this a saying of yours? I fancied it was an old one.

Thra. Did you ever hear it before?

Gna. Many a time; and it is mentioned among the first-rate ones.

Thra. It's my own.

Gna. I'm sorry *though* that it was said to a thoughtless young man, and one of respectability.

Par. (*apart.*) May the Gods confound you!

Gna. Pray, what *did* he *do*?

Thra. Quite disconcerted. All who were present were dying with laughter; in short, they were all quite afraid of me.

Gna. Not without reason.

Thra. But hark you, had I best clear myself of this to Thais, as to her suspicion that I'm fond of this girl?

Gna. By no means: on the contrary, rather increase her jealousy.

Thra. Why so?

Gna. Do you ask me? Don't you see, if on any occasion she makes mention of Phædria or commends him, to provoke you ——

Thra. I understand.

Gna. That such may not be the case, this method is the only remedy. When she speaks of Phædria, do you instantly *mention* Pamphila. If at any time she says, "Let's invite Phædria to make one," *do you say*, "Let's *ask* Pamphila to sing." If she praises his good looks, do you, on the other hand, praise hers. In short, do you return like for like, which will mortify her.

Thra. If, indeed, she loved me, this might be of some use, Gnatho.

Gna. Since she is impatient for and loves that which you give her, she already loves you; as it is, *then*, it is an easy matter for her to feel vexed. She will be always afraid lest the presents which she herself is now getting, you may on some occasion be taking elsewhere.

Thra. Well said; that never came into my mind.

Gna. Nonsense. You never thought about it; else how much more readily would you yourself have hit upon it, Thraso!

Scene II.

Enter Thais from her house, attended by Pythias.

Thais, (*as she comes out.*) I thought I just now heard the Captain's voice. And look, here he is. Welcome, my *dear* Thraso.

Thra. O my Thais, my sweet one, how are you? How much do you love me in return for that music girl?

Par. (*apart.*) How polite! What a beginning he has made on meeting her!

Thais. Very much, as you deserve.

Gna. Let's go to dinner then. (*To Thraso.*) What do you stand *here* for?

Par. (*apart.*) Then there's the other one: you would declare that he was born for his belly's sake.

Thra. When you please; I sha'n't delay.

Par. (*apart.*) I'll accost them, and pretend as though I had just come out. (*He comes forward.*) Are you going any where, Thais?

Thais. Ha! Parmeno; well done; *just* going out for the day.

Par. Where?

Thais, (*aside, pointing at Thraso.*) Why! don't you see him?

Par. (*aside.*) I see him, and I'm sorry for it. (*Aloud.*) Phædria's presents are ready for you when you please.

Thra. (*impatiently.*) Why are we to stand *here*? Why don't we be off?

Par. (*to Thraso.*) Troth now, pray, do let us, with your leave, present

to her the things we intend, *and* accost and speak to her.

Thra. (*ironically.*) Very fine presents, I suppose, or *at least* equal to mine.

Par. The fact will prove itself. (*Goes to the door of Laches' house and calls.*) Ho there! bid those people come out of doors at once, as I ordered.

Enter from the house a Black Girl.

Par. Do you step forward this way, (*To Thais.*) She comes all the way from Æthiopia.

Thra. (*contemptuously.*) Here are some three minæ in value.

Gna. Hardly so much.

Par. Where are you, Dorus? Step this way.

Enter Chærea from the house, dressed like the Eunuch.

Par. There's a Eunuch for you — of what a genteel appearance! of what a prime age!

Thais. God bless me, he's handsome.

Par. What say you, Gnatho? Do you see any thing to find fault with? And what *say* you, Thraso? (*Aside.*) They hold their tongues; they praise him sufficiently *thereby*. (*To Thais.*) Make trial of him in literature, try him in exercises, and in music; I'll warrant him well skilled in what it becomes a gentleman to know.

Thra. That Eunuch, if occasion served, even in my sober senses, I —

Par. And he who has sent these things makes no request that you will live for him alone, and that for his own sake others may be excluded; he neither tells of battles nor shows his scars, nor does he restrict you as (*looking at Thraso*) a certain person does; but when it is not

inconvenient, whenever you think fit, whenever you have the time, he is satisfied to be admitted.

Thra. (to *Gnatho*, contemptuously.) It appears that this is the servant of some beggarly, wretched master.

Gna. Why, faith, no person, I'm quite sure of that, could possibly put up with him, who had the means to get another.

Par. You hold your tongue — a fellow whom I consider beneath all men of the very lowest grade: for when you can bring yourself to flatter that fellow (*pointing at Thraso*), I do believe you could pick your victuals out of the *very* flames.

Thra. Are we to go now?

Thais. I'll take these in-doors first (*pointing to Chærea and the Ethiopian*), and at the same time I'll order what I wish; after that I'll return immediately.

Goes into the house with Pythias, Chærea, and the Slave.

Thra. (to *Gnatho*.) I shall be off. Do you wait for her.

Par. It is not a proper thing for a general to be walking in the street with a mistress.

Thra. Why should I use many words with you? You are the very ape of your master.

Exit Parmeno.

Gna. (*laughing*.) Ha, ha, ha!

Thra. What are you laughing at?

Gna. At what you were mentioning just now; that saying, too, about the Rhodian, recurred to my mind. But Thais is coming out.

Thra. You go before; take care that every thing is ready at home.

Gna. Very well.

Exit.

Re-enter Thais, with Pythias and Female Attendants.

Thais. Take care, Pythias, and be sure that if Chremes should happen to come, to beg him to wait; if that is not convenient, then to come again; if he can not do that, bring him to me.

Pyth. I'll do so.

Thais. Well, what else was I intending to say? O, do you take particular care of that young woman; be sure that you keep at home.

Thra. Let us begone.

Thais, (*to her attendants.*) You follow me.

Exeunt Thais and Thraso, followed by the Attendants. Pythias goes into the house.

Scene III.

Enter Chremes.

Chrem. (to himself.) Why, really, the more and more I think of it, I shouldn't be surprised if this Thais should be doing me *some* great mischief; so cunningly do I perceive myself beset by her. Even on the occasion when she first requested me to be fetched to her (any one might ask me, "What business had you with her?" Really I don't know.) When I came, she found an excuse for me to remain there; she said that she had been offering a sacrifice, and that she was desirous to speak upon some important business with me. Even then I had a suspicion that all these things were being done for her artful purposes. She takes her place beside me; pays every attention to me; seeks an opportunity of conversation. When *the conversation* flagged, she turned off to this point — how long since my father and mother died? I said that it was now a long time ago. Whether I had any country-house at Sunium, and how far from the sea? I suppose that this has taken her fancy, *and* she expects to get it away from me. Then at last, whether any little sister of mine had been lost from there; whether any person was with her; what she had about her when she was lost; whether any one could recognize her. Why should she make these inquiries? Unless, perhaps, she pretends — so great is her assurance — that she herself is the same person that was formerly lost when a little girl. But if she is alive, she is sixteen years old, not older; *whereas* Thais is somewhat older than I am. She has sent to press me earnestly to come. Either let her speak out what she wants, or not be troublesome; I assuredly shall not come a third time (*knocking at the door of Thais*). Ho! there, ho! there! Is any one here? It's I, Chremes.

Scene IV.

Enter Pythias from the house.

Pyth. O most charming, dear creature!

Chrem. (apart.) I said there was a design upon me.

Pyth. Thais entreated you most earnestly to come again to-morrow.

Chrem. I'm going into the country.

Pyth. Do, there's a dear sir.

Chrem. I can not, I tell you.

Pyth. Then stay here at our house till she comes back.

Chrem. Nothing less likely.

Pyth. Why, my dear Chremes? *(Taking hold of him.)*

Chrem. (shaking her off.) Away to perdition with you!

Pyth. If you are so determined about it, pray do step over to the place where she is.

Chrem. I'll go *there*.

Pyth. (calling at the door.) Here, Dorias *(Dorias enters)*, show this person directly to the Captain's.

Exit Chremes with Dorias, Pythias goes into the house.

Scene V.

Enter Antipho.

Ant. (to himself.) Yesterday some young fellows of us agreed together at the Piræus that we were to go shares today in a club-entertainment. We gave Chærea charge of this matter; our rings were given as *pledges*; the place and time arranged. The time has *now* gone by; at the place appointed there was nothing ready. The fellow himself is nowhere *to be* met with; I neither know what to say nor what to suppose. Now the rest have commissioned me with this business, to look for him. I'll go see, therefore, if he's at home. But who's this, I wonder, coming out of Thais's? Is it he, or is it not? 'Tis the very man! What, sort of being is this? What kind of garb is this? What mischief is going on now? I can not sufficiently wonder or conjecture. But, whatever it is, I should like first at a distance to try and find out.

He stands apart.

Scene VI.

Enter Chærea from the house of Thais, in the Eunuch's dress.

Chæ. (looking around, then aloud to himself.) Is there anybody here? There's no one. Is there any one following me from there? There's not a person. Now am I not at liberty to give vent to these raptures? O supreme Jupiter! now assuredly is the time for me to meet my death, when I can so well endure it; lest my life should sully this ecstasy with some disaster. But is there now no inquisitive person to be intruding upon me, to be following me wherever I go, to be deafening me, worrying me to death, with asking questions; why *thus* transported, or why *so* overjoyed, whither I'm going, whence I'm come, where I got this garb, what is my object, whether I'm in my senses or whether downright mad?

Ant. (apart.) I'll accost him, and I'll do him the favor which I see he's wishing for. (*Accosting him.*) Chærea, why are you thus transported? What's the object of this garb? Why is it that you're so overjoyed? What is the meaning of this? Are you quite right in your senses? Why do you stare at me? What have you to say?

Chæ. O joyous day! O welcome, my friend! There's not one in all the world whom I would rather wish to see at this moment than yourself.

Ant. Pray, do tell me what all this means.

Chæ. Nay rather, i'faith, I beg of you to listen to me. Do you know the mistress whom my brother is so fond of?

Ant. I know her; I suppose you mean Thais?

Chæ. The very same.

Ant. So far I recollect.

Chæ. To-day a certain damsel was presented to her. Why now should I extol or commend her beauty to you, Antipho, since you yourself know how nice a judge of beauty I am? I have been smitten by her.

Ant. Do you say so?

Chæ. If you saw her, I am sure you would say she's exquisite. What need of many words? I fell in love with her. By good luck there was at our house a certain Eunuch, whom my brother had purchased for Thais, and he had not as yet been sent to her. On this occasion, Parmeno, our servant, made a suggestion to me, which I adopted.

Ant. What was it?

Chæ. Be quiet, and you shall hear the sooner; to change clothes with him, and order myself to be taken there in his stead.

Ant. What, instead of the Eunuch?

Chæ. The fact.

Ant. To receive what advantage, pray, from this plan?

Chæ. Do you ask? That I might see, hear, and be in company with her whom I loved, Antipho. Is *that* a slight motive, or a poor reason? I was presented to *the* woman. She, as soon as she received me, joyfully took me home to her house and intrusted the damsel —

Ant. To whom? To you?

Chæ. To me.

Ant. (*ironically.*) In perfect safety, at all events.

Chæ. She gave orders that we male was to come near her, and commanded me not to stir away from her; that I was to remain alone with her in the inner apartments. Looking bashfully on the ground, I nodded assent.

Ant. (ironically.) Poor fellow!

Chæ. (continuing.) “I am going out,” said she, “to dinner.” She took her maids with her; a few novices of girls remained, to be about her. These immediately made preparations for her to bathe. I urged them to make haste. While preparations were being made, the damsel sat in a room looking up at a certain painting, in which was represented how Jove is said once to have sent a golden shower into the bosom of Danaë. I myself began to look at it as well, and as he had in former times played the like game, I felt extremely delighted that a God should change himself into money, and slily come through the tiles of another person’s house, to deceive the fair one by means of a shower. But what God was *this*? He who shakes the most lofty temples of heaven with his thunders. Was I, a poor creature of a mortal, not to do the same? Certainly, I was to do it, and without hesitation. While I was thinking over these matters with myself, the damsel meantime was fetched away to bathe; she went, bathed, and came back; after which they laid her on a couch. I stood waiting to see if they gave me any orders. One came up, “Here, Dorus,” said she, “take this fan, and let her have a little air in this fashion, while we are bathing; when we have bathed, if you like, you may bathe too.” With a demure air I took it.

Ant. Really, I should very much have liked to see that impudent face of yours just then, and what figure a great donkey like you made, holding a fan!

Chæ. (continuing.) Hardly had she said this, when all, in a moment, betook themselves off: away they went to bathe, and chattered aloud; just as the way is when masters are absent. Meanwhile, sleep overtook the damsel; I slily looked askance through the fan; this way (*showing how*): at the same time I looked round in all directions, to see whether all was quite safe. I saw that it was. I bolted the door.

Ant. What then?

Chæ. Eh? What then, *you* simpleton?

Ant. I own I am.

Chæ. Was I to let slip the opportunity offered me, so excellent, so short-lived, so longed for, so unexpected. In that case, i'faith, I really should have been the person I was pretending to be.

Ant. Troth, you certainly are in the right; but, meantime, what has been arranged about the club-entertainment?

Chæ. All's ready.

Ant. You are a clever band; but where? At your house?

Chæ. No, at Discus's, our freedman.

Ant. That's a long way off.

Chæ. Then let's make so much the greater haste.

Ant. Change your dress.

Chæ. Where am I to change it? I'm at a loss; for at present I'm an exile from home; I'm afraid of my brother, lest he should be indoors: and then again of my father, lest he should have returned from the country by this.

Ant. Let's go to my house; there is the nearest place for you to change.

Chæ. You say right. Let's be off; besides, I want to take counsel with you about this girl, by what means I may be able to secure the future possession of her.

Ant. Very well.

Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Dorias, with a casket in her hand.

Dorias (*to herself*.) So may the Gods bless me, but from what I have seen, I'm terribly afraid that this mad fellow will be guilty of some disturbance to-day or of some violence to Thais. For when this young man, the brother of the damsel, arrived, she begged the Captain to order him to be admitted; he immediately began to get into a passion, and yet didn't dare refuse; Thais still insisted that he would invite the man in. This she did for the sake of detaining him; because there was no opportunity *just then* of telling him what she wanted to disclose about her sister. He was invited in, and took his seat. Then she entered into discourse with him. But the Captain, fancying it was a rival brought before his *very* eyes, wanted in his turn to mortify her: "Hark you, boy," said he, "go fetch Pamphila, that she may amuse us here." She exclaimed, "At a banquet! Certainly not." The Captain still persisted to a downright quarrel. Meanwhile my mistress secretly took off her golden *jewels*, and gave them to me to take away: this is a sign, I'm sure, that she'll betake herself from there as soon as she possibly can.

Goes into the house.

Scene II.

Enter Phædria.

Phæd. (to himself.) While I was going into the country, I began on the road, as it mostly happens when there is any anxiety on the mind, to reflect with myself upon one thing after another, and upon every thing in the worst light. What need of words? While I was musing thus, inadvertently I passed my country-house. I had already got some distance from it, when I perceived this; I returned again, really feeling quite uneasy; when I came to the very turning that leads to *the house*, I came to a stop, *and* began to reason with myself; “What! must I stay here alone for two days without her? Well, and what then? It’s nothing at all. What? Nothing at all? Well now, if I haven’t the privilege of touching her, am I not even to have that of seeing her? If I may not do the one, at least I may the other. Surely to love at a distance *even*, is better than nothing at all.” I purposely passed the house. But how’s this, that Pythias is suddenly hurrying out in such a fright?

Stands apart.

Scene III.

Enter Pythias and Dorias in haste from the house of Thais.

Pyth. (aloud.) Where, wretch that I am, shall I find this wicked and impious fellow? Or where look for him? That he should dare to commit so audacious a crime as this! I'm ruined outright!

Phæd. (apart.) I dread what this may be.

Pyth. Besides, too, the villain, after he had abused the girl, rent all the poor thing's clothes, and tore her hair as well.

Phæd. (apart, in surprise.) Ha!

Pyth. If he were just now in my reach, how eagerly would I fly at that villain's eyes with my nails!

Phæd. (apart.) Really I can't imagine what disturbance has happened to us at home in my absence. I'll accost them. (*Going up to them.*) What's the matter? Why in such haste? Or whom are you looking for, Pythias?

Pyth. Why, Phædria, whom should I be looking for? Away with you, as you deserve, with such fine presents of yours.

Phæd. What is the matter?

Pyth. What, do you ask? The Eunuch you gave us, what confusion he has caused. He has ravished the girl whom the Captain made present of to my mistress.

Phæd. What is it you say?

Pyth. I'm ruined outright!

Phæd. You are drunk.

Pyth. I wish that they were so, who wish ill to me.

Dorias. Oh, prithee, my *dear* Pythias, what a monstrous thing this is!

Phæd. You are out of your senses. How could a Eunuch possibly do this?

Pyth. I know nothing about him: as to what he has done, the thing speaks for itself. The girl is in tears; and when you ask her what's the matter, she does not dare tell. But he, a precious fellow, is nowhere to be seen. To my sorrow I suspect too, that when he took himself off he carried something away from the house.

Phæd. I can not enough wonder, whither this varlet can possibly have betaken himself to any distance from here; unless perhaps he has returned home to our house.

Pyth. Pray, go and see whether he is there.

Phæd. I'll let you know immediately.

Goes into the house of Laches.

Dorias. Ruined outright! Prithee, my dear, I never did so much as hear of a deed so abominable!

Pyth. Why, faith, I had heard that they were extremely fond of the women, but were incapable; unfortunately *what has happened* never came into my mind; otherwise I should have shut him up somewhere, and not have intrusted the girl to him.

Scene IV.

Enter Phædria from the house of Laches, with Dorus in Chærea's clothes.

Phæd. (*dragging him out.*) Come out, you villain! What, do you lag behind, you runaway? Out with you, you sorry bargain!

Dorus (*crying out.*) Mercy, I do entreat you!

Phæd. Oh, do look at that! How the villain distorts his face. What means your coming back hither? Why this change of dress? What have you to say? If I had delayed a moment, Pythias, I shouldn't have found him at home: he had just prepared, in this fashion, for flight. (*Pointing at his dress.*)

Pyth. Have you caught the fellow, pray?

Phæd. Caught him, why not?

Pyth. O well done!

Dorias. Upon my faith that really is capital!

Pyth. Where is he?

Phæd. Do you ask the question? Don't you see him? (*Pointing to the Eunuch.*)

Pyth. (*staring about.*) See whom, pray?

Phæd. This fellow, to be sure (*pointing*).

Pyth. What person is this?

Phæd. The same that was brought to your house to-day.

Pyth. Not one of our people has ever beheld this person with her

eyes, Phædria.

Phæd. Not beheld him?

Pyth. Prithee, did you fancy that this was he who was brought to our house?

Phæd. Why, I had no other.

Pyth. O dear! this one really isn't to be compared with the other. He was of a handsome and genteel appearance.

Phæd. He seemed *so*, just then, because he was decked out in party-colored clothes: now he appears ugly, for this reason — because he hasn't got them on.

Pyth. Prithee, do hold your tongue; as though indeed the difference was so trifling. A young man was brought to our house to-day, whom, really, Phædria, you would have liked to look upon. This is a withered, antiquated, lethargic, old fellow, with a speckled complexion.

Phæd. (*starting.*) Hah! What tale is this? You'll so be-fool me that I sha'n't know what I bought. (*To Dorus.*) How now, sirrah, did I not buy you?

Dorus. You did buy *me*.

Pyth. Bid him answer me in my turn.

Phæd. Question *him*.

Pyth. (*to Dorus.*) Did you come here to-day to our house? (*Dorus shakes his head.*) He says, no. But it was the other one that came, about sixteen years of age; whom Parmeno brought with him.

Phæd. (*to Dorus.*) Well now, in the first place tell me this, where did you get that dress that you have on? What, are you silent? Monster of a fellow, are you not going to speak (*Shakes him.*)

Dorus. Chærea came.

Phæd. What, my brother?

Dorus. Yes.

Phæd. When?

Dorus. To-day.

Phæd. How long since?

Dorus. Just now.

Phæd. With whom?

Dorus. With Parmeno.

Phæd. Did you know him before?

Dorus. No.

Phæd. How did you know he was my brother?

Dorus. Parmeno said he was. He gave me these clothes.

Phæd. I'm undone!

Dorus. He himself put on mine; afterward, they both went out together.

Pyth. Now are you quite satisfied that I am sober, and that we have told you no falsehood? Is it now sufficiently evident that the girl has been ravished?

Phæd. Avaunt, you beast, do you believe what he says?

Pyth. What is there to believe? The thing speaks for itself.

Phæd. (*apart to Dorus.*) Step aside a little this way. Do you hear?

(*Dorus steps aside.*) A little further still. That will do. Now tell me this once more; did Chærea take your clothes off you?

Dorus. He did.

Phæd. And did he put them on?

Dorus. He did.

Phæd. And was he brought here instead of you?

Dorus. Yes.

Phæd. Great Jupiter! O wicked and audacious fellow!

Pyth. Woe unto me! Now at last will you believe that we have been insulted in a disgraceful manner?

Phæd. It is no wonder that you believe what the fellow says. (*Aside.*) What I'm to do I know not. (*Aside to Dorus.*) Hark you, deny *it all* again. (*Aloud.*) Can I not this day extract the truth from you? Did you *really* see my brother Chærea?

Dorus. No.

Phæd. He can't be brought to confess without being punished, I see: follow me this way. At one moment he affirms, at another denies. (*Aside.*) Ask pardon of me.

Dorus. Indeed, I do entreat you, Phædria.

Phæd. (*kicking him.*) Be off in-doors.

Dorus. Oh! oh!

Phæd. (*aside.*) How in any other fashion to get decently out of this I don't know; for really it's all up *with me*. (*Aloud, with pretended indignation.*) Will you be trifling with me even here, you knave?

Follows Dorus into the house.

Scene V.

Pythias and Dorias.

Pyth. I'm as certain that this is the contrivance of Parmeno as that I'm alive.

Dorias. So it is, *no doubt*.

Pyth. I'faith, I'll find out a method to-day to be even with him. But now, what do you think ought to be done, Dorias?

Dorias. Do you mean with regard to this girl?

Pyth. Yes; whether I ought to mention it or be silent?

Dorias. Upon my word, if you are prudent, you won't know what you do know, either about the Eunuch or the girl's misfortune. By this method you'll both rid yourself of all perplexity, and have done a service to her. Say this only, that Dorus has run away.

Pyth. I'll do so.

Dorias. But don't I see Chremes? Thais will be here just now.

Pyth. Why so?

Dorias. Because when I came away from there, a quarrel had just commenced between them.

Pyth. Take in these golden *trinkets*; I shall learn from him what's the matter.

Dorias takes the casket into the house.

Scene VI.

Enter Chremes, somewhat drunk.

Chrem. Heyday! upon my faith, I've been bamboozled: the wine that I've drunk has got the upper hand. But, so long as I was reclining, how extremely sober I did seem to myself to be; when I got up, neither feet nor senses were quite equal to their duty.

Pyth. Chremes!

Chrem. (turning round.) Who's that? What, Pythias; dear me, how much more charming you now seem to me than a short time since!

Pyth. Troth now, you are much more merry, that's certain.

Chrem. Upon my faith, it is a true saying, that "Venus grows cold without Ceres and Bacchus." But has Thais got here long before me?

Pyth. Has she already come away from the Captain's?

Chrem. A long time ago; an age since. There has been a most violent quarrel between them.

Pyth. Did she say nothing about you following her?

Chrem. Nothing at all; only, on going away, she gave me a nod.

Pyth. Well now, wasn't that enough?

Chrem. Why, I didn't know that she meant that, until the Captain gave me an explanation, because I was dull of comprehension; for he bundled me out of the house. But look, here she is; I wonder how it was I got here before her.

Scene VII.

Enter Thais.

Thais. (to herself.) I really do believe that he'll be here presently, to force her away from me. Let him come; but if he touches her with a single finger, that instant his eyes shall be torn out. I can put up with his impertinences and his high-sounding words, as long as they remain words: but if they are turned into realities, he shall get a drubbing.

Chrem. Thais, I've been here some time.

Thais. O my dear Chremes, you are the very person I was wanting. Are you aware that this quarrel took place on your account, and that the whole of this affair, in fact, bore reference to yourself?

Chrem. To me? How so, pray?

Thais. Because, while I've been doing my best to recover and restore your sister to you, this and a great deal more like it I've had to put up with.

Chrem. Where is she?

Thais. At home, at my house.

Chrem. (starting.) Hah!

Thais. What's the matter? She has been brought up in a manner worthy of yourself and of her.

Chrem. What is it you say?

Thais. That which is the fact. Her I present to you, nor do I ask of you any return for her.

Chrem. Thanks are both felt and shall be returned in such way,

Thais, as you deserve.

Thais. But still, take care, Chremes, that you don't lose her, before you receive her from me; for it is she, whom the Captain is now coming to take away from me by force. Do you go, Pythias, and bring out of the house the casket with the tokens.

Chrem. (looking down the side Scene.) Don't you see him, Thais?

Pyth. (to Thais.) Where is it put?

Thais. In the clothes' chest. Tiresome *creature*, why do you delay?

Pythias goes into the house.

Chrem. What a large body of troops the Captain is bringing with him against you. Bless me!

Thais. Prithee, are you frightened, my *dear* sir?

Chrem. Get out with you. What, I frightened? There's not a man alive less so.

Thais. Then now is the time to prove it.

Chrem. Why, I wonder what sort of a man you take me to be.

Thais. Nay, and consider this too; the person that you have to deal with is a foreigner; of less influence than you, less known, and one that has fewer friends here.

Chrem. I'm aware of that; but it's foolish to run the risk of what you are able to avoid. I had rather we should prevent it, than, having received an injury, avenge ourselves upon him. Do you go in and fasten the door, while I run across hence to the Forum; I should like us to have the aid of some legal adviser in this disturbance. (*Moves, as if going.*)

Thais. (holding him.) Stay.

Chrem. Let me go, I'll be here presently.

Thais. There's no occasion, Chremes. Only say that she is your sister, and that you lost her *when* a little girl, *and* have now recognized her; *then* show the tokens.

Re-enter Pythias from the house, with the trinkets.

Pyth. (*giving them to Thais.*) Here they are.

Thais. (*giving them to Chremes.*) Take them. If he offers any violence, summon the fellow to justice; do you understand me?

Chrem. Perfectly.

Thais. Take care and say this with presence of mind.

Chrem. I'll take care.

Thais. Gather up your cloak. (*Aside.*) Undone! the very person whom I've provided as a champion, wants one himself.

They all go into the house.

Scene VIII.

Enter Thraso, followed by Gnatho, Sanga, and other Attendants.

Thra. Am I to submit, Gnatho, to such a glaring affront as this being put upon me? I'd die sooner. Simalio, Donax, Syriacus, follow me! First, I'll storm the house.

Gna. Quite right.

Thra. I'll carry off the girl.

Gna. Very good.

Thra. I'll give her own self a mauling.

Gna. Very proper.

Thra. (arranging the men.) Advance hither to the main body, Donax, with your crowbar; you, Simalio, to the left wing; you, Syriacus, to the right. Bring up the rest; where's the centurion Sanga, and his maniple of rogues?

San. (coming forward.) See, here he is.

Thra. What, you booby, do you think of fighting with a dish-clout, to be bringing that here?

San. What, I? I knew the valor of the general, and the prowess of the soldiers; *and* that this could not possibly go on without bloodshed; how was I to wipe the wounds?

Thra. Where are the others?

San. Plague on you, what others? Sannio is the only one left on guard at home.

Thra. (to Gnatho.) Do you draw up your men in battle order; I'll be

behind the second rank; from that position I'll give the word to all.

Takes his place behind the second rank.

Gna. (aside.) That's showing prudence; as soon as he has drawn them up, he secures a retreat for himself.

Thra. (pointing to the arrangements.) This is just the way Pyrrhus used to proceed.

Chremes and Thais appear above at a window.

Chrem. Do you see, Thais, what plan he is upon? Assuredly, that advice of mine about closing the door was good.

Thais. He who now seems to you to be a hero, is in reality a mere vapor; don't be alarmed.

Thra. (to Gnatho.) What seems *best to you*?

Gna. I could very much like a sling to be given you just now, that you might pelt them from here on the sly at a distance; they would be taking to flight.

Thra. (to Gnatho.) But look (*pointing*), I see Thais there herself.

Gna. How soon are we to fall to?

Thra. Hold (*holding him back*); it behooves a prudent person to make trial of every thing before arms. How do you know but that she may do what I bid her without compulsion?

Gna. Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what a thing it is to be wise! I never come near you but what I go away from you the wiser.

Thra. Thais, in the first place, answer me this. When I presented you that girl, did you not say that you would give yourself up to me alone for some days to come?

Thais. Well, what then?

Thra. Do you ask the question? You, who have been and brought your lover under my very eyes? What business had you with him? With him, too, you clandestinely betook yourself away from me.

Thais. I chose *to do so*.

Thra. Then give me back Pamphila; unless you had rather she were taken away by force.

Chrem. Give her back to you, or you lay hands upon her? Of all the
—

Gna. Ha! What are you about? Hold your tongue.

Thra. What do you mean? Am I not to touch my own?

Chrem. Your own, indeed, *you* gallows-bird!

Gna. (to Chremes.) Have a care, if you please. You don't know what kind of man you are abusing now.

Chrem. (to Gnatho.) Won't you be off from here? Do you know how matters stand with you? If you cause any disturbance here to-day, I'll make you remember the place, and day, and me too, for the rest of your life.

Gna. I pity you, who are making so great a man as this your enemy.

Chrem. I'll break your head this instant if you are not off.

Gna. Do you really say so, puppy? Is it that you are at?

Thra. (to Chremes.) What fellow are you? What do you mean? What business have you with her?

Chrem. I'll let you know: in the first place, I assert that she is a freeborn woman.

Thra. (*starting.*) Ha!

Chrem. A citizen of Attica.

Thra. Whew!

Chrem. My own sister.

Thra. Brazen face!

Chrem. Now, therefore, Captain, I give you warning; don't you use any violence toward her. Thais, I'm going to Sophrona, the nurse, that I may bring her here and show her these tokens.

Thra. What! Are you to prevent me from touching what's my own?

Chrem. I will prevent it, I tell you.

Gna. (*to Thraso.*) Do you hear him? He is convicting himself of theft. Is not that enough for you?

Thra. Do you say the same, Thais?

Thais. Go, find some one to answer you.

She and Chremes go away from the window.

Thra. (*to Gnatho.*) What are we to do now?

Gna. Why, go back again: she'll soon be with you, of her own accord, to entreat forgiveness.

Thra. Do you think so?

Gna. Certainly, yes. I know the disposition of women: when you will, they won't; when you won't, they set their hearts upon you of their own inclination.

Thra. You judge right.

Gna. Shall I dismiss the army then?

Thra. Whenever you like.

Gna. Sanga, as befits gallant soldiers, take care in your turn to remember your homes and hearths.

San. My thoughts have been for some time among the sauce-pans.

Gna. You are a worthy fellow.

Thra. (*putting himself at their head.*) You follow me this way.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Thais from her house, followed by Pythias.

Thais. What! do you persist, hussy, in talking ambiguously to me? “I do know;” “I don’t know;” “he has gone off;” “I have heard;” “I wasn’t there.” Don’t you mean to tell me plainly, whatever it is? The girl in tears, with her garments torn, is mute; the Eunuch is off: for what reason? What has happened? Won’t you speak?

Pyth. Wretch that I am, what am I to say to you? They declare that he was not a Eunuch.

Thais. What was he then?

Pyth. That Chærea.

Thais. What Chærea?

Pyth. That stripling, the brother of Phædria.

Thais. What’s that you say, you hag?

Pyth. And I am satisfied of it.

Thais. Pray, what business had he at my house? What brought him there?

Pyth. I don’t know; unless, as I suppose, he was in love with Pamphila.

Thais. Alas! to my confusion, unhappy woman that I am, I’m undone, if what you tell me is true. Is it about this that the girl is crying?

Pyth. I believe so.

Thais. How say you, you arch-jade? Did I not warn you about this

very thing, when I was going away from here?

Pyth. What could I do? Just as you ordered, she was intrusted to his care only.

Thais. Hussy, I've been intrusting the sheep to the wolf. I'm quite ashamed to have been imposed upon in this way. What sort of man was he?

Pyth. Hush! hush! mistress, pray; we are all right. Here we have the very man.

Thais. Where is he?

Pyth. Why there, to the left. Don't you see?

Thais. I see.

Pyth. Order him to be seized as quickly as possible.

Thais. What can we do to him, simpleton?

Pyth. What do to him, do you ask? Pray, do look at him; if his face doesn't seem an impudent one.

Thais. Not at all.

Pyth. Besides, what effrontery he has.

Scene II.

Enter Chærea, in the Eunuch's dress, on the other side of the stage.

Chæ. (to himself.) At Antipho's, both of them, father and mother, just as if on purpose, were at home, so that I couldn't any way get in, but that they must have seen me. In the mean time, while I was standing before the door, a certain acquaintance *of mine* was coming full upon me. When I espied him, I took to my heels as fast as I could down a narrow unfrequented alley; thence again to another, *and* thence to another; thus have I been most dreadfully harassed with running about, that no one might recognize me. But isn't this Thais that I see? It is she. I'm at a stand. What shall I do? But what need I care? What can she do to me?

Thais, *(to Pythias.)* Let's accost him. *(To Chærea.)* Good Mister Dorus, welcome; tell me, have you been running away?

Chæ. Madam, I did so.

Thais. Are you quite pleased with it?

Chæ. No.

Thais. Do you fancy that you'll get off with impunity?

Chæ. Forgive this one fault; if I'm ever guilty of another, *then* kill me.

Thais. Were you in fear of my severity?

Chæ. No.

Thais. No? What then?

Chæ. (pointing at Pythias.) I was afraid of her, lest she might be accusing me to you.

Thais. What had you done?

Chæ. A mere trifle.

Pyth. Come now, a trifle, you impudent fellow. Does this appear a trifle to you, to ravish a virgin, a citizen?

Chæ. I took her for my fellow-servant.

Pyth. Fellow-servant? I can hardly restrain myself from flying at his hair. A miscreant! Even of his own free will he comes to make fun of us.

Thais, (to Pythias.) Won't you begone from here, you mad woman?

Pyth. Why so? Really, I do believe I should be something in this hang-dog's debt, if I were to do so; especially as he owns that he is your servant.

Thais. We'll pass that by. Chærea, you have behaved unworthily of yourself; for if I am deserving in the highest degree of this affront, still it is unbecoming of you to be guilty of it. And, upon my faith, I do not know what method now to adopt about this girl: you have so confounded all my plans, that I can not possibly return her to her friends in such a manner as is befitting and as I had intended; in order that, by this means, I might, Chærea, do a real service to myself.

Chæ. But now, from henceforth, I hope, *Thais*, that there will be lasting good-will between us. Many a time, from some affair of this kind and from a bad beginning, great friendships have sprung up. What if some Divinity has willed this?

Thais. I'faith, for my own part I both take it in that view and wish *to do so*.

Chæ. Yes, prithee, do so. Be sure of this one thing, that I did not do it for the sake of affronting you, but in consequence of passion.

Thais. I understand, and, i'faith, for that reason do I now the more readily forgive you. I am not, Chærea, of a disposition so ungentle, or so inexperienced, as not to know what is the power of love.

Chæ. So may the Deities kindly bless me, Thais; I am now smitten with you as well.

Pyth. Then, i'faith, mistress, I foresee you must have a care of him.

Chæ. I would not dare —

Pyth. I won't trust you at all in any thing.

Thais, (*to Pythias.*) Do have done.

Chæ. Now I entreat you that you will be my assistant in this affair. I intrust and commit myself to your care; I take you, Thais, as my protectress; I implore you; I shall die if I don't have her for my wife.

Thais. But if your father *should say* any thing —

Chæ. Oh, he'll consent, I'm quite sure of that, if she is only a citizen.

Thais. If you will wait a little, the brother himself of the young woman will be here presently; he has gone to fetch the nurse, who brought her up when a little child; you yourself, shall be present Chærea, at his recognition of her.

Chæ. I certainly will stay.

Thais. In the mean time, until he comes, would you prefer that we should wait for him in the house, rather than here before the door?

Chæ. Why yes, I should like it much.

Pyth. (*to Thais.*) Prithee, what are you going to do?

Thais. Why, what's the matter?

Pyth. Do you ask? Do you think of admitting him after this into your house?

Thais. Why not?

Pyth. Trust my word for it, he'll be creating some new disturbance.

Thais. O dear, prithee, do hold your tongue.

Pyth. You seem to me to be far from sensible of his assurance.

Chæ. I'll not do any thing, Pythias.

Pyth. Upon my faith, I don't believe you, Chærea, except in case you are not trusted.

Chæ. Nay but, Pythias, do you be my keeper.

Pyth. Upon my faith, I would neither venture to give any thing to you to keep, nor to keep you *myself*: away with you!

Thais. Most opportunely the brother himself is coming.

Chæ. I'faith, I'm undone. Prithee, let's be gone in-doors, Thais. I don't want him to see me in the street with this dress on.

Thais. For what reason, pray? Because you are ashamed?

Chæ. Just so.

Pyth. Just so? But the young woman ——

Thais. Go first; I'll follow. You stay here, Pythias, that you may show Chremes in.

Thais and Chærea go into the house.

Scene III.

Enter Chremes and Sophrona.

Pyth. (to herself.) Well! what now can suggest itself to my mind? What, I wonder, in order that I may repay the favor to that villain who palmed this *fellow* off upon us?

Chrem. Really, do bestir yourself more quickly, nurse.

Soph. I am bestirring.

Chrem. So I see; but you don't stir forward.

Pyth. (to Chremes.) Have you yet shown the tokens to the nurse?

Chrem. All of them.

Pyth. Prithee, what does she say? Does she recognize them?

Chrem. Yes, with a full recollection of them.

Pyth. Upon my faith, you do bring good news; for I *really* wish well to this young woman. Go in-doors: my mistress has been for some time expecting you at home. (*Chremes and Sophrona go into Thais's house.*) But look, yonder I espy *that* worthy fellow, Parmeno, coming: just see, for heaven's sake, how leisurely he moves along. I hope I have it in my power to torment him after my own fashion. I'll go in-doors, that I may know for certain about the discovery; afterward I'll come out, and give this villain a terrible fright.

Goes into the house.

Scene IV.

Enter Parmeno.

Par. (to himself.) I've just come back to see what Chærea has been doing here. If he has managed the affair with dexterity, ye Gods, by our trust in you, how great and genuine applause will Parmeno obtain! For not to mention that a passion, full of difficulty and expense, with which he was smitten for a virgin, belonging to an extortionate courtesan, I've found means of satisfying for him, without molestation, without outlay, *and* without cost; then, this other point — that is really a thing that I consider my crowning merit, to have found out the way by which a young man may be enabled to learn the dispositions and manners of courtesans, so that by knowing them betimes, he may detest them ever after. (*Pythias enters from the house unperceived.*) For while they are out of doors, nothing seems more cleanly, nothing more neat or more elegant; and when they dine with a gallant, they pick daintily about: to see the filth, the dirtiness, the neediness of these women; how sluttish they are when at home, and how greedy after victuals; in what a fashion they devour the black bread with yesterday's broth: — to know all this, is salvation to a young man.

Scene V.

Enter Pythias from the house.

Pyth. (apart, unseen by Parmeno.) Upon my faith, you villain, I'll take vengeance upon you for these sayings and doings; so that you sha'n't make sport of us with impunity. (*Aloud, coming forward.*) O, by our trust in the Gods, what a disgraceful action! O hapless young man! O wicked Parmeno, to have brought him here!

Par. What's the matter?

Pyth. I do pity him; and so that I mightn't see it, wretched creature that I am, I hurried away out of doors. What a dreadful example they talk of making him!

Par. O Jupiter! What is this tumult? Am I then undone? I'll accost her. What's all this, Pythias? What are you saying? An example made of whom?

Pyth. Do you ask the question, you most audacious fellow? You've proved the ruin of the young man whom you brought hither for the Eunuch, while you were trying to put a trick upon us.

Par. How so, or what has happened? Tell me.

Pyth. I'll tell you: that young woman who was to-day made a present to Thais, are you aware that she is a citizen of this place, and that her brother is a person of very high rank?

Par. I didn't know *that*.

Pyth. But so she has been discovered *to be*; he, unfortunate *youth*, has ravished her. When the brother came to know of this being done, in a most towering rage, *he* ——

Par. Did what, pray?

Pyth. First, bound him in a shocking manner.

Par. Bound him?

Pyth. And even though Thais entreated him that he wouldn't do so

Par. What is it you tell me?

Pyth. Now he is threatening that he *will* also *do* that which is usually done to ravishers; a thing that I never saw done, nor wish to.

Par. With what assurance does he dare *perpetrate* a crime so heinous?

Pyth. How "so heinous?"

Par. Is it not most heinous? Who ever saw any one taken up as a ravisher in a courtesan's house?

Pyth. I don't know.

Par. But that you mayn't be ignorant of this, Pythias, I tell you, *and* give you notice that he is my master's son.

Pyth. How! Prithee, is it he?

Par. Don't let Thais suffer any violence to be done to him. But why don't I go in myself?

Pyth. Take care, Parmeno, what you are about, lest you both do him no good and come to harm yourself; for it is their notion, that whatever has happened, has originated in you.

Par. What then, wretch that I am, shall I do, or how resolve? But look, I see the old gentleman returning from the country; shall I tell him or shall I not? By my troth, I will tell him; although I am certain that a heavy punishment is in readiness for me; but it's a matter of necessity, in order that he may rescue him.

Pyth. You are wise. I'm going in-doors; do you relate to him every thing exactly as it happened.

Goes into the house.

Scene VI.

Enter Laches.

Lach. (to himself.) I have this advantage from my country-house being so near at hand; no weariness, either of country or of town, ever takes possession of me; when satiety begins to come on, I change my locality. But is not that our Parmeno? Surely it is he. Whom are you waiting for, Parmeno, before the door here?

Par. (pretends not to see him.) Who is it? *(Turning round.)* Oh, I'm glad that you have returned safe.

Lach. Whom are you waiting for?

Par. (aside.) I'm undone: my tongue cleaves *to my mouth* through fright.

Lach. Why, what is it you are trembling about? Is all quite right? Tell me.

Par. Master, in the first place, I would have you persuaded of what is the fact; whatever has happened in this affair has happened through no fault of mine.

Lach. What *is it*?

Par. Really you have reason to ask. I ought first to have told you the circumstances. Phædria purchased a certain Eunuch, to make a present of to this woman here.

Lach. To what woman?

Par. To Thais.

Lach. Bought? Good heavens, I'm undone! For how much?

Par. Twenty minæ.

Lach. Done for, quite.

Par. Then, Chærea is in love with a certain music-girl here. (*Pointing to Thais's house.*)

Lach. How! What? In love? Does he know already what a courtesan means? Is he come to town? One misfortune close upon another.

Par. Master, don't look so at me; he didn't do these things by my encouragement.

Lach. Leave off talking about yourself. If I live, you hang-dog, I'll — But first give me an account of it, whatever it is.

Par. He was taken to the house of Thais in place of the Eunuch.

Lach. In place of the Eunuch?

Par. Such is the fact. They have since apprehended him in the house as a ravisher, and bound him.

Lach. Death!

Par. Mark the assurance of courtesans.

Lach. Is there any other calamity or misfortune besides, that you have not told me of?

Par. That's all.

Lach. Do I delay rushing in here?

Runs into the house of Thais.

Par. (to himself.) There's no doubt but that I shall have a heavy punishment for this affair, only that I was obliged to act thus. I'm glad of this, that some mischief will befall these women here through my agency, for the old man has, for a long time, been on the look-out for some occasion to do them a bad turn; at last he has found it.

Scene VII.

Enter Pythias from the house of Thais, laughing.

Pyth. (to herself, on entering.) Never, upon my faith, for a long time past, has any thing happened to me that I could have better liked to happen, than the old gentleman just now, full of his mistake, coming into our house. I had the joke all to myself, as I knew what it was he feared.

Par. (apart). Why, what's all this?

Pyth. Now I'm come out to meet with Parmeno. But, prithee, where is he? *(Looking around.)*

Par. (apart.) She's looking for me.

Pyth. And there he is, I see; I'll go up to him.

Par. What's the matter, simpleton? What do you mean? What are you laughing about? Still going on?

Pyth. (laughing.) I'm dying; I'm wretchedly tired with laughing at you.

Par. Why so?

Pyth. Do you ask? Upon my faith, I never did see, nor shall see, a more silly fellow. Oh dear, I can not well express what amusement you've afforded in-doors. And still I formerly took you to be a clever and shrewd person. Why, was there any need for you instantly to believe what I told you? Or were you not content with the crime, which by your advice the young man had been guilty of, without betraying the poor fellow to his father as well? Why, what do you suppose his feelings must have been at the moment when his father saw him clothed in that dress? Well, do you now understand that you are done for? *(Laughing.)*

Par. Hah! what is it you say, you hussy? Have you been telling me lies? What, laughing still? Does it appear so delightful to you, you jade, to be making fools of us?

Pyth. (*laughing.*) Very much so.

Par. Yes, indeed, if you can do it with impunity.

Pyth. Exactly so.

Par. By heavens, I'll repay you!

Pyth. I believe you; but, perhaps, that which you are threatening, Parmeno, will need a *future* day; you'll be trussed up directly, for rendering a silly young man remarkable for disgraceful conduct, and *then* betraying him to his father; they'll both be making an example of you. (*Laughing.*)

Par. I'm done for!

Pyth. This reward has been found you in return for that present *of yours*; I'm off.

Goes into the house.

Par. (*to himself.*) Wretch that I am; just like a rat, this day I've come to destruction through betrayal of myself.

Scene VIII.

Enter Thraso and Gnatho.

Gna. (to Thraso.) Well now? With what hope, or what design, are we come hither? What do you intend to do, Thraso?

Thra. What, I? To surrender myself to Thais, and do what she bids me.

Gna. What is it you say?

Thra. Why any the less so, than Hercules served Omphale.

Gna. The precedent pleases me. (*Aside.*) I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper; but her door makes a noise.

Thra. Confusion! Why, what mischief's this? I never saw this person before; why, I wonder, is he rushing out in such a hurry?

They stand aside.

Scene IX.

Enter Chærea from the house of Thais, on the other side of the stage.

Chæ. (to himself, aloud.) O fellow-townsmen, is there any one alive more fortunate than me this day? Not any one, upon my faith: for clearly in me have the Gods manifested all their power, on whom, thus suddenly, so many blessings are bestowed.

Par. (apart.) Why is he *thus* overjoyed?

Chæ. (seeing Parmeno, and running up to him.) O my dear Parmeno, the contriver, the beginner, the perfecter of all my delights, do you know what are my transports? Are you aware that my Pamphila has been discovered to be a citizen?

Par. I have heard so.

Chæ. Do you know that she is betrothed to me?

Par. So may the Gods bless me, happily done.

Gna. (apart to Thraso.) Do you hear what he says?

Chæ. And then, besides, I am delighted that my brother's mistress is secured to him; the family is united. Thais has committed herself to the patronage of my father; she has put herself under our care and protection.

Par. Thais, then, is wholly your brother's.

Chæ. Of course.

Par. Then this is another reason for us to rejoice, that the Captain will be beaten out of doors.

Chæ. Wherever my brother is, do you take care that he hears this as soon as possible.

Par. I'll go look for him at home.

Goes into the house of Laches.

Thra. (apart to Gnatho.) Do you at all doubt, Gnatho, but that I am now ruined everlastingly?

Gna. (to Thraso.) Without doubt, I do think so.

Chæ. (to himself.) What am I to make mention of first, or commend in especial? Him who gave me the advice to do so, or myself, who ventured to undertake it? Or ought I to extol fortune, who has been my guide, and has so opportunely crowded into a single day events so numerous, so important; or my father's kindness and indulgence? Oh Jupiter, I entreat you, do preserve these blessings unto us!

Scene X.

Enter Phædria from the house of Laches.

Phæd. (to himself.) Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what incredible things has Parmeno just related to me! But where is my brother?

Chæ. (stepping forward.) Here he is.

Phæd. I'm overjoyed.

Chæ. I quite believe you. There is no one, brother, more worthy to be loved than this Thais of yours: so much is she a benefactress to all our family.

Phæd. Whew! are you commending her *too* to me?

Thra. (apart.) I'm undone; the less the hope I have, the more I am in love. Prithee, Gnatho, my hope is in you.

Gna. (apart.) What do you wish me to do?

Thra. (apart.) Bring this about, by entreaties *or* with money, that I may at least share Thais's favors in some degree.

Gna. (apart.) It's a hard task.

Thra. (apart.) If you set your mind on any thing, I know you *well*. If you manage this, ask me for any present you like as your reward; you shall have what you ask.

Gna. (apart.) Is it so?

Thra. (apart.) It shall be so.

Gna. (apart.) If I manage this, I ask that your house, whether you are present or absent, may be open to me; that, without invitation, there may always be a place for me.

Thra. (*apart.*) I pledge my honor that it shall be *so*.

Gna. (*apart.*) I'll set about it *then*.

Phæd. Who is it I hear so close at hand? (*Turning round.*) O Thraso
—

Thra. (*coming forward.*) Save you both —

Phæd. Perhaps you are not aware what has taken place here.

Thra. I am quite aware.

Phæd. Why, then, do I see you in this neighborhood?

Thra. Depending on your *kindness*.

Phæd. Do you know what sort of dependence you have? Captain, I give you notice, if ever I catch you in this street again, even if you should say to me, "I was looking for another person, I was on my road this way," you are undone.

Gna. Come, come, that's not handsome.

Phæd. I've said it.

Gna. I didn't know you gave yourself such airs.

Phæd. So it shall be.

Gna. First hear a few words from me; and when I have said the thing, if you approve of it, do it.

Phæd. Let's hear.

Gna. Do you step a little that way, Thraso. (*Thraso stands aside.*) In the first place, I wish you both implicitly to believe me in this, that whatever I do in this matter, I do it entirely for my own sake; but if the same thing is of advantage to yourselves, it would be folly for

you not to do it.

Phæd. What is it?

Gna. I'm of opinion that the Captain, your rival, should be received *among you*.

Phæd. (*starting.*) Hah!

Chæ. Be received?

Gna. (*to Phædria.*) Only consider. I'faith, Phædria, at the free rate you are living with her, and indeed very freely you are living, you have but little to give; and it's necessary for Thais to receive a good deal. That all this may be supplied for your amour and not at your own expense, there is not an individual better suited or more fitted for your purpose *than the Captain*. In the first place, he both has got enough to give, and no one does give more profusely. He is a fool, a dolt, a blockhead; night and day he snores away; and you need not fear that the lady will fall in love with him; you may easily have him discarded whenever you please.

Chæ. (*to Phædria.*) What shall we do?

Gna. And this besides, which I deem to be of even greater importance, — not a single person entertains in better style or more bountifully.

Chæ. It's a wonder if this sort of man can not be made use of in some way or other.

Phæd. I think so too.

Gna. You act properly. One thing I have still to beg of you, — that you'll receive me into your fraternity; I've been rolling that stone for a considerable time past.

Phæd. We admit you.

Chæ. And with all my heart.

Gna. Then I, in return for this, Phædria, and you, Chaerea, make him over to you to be eaten and drunk to the dregs.

Chæ. Agreed.

Phæd. He quite deserves it.

Gna. (*calling to Thraso.*) Thraso, whenever you please, step this way.

Thra. Prithee, how goes it?

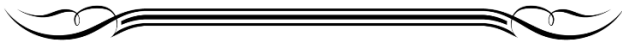
Gna. How? *Why*, these people didn't know you; after I had discovered to them your qualities, and had praised you as your actions and your virtues deserved, I prevailed upon them.

Thra. You have managed well; I give you my best thanks. Besides, I never was any where but what all were extremely fond of me.

Gna. (*to Phædria and Chærea.*) Didn't I tell you that he was a master of the Attic elegance?

Phæd. He is no other than you mentioned. (*Pointing to his Father's house.*) Walk this way. (*To the Audience.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

THE BROTHERS



Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

Adapted from plays by Menander and Diphilus, *The Brothers* was first performed in 160 BC at the funeral games of Aemilius Paulus. In the plot, Demea, the father of Aeschinus and Ctesipho, decides to separate his children and raises Ctesipho while allowing his brother Micio to raise Aeschinus. Demea is a strict authoritarian father, and Micio is permissive and democratic. The play explores the theme of ideal child-rearing, as demonstrated by the successes and failures of Demea's parenting.

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A Roman mosaic in Pompeii depicting actors in a scene from a well-known play

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Demea, Brother, aged Athenian.

Micio, Brother, aged Athenian.

Hegio, an aged Athenian, kinsman of Sostrata.

Æschinus, son of Demea, adopted by Micio.

Ctesipho, another son of Demea.

Sannio, a Procurer.

Geta, servant of Sostrata.

Parmeno, servant of Micio.

Syrus, servant of Micio.

Dromo, servant of Micio.

Pamphila, a young woman beloved by Æschinus.

Sostrata, a widow, mother of Pamphila.

Canthara, a Nurse.

A Music-girl.

Scene. — Athens; before the houses of Micio and Sostrata.

THE SUBJECT.

Micio and Demea are two brothers of dissimilar tempers. Demea is married, and lives a country life, while his brother remains single, and resides in Athens. Demea has two sons, the elder of whom, Æschinus, has been adopted by Micio. Being allowed by his indulgent uncle to gratify his inclinations without restraint, Æschinus has debauched Pamphila, the daughter of a widow named Sostrata. Having, however, promised to marry the young woman, he has been pardoned for the offense, and it has been kept strictly secret. Ctesipho, who lives in the country with his father under great restraint, on visiting the city, falls in love with a certain Music-girl, who belongs to the Procurer Sannio. To screen his brother, Æschinus takes the responsibility of the affair on himself, and succeeds in carrying off the girl for him. Demea, upon hearing of this, censures Micio for his ill-timed indulgence, the bad effects of which are thus exemplified in Æschinus; and at the same time lauds the steady conduct and frugality of Ctesipho, who has been brought up under his own supervision. Shortly after this, Sostrata hears the story about the Music-girl, at the very time that her daughter Pamphila is in labor. She naturally supposes that Æschinus has deserted her daughter for another, and hastens to acquaint Hegio, her kinsman, with the fact. Meantime Demea learns that Ctesipho has taken part in carrying off the Music-girl, whereon Syrus invents a story, and screens Ctesipho for the moment. Demea is next informed by Hegio of the conduct of Æschinus toward Pamphila. Wishing to find his brother, he is purposely sent on a fruitless errand by Syrus, on which he wanders all over the city to no purpose. Micio having now been informed by Hegio, and knowing that the intentions of Æschinus toward Pamphila are not changed, accompanies him to the house of Sostrata, whom he consoles by his promise that Æschinus shall marry her daughter. Demea then returns from his search, and, rushing into Micio's house, finds his son Ctesipho there carousing; on which he exclaims vehemently against Micio, who uses his best endeavors to soothe him, and finally with success. He now determines to become kind and considerate for the future. At his request, Pamphila

is brought to Micio's house; and the nuptials are celebrated. Micio, at the earnest request of Demea and Æschinus, marries Sostrata; Hegio has a competency allowed him; and Syrus and his wife Phrygia are made free. The Play concludes with a serious warning from Demea, who advises his relatives not to squander their means in riotous living; but, on the contrary, to bear admonition and to submit to restraint in a spirit of moderation and thankfulness.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

Performed at the Funeral Games of Æmilius Paulus, which were celebrated by Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus. L. Atilius Prænestinus and Minutius Prothimus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music for Sarranian flutes. Taken from the Greek of Menander, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius being Consuls.

THE SUMMARY OF C. Sulpitius Apollinaris.

As Demea has two *sons*, young men, he gives Æschinus to his brother Micio to be adopted *by him*; but he retains Ctesipho: him, captivated with the charms of a Music-girl, *and* under a harsh and strict father, his brother Æschinus screens; the scandal of the affair and the amour he takes upon himself; at last, he carries the Music-girl away from the Procurer. This same Æschinus has *previously* debauched a poor woman, a citizen of Athens, and has given his word that she shall be his wife. Demea upbraids him, *and* is greatly vexed; afterward, however, when the truth is discovered, Æschinus marries *the girl* who has been debauched; *and*, his harsh father Demea *now* softened, Ctesipho retains the Music-girl.

THE PROLOGUE.

Since the Poet has found that his writings are carped at by unfair *critics*, and that his adversaries represent in a bad light *the Play* that we are about to perform, he shall give information about himself; you shall be the judges whether this ought to be esteemed to his praise or to his discredit. The Synapothnescontes is a Comedy of Diphilus; Plautus made it into a Play *called* the “Commorientes.” In the Greek, there is a young man, who, at the early part of the Play, carries off a Courtesan from a Procurer; that part Plautus has entirely left out. This portion he has adopted in the *Adelphi*, *and* has transferred it, translated word for word. This new *Play* we are about to perform; determine *then* whether you think a theft has been committed, or a passage has been restored to notice which has been passed over in neglect. For as to what these malevolent persons say, that men of noble rank assist him, and are always writing in conjunction with him — that which they deem to be a heavy crimination, he takes to be the highest praise; since he pleases those who please you all and the public; the aid of whom in war, in peace, in private business, each one has availed himself of, on his own occasion, without *any* haughtiness *on their part*. Now then, do not expect the plot of the Play; the old men who come first will disclose it in part; a part in the representation they will make known. Do you cause your impartial attention to increase the industry of the Poet in writing.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Micio, calling to a servant within.

Mic. Storax! Æschinus has not returned *home* from the entertainment last night, nor any of the servants who went to fetch him. (*To himself.*) Really, they say it with reason, if you are absent any where, or if you stay abroad at any time, 'twere better for that to happen which *your* wife says against you, and which in her passion she imagines in her mind, than the things which fond parents *fancy*. A wife, if you stay long abroad, either imagines that you are in love or are beloved, or that you are drinking and indulging your inclination, and that you only are taking your pleasure, while she herself is miserable. As for myself, in consequence of my son not having returned home, what do I imagine? In what ways am I not disturbed? For fear lest he may either have taken cold, or have fallen down somewhere, or have broken some *limb*. Oh dear! that any man should take it into his head, or find out what is dearer *to him* than he is to himself! And yet he is not my son, but my brother's. He is quite different in disposition. I, from my very youth upward, have lived a comfortable town life, and *taken* my ease; and, what they esteem a piece of luck, I have never had a wife. He, on the contrary to all this, has spent his life in the country, *and* has always lived laboriously and penuriously. He married a wife, *and* has two sons. This one, the elder of them, I have adopted. I have brought him up from an infant, *and* considered *and* loved him as my own. In him I centre my delight; this *object* alone is dear to me. On the other hand, I take all due care that he may hold me equally dear. I give — I overlook; I do not judge it necessary to exert my authority in every thing; in fine, the things that youth prompts to, *and* that others do unknown to their fathers, I have used my son not to conceal from me. For he, who, as the practice is, will dare to tell a lie to or to deceive his father, will still more dare *to do so* to others. I think it better to restrain children through a sense of shame and liberal treatment, than through fear. On these points my brother does not agree with me, nor do they please him. He often comes to me exclaiming, "What are you about, Micio?"

Why do you ruin for us this youth? Why does he intrigue? Why does he drink? Why do you supply him with the means for these goings on? You indulge him with too much dress; you are very inconsiderate.” He himself is too strict, beyond what is just and reasonable; and he is very much mistaken, in my opinion, at all events, who thinks that an authority is more firm or more lasting which is established by force, than that which is founded on affection. Such is my mode of reasoning;

203 and thus do I persuade myself. He, who, compelled by harsh treatment, does his duty, so long as he thinks it will be known, is on his guard: if he hopes that it will be concealed, he again returns to his natural bent. He whom you have secured by kindness, acts from inclination; he is anxious to return like for like; present and absent, he will be the same. This is the duty of a parent, to accustom a son to do what is right rather of his own choice, than through fear of another. In this the father differs from the master: he who can not do this, let him confess that he does not know how to govern children. But is not this the very man of whom I was speaking? Surely it is he. I don’t know why it is I see him out of spirits; I suppose he’ll now be scolding as usual. Demea, I am glad to see you well.

Scene II.

Enter Demea.

Dem. Oh, — opportunely met; you are the very man I was looking for.

Mic. Why are you out of spirits?

Dem. Do you ask me, when we have *such a son as* Æschinus, why I'm out of spirits?

Mic. (aside.) Did I not say it would be so? *(To Demea.)* What has he been doing?

Dem. What has he been doing? He, who is ashamed of nothing, and fears no one, nor thinks that any law can control him. But I pass by what has been previously done: what a thing he has just perpetrated!

Mic. Why, what is it?

Dem. He has broken open a door, and forced his way into another person's house, beaten to death the master himself, and all the household, *and* carried off a wench whom he had a fancy for. All people are exclaiming that it was a most disgraceful proceeding. How many, Micio, told me of this as I was coming here? It is in every body's mouth. In fine, if an example must be cited, does he not see his brother giving his attention to business, *and* living frugally and soberly in the country? No action of his *is* like this. When I say this to him, Micio, I say it to you. You allow him to be corrupted.

Mic. Never is there any thing more unreasonable than a man who wants experience, who thinks nothing right except what he himself has done.

Dem. What is the meaning of that?

Mic. Because, Demea, you misjudge these matters. It is no heinous crime, believe me, for a young man to intrigue or to drink; it is not; nor yet for him to break open a door. If neither I nor you did so, it was poverty that did not allow us to do *so*. Do you now claim that as a merit to yourself, which you then did from necessity? That is unfair; for if we had had the means to do so, we should have done *the same*. And, if you were a man, you would now suffer that *other son* of yours to act *thus* now, while his age will excuse it, rather than, when he has got you, after long wishing it, out of the way, he should still do *so*, at a future day, *and* at an age more unsuited.

Dem. O Jupiter! You, sir, are driving me to distraction. Is it not a heinous thing for a young man to do these things?

Mic. Oh! do listen to me, and do not everlastingly din me upon this subject. You gave me your son to adopt; he became mine; if he offends in any thing, Demea, he offends against me: in that case I shall bear the greater part of *the inconvenience*. Does he feast, does he drink, does he smell of perfumes, — it is at my cost. Does he intrigue, money shall be found by me, so long as it suits me; when it shall be no *longer convenient*, probably he'll be shut out of doors. Has he broken open a door — it shall be replaced; has he torn any one's clothes — they shall be mended. Thanks to the Gods, I both have means for doing this, and *these things* are not as yet an annoyance. In fine, either desist, or else find some arbitrator *between us*: I will show that in this matter you are the most to blame.

Dem. Ah me! Learn to be a father from those who are really so.

Mic. You are his father by nature, I by my anxiety.

Dem. You, feel any anxiety?

Mic. Oh dear, — if you persist, I'll leave you.

Dem. Is it thus you act?

Mic. Am I so often to hear about the same thing?

Dem. I have some concern *for my son*.

Mic. I have some concern *for him* too; but, Demea, let us each be concerned for his own share — you for the one, and I for the other. For, to concern yourself about both is almost the same thing as to demand him back again, whom you intrusted to me.

Dem. Alas, Micio!

Mic. So it seems to me.

Dem. What *am I to say* to this? If it pleases you, *henceforth* — let him spend, squander, *and* destroy; it's nothing to me. If I *say* one word after this ——

Mic. Again angry, Demea?

Dem. Won't you believe me? Do I demand him back whom I have intrusted? I am concerned for him; I am not a stranger in blood; if I do interpose — well, well, I have done. You desire me to concern myself for one *of them*, — I do concern myself; and I give thanks to the Gods, he is just as I would have him; that fellow of yours will find it out at a future day: I don't wish to say any thing more harsh against him.

Exit.

Scene III.

Micio alone.

Mic. These things are not nothing at all, nor yet all just as he says; still they do give me some uneasiness; but I was unwilling to show him that I took them amiss, for he is such a man; when I would pacify him, I steadily oppose and resist *him*; *and* in spite of it he hardly puts up with it like other men; but if I were to inflame, or even to humor his anger, I should certainly be as mad as himself. And yet Æschinus has done me some injustice in this affair. What courtesan has he not intrigued with? Or to which *of them* has he not made some present? At last, he recently told me that he wished to take a wife, I suppose he was just then tired of them all. I was in hopes that the warmth of youth had now subsided; I was delighted. But look *now*, he is at it again; however, I am determined to know it, whatever it is, and to go meet the fellow, if he is at the Forum.

Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Æschinus and Parmeno with the Music-Girl, followed by Sannio and a crowd of people.

San. I beseech you, fellow-citizens, do give aid to a miserable and innocent man; do assist the distressed.

Æsch. (to the Girl.) Be quiet, and now then stand here just where you are. Why do you look back? There's no danger; he shall never touch you while I am here.

San. I'll *have* her, in spite of all.

Æsch. Though he is a villain, he'll not risk, to-day, getting a second beating.

San. Hear me, Aeschinus, that you may not say that you were in ignorance of my calling; I am a Procurer.

Æsch. I know it.

San. And of as high a character as any one ever was. When you shall be excusing yourself by-and-by, how that you wish this injury had not been done me, I shall not value it this (*snapping his fingers*). Depend upon it, I'll prosecute my rights; and you shall never pay with words for the evil that you have done me in deed. I know those ways of yours: "I wish it hadn't happened; I'll take my oath that you did not deserve this injustice;" while I myself have been treated in a disgraceful manner.

Æsch. (to Parmeno.) Go first with all dispatch and open the door.

Parmeno opens the door.

San. But you will avail nothing by this.

Æsch. (To the Girl.) Now then, step in.

San. (coming between.) But I'll not let her.

Æsch. Step this way, Parmeno; you are gone too far that way; here (*pointing*), stand close by him; there, that's what I want. Now then, take care you don't move your eyes in any direction from mine, that there may be no delay if I give you the sign, to your fist being instantly planted in his jaws.

San. I'd have him then try that.

Æsch. (to Parmeno.) Now then, observe me.

Par. (to Sannio.) Let go the woman. (*Strikes him.*)

San. Oh! scandalous deed!

Æsch. He shall repeat it, if you don't take care. (*Parmeno strikes him again.*)

San. Oh shocking!

Æsch. (to Parmeno.) I didn't give the sign; but still make your mistakes on that side in preference. Now then, go.

Parmeno goes with the Music-Girl into Micio's house.

San. What is the meaning of this? Have you the sway here, Aeschinus?

Æsch. If I had it, you should be exalted for your deserts.

San. What business have you with me?

Æsch. None.

San. How then, do you know who I am?

Æsch. I don't want to.

San. Have I touched any thing of yours?

Æsch. If you had touched it, you'd have got a drubbing.

San. What greater right then have you to take my *property*, for which I paid *my* money? Answer me that.

Æsch. It were better for you not to be making a disturbance here before the house; for if you persist in being impertinent, you shall be dragged in at once, and there you shall be lashed to death with whips.

San. A free man, with whips?

Æsch. So it shall be.

San. Oh, you shameless fellow! Is this the place where they say there is equal liberty for all?

Æsch. If you have now raved enough, Procurer, now then listen, if you please.

San. Why, is it I that have been raving, or you against me?

Æsch. Leave alone *all* that, and come to the point.

San. What point? Where am I to come to?

Æsch. Are you willing now that I should say something that concerns you?

San. With all my heart, only so it be something that's fair.

Æsch. Very fine! a Procurer wishing me not to say what's unfair.

San. I am a Procurer, I confess it — the common bane of youth — a perjurer, a *public* nuisance; still, no injury has befallen you from me.

Æsch. Why, faith, that remains to come ——

San. Pray, Æschinus, do come back to the point at which you set out.

Æsch. You bought her for twenty minæ; and may your bargain never thrive! That sum shall be given *for her*.

San. What if I don't choose to sell her to you? Will you compel me?

Æsch. By no means.

San. I was afraid you would.

Æsch. Neither do I think that a woman can be sold who is free; for I claim her by action of freedom. Now consider which you choose; take the money, or prepare yourself for the action. Think of it, Procurer, till I return.

He goes into the house of Micio.

Scene II.

Sannio alone.

San. (to himself.) O supreme Jupiter! I do by no means wonder that men run mad through ill usage. He has dragged me out of my house, beaten me, taken my *property* away against my will, *and* has given me, unfortunate wretch, more than five hundred blows. In return for all this ill usage he demands *the girl* to be made over to him for just the same price at which she was bought. But however, since he has *so well* deserved *of me*, be it so: he demands what is his due. Very well, I consent then, provided he only gives the money. But I suspect this; when I have said that I will sell her for so much, he'll be getting witnesses forthwith that I have sold her. As to getting the money, it's all a dream. *Call again* by and by; come back to-morrow. I could bear with that too, hard as it is, if he would only pay it. But I consider this to be the fact; when you take up this trade, you must brook and bear in silence the affronts of *these* young fellows. However, no one will pay me; it's in vain for me to be reckoning upon that.

Scene III.

Enter Syrus, from the house of Micio.

Syr. (speaking to Æschinus within.) Say no more; I myself will arrange with him; I'll make him glad to take the money at once, and say besides that he has been fairly dealt with. (*Addressing Sannio.*) Sannio, how is this, that I hear you have been having some dispute or other with my master?

San. I never saw a dispute on more unequal terms than the one that has happened to-day between us; I, with being thumped, he, with beating me, were both of us quite tired.

Syr. Your own fault.

San. What could I do?

Syr. You ought to have yielded to the young man.

San. How could I more so, when to-day I have even afforded my face to his blows?

Syr. Well — are you aware of what I tell you? To slight money on some occasions is sometimes the surest gain. What! — were you afraid, you greatest simpleton alive, if you had parted with ever so little of your right, and had humored the young man, that he would not repay you with interest?

San. I do not pay ready money for hope.

Syr. Then you'll never make a fortune. Get out with you, Sannio; you don't know how to take in mankind.

San. I believe that to be the better *plan* — but I was never so cunning as not, whenever I was able to get it, to prefer getting ready money.

Syr. Come, come, I know your spirit; as if twenty minæ were any thing at all to you in comparison to obliging him; besides, they say that you are setting out for Cyprus ——

San. (*aside.*) Hah!

Syr. That you have been buying up many things to take thither; *and* that the vessel is hired. This I know, your mind is in suspense; however, when you return thence, I hope you'll settle the matter.

San. Not a foot *do I stir*: Heavens! I'm undone! (*Aside.*) It was upon this hope they devised their project.

Syr. (*aside.*) He is alarmed. I've brought the fellow into a fix.

San. (*aside.*) Oh, what villainy! — Just look at that; how he has nicked me in the very joint. Several women have been purchased, and other things as well, for me to take to Cyprus. If I don't get there to the fair, my loss will be very great. Then if I postpone this *business*, and settle it when I come back from there, it will be of no use; the matter will be quite forgotten. "Come at last?" *they'll say*. "Why did you delay it? Where have you been?" So that I had better lose it altogether than either stay here so long, or be suing for it then.

Syr. Have you by this reckoned up what you calculate will be your profits?

San. Is this honorable of him? Ought Æschinus to attempt this? Ought he to endeavor to take her away from me by downright violence?

Syr. (*aside.*) He gives ground. (*To Sannio.*) I have this one *proposal to make*; see if you fully approve of it. Rather than you should run the risk, Sannio, of getting or losing the whole, halve it. He will manage to scrape together ten minæ from some quarter or other.

San. Ah me! unfortunate wretch, I am now in danger of even losing part of the principal. Has he no shame? He has loosened all my teeth;

my head, too, is full of bumps with his cuffs; and would he defraud me as well? I shall go nowhere.

Syr. Just as you please. Have you any thing more to say before I go?

San. Why yes, Syrus, i' faith, I have this to request. Whatever the matters that are past, rather than go to law, let what is my own be returned me; at least, Syrus, the sum she cost me. I know that you have not hitherto made trial of my friendship; you will have no occasion to say that I am unmindful or ungrateful.

Syr. I'll do the best I can. But I see Ctesipho; he's in high spirits about his mistress.

San. What about what I was asking you?

Syr. Stay a little.

Scene IV.

Enter Ctesipho, at the other side of the stage.

Ctes. From any man, when you stand in need of it, you are glad to receive a service; but of a truth it is doubly acceptable, if he does you a kindness who ought to do so. O brother, brother, how can I sufficiently commend you? This I am quite sure of; I can never speak of you in such high terms but that your deserts will surpass it. For I am of opinion that I possess this one thing in especial beyond all others, a brother than whom no individual is more highly endowed with the highest qualities.

Syr. O Ctesipho!

Ctes. O Syrus, where is Æschinus?

Syr. Why, look — he's at home, waiting for you.

Ctes. (*speaking joyously.*) Ha!

Syr. What's the matter?

Ctes. What's the matter? 'Tis through him, Syrus, that I am now alive — generous creature! Has he not deemed every thing of secondary importance to himself in comparison with my happiness? The reproach, the discredit, my own amour and imprudence, he has taken upon himself. There can be nothing beyond this; but what means that noise at the door?

Syr. Stay, stay; 'tis Æschinus himself coming out.

Scene V.

Enter Æschinus, from the house of Micio.

Æsch. Where is that villain?

San. (aside.) He's looking for me. Is he bringing any thing *with him*? Confusion! I don't see any thing.

Æsch. (to Ctesipho.) Ha! well met; you are the very man I was looking for. How goes it, Ctesipho? All is safe: away then with your melancholy.

Ctes. By my troth, I certainly will away with it, when I have such a brother as you. O my *dear* Æschinus! O my brother! Alas! I am unwilling to praise you any more to your face, lest you should think I do so rather for flattery than through gratitude.

Æsch. Go to, you simpleton! as though we didn't by this time understand each other, Ctesipho. This grieves me, that we knew of it almost too late, and that the matter had come to such a pass, that if all mankind had wished they could not possibly have assisted you.

Ctes. I felt ashamed.

Æsch. Pooh! that is folly, not shame; about such a trifling matter *to be* almost *flying* the country! 'Tis shocking to be mentioned; I pray the Gods may forbid it!

Ctes. I did wrong.

Æsch. (in a lower voice.) What says Sannio to us at last?

Syr. He is pacified at last.

Æsch. I'll go to the Forum to pay him off; you, Ctesipho, *step* in-doors to her.

San. (aside to Syrus.) Syrus, do urge *the matter*.

Syr. (to Æschinus.) Let us be off, for he is in haste for Cyprus.

San. Not particularly so; although still, I'm stopping here doing nothing at all.

Syr. It shall be paid, don't fear.

San. But he is to pay it all.

Syr. He shall pay it all; only hold your tongue and follow *us* this way.

San. I'll follow.

Ctes. (as Syrus is going.) Harkye, harkye, Syrus.

Syr. (turning back.) Well now, what is it?

Ctes. (aside.) Pray do discharge that most abominable fellow as soon as possible; for fear, in case he should become more angry, by some means or other this matter should reach my father, and then I should be ruined forever.

Syr. That shall not happen, be of good heart; meanwhile enjoy yourself in-doors with her, and onder the couches to be spread for us, and the other things to be got ready. As soon as *this* business is settled, I shall come home with the provisions.

Ctes. Pray *do* so. Since this has turned out so well, let us make a cheerful day of it.

Ctesipho goes into the house of Micio; and exeunt Æschinus and Syrus, followed by Sannio.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Sostrata and Canthara, from the house of the former.

Sos. Prithee, my *dear* nurse, how is it like to end?

Can. Like to end, do you ask? I'troth, right well, I trust.

Sos. Her pains are just beginning, my dear.

Can. You are in a fright now, just as though you had never been present *on such an occasion* — never been in labor yourself.

Sos. Unfortunate woman that I am! I have not a person *at home*; we are quite alone; Geta too is absent. I have no one to go for the midwife, or to fetch Æschinus.

Can. I'faith, he'll certainly be here just now, for he never lets a day pass without visiting us.

Sos. He is my sole comfort in my afflictions.

Can. Things could not have happened, mistress, more for the advantage of your daughter than they have, seeing that violence was offered her; so far as he is concerned, it is most lucky, — such a person, of such disposition and feelings, a member of so respectable a family.

Sos. It is indeed as you say; I entreat the Gods that he may be preserved to us.

They stand apart, on seeing Geta.

Scene II.

Enter Geta, on the other side of the stage.

Geta (*to himself.*) Now such is *our condition*, that if all were to combine all their counsels, and to seek a remedy for this mischief that has befallen myself, my mistress, and her daughter, they could find no relief. Oh wretched me! so many calamities beset us on a sudden, we can not possibly extricate ourselves. Violence, poverty, oppression, desertion, infamy! What an age is this! O *shocking* villainy! O accursed race! O impious man! —

Sos. Unhappy me! How is it that I see Geta hurrying along thus terrified?

Geta (*continuing.*) Whom neither promises, nor oaths, nor compassion could move or soften; nor yet the fact that the delivery was nigh at hand of the unfortunate woman on whom he had so shamefully committed violence.

Sos. (*apart to Canthara.*) I don't well understand what he is talking about.

Can. Pray, let us go nearer to him, Sostrata.

Geta (*continuing.*) Ah wretched me! I am scarcely master of my senses, I am so inflamed with anger. There is nothing that I would like better than for all that family to be thrown in my way, that I might give vent to all *my* wrath upon them while this wound is still fresh. I could be content with any punishment, so I might only wreak my vengeance on them. First, I would stop the breath of the old fellow himself who gave being to this monster; then as for his prompter, Syrus, out upon him! how I would tear him piecemeal! I would snatch him by the middle up aloft, and dash him head downward upon the earth, so that with his brains he would bestrew the road: I would pull out the eyes of the young fellow himself, *and* afterward hurl him headlong *over some precipice*. The others I would

rush upon, drive, drag, crush, and trample them *under foot*. But why do I delay at once to acquaint my mistress with this calamity? (*Moves as if going.*)

Sos. (*to Canthara.*) Let us call him back. Geta ——

Geta. Well — leave me alone, whoever you are.

Sos. 'Tis I, — Sostrata.

Geta (*turning round.*) Why, where are you? You are the very person I am looking for. I was in quest of you; it's very fortunate you have met me.

Sos. What's the matter? Why are you trembling?

Geta. Alas! Alas!

Sos. My dear Geta, why in such haste? Do take breath.

Geta. Quite — (*pauses.*)

Sos. Why, what means this "quite"?

Geta. Undone — It's all over with us.

Sos. Say, then, I entreat you, what is the matter.

Geta. Now ——

Sos. What "now," Geta?

Geta. Æschinus ——

Sos. What about him?

Geta. Has abandoned our family.

Sos. Then I am undone! Why so?

Geta. He has attached himself to another woman.

Sos. Woe unto wretched me!

Geta. And he makes no secret of it; he himself has carried her off openly from a procurer.

Sos. Are you quite sure of this?

Geta. Quite sure; I saw it myself, Sostrata, with these same eyes.

Sos. Ah wretched me! What is one now to believe, or whom believe? Our own Æschinus, the *very* life of us all, in whom all our hopes and comforts were centred! Who used to swear he could never live a single day without her! Who used to say, that he would place the infant on his father's knees, *and* thus entreat that he might be allowed to make her his wife!

Geta. Dear mistress, forbear weeping, and rather consider what must be done for the future in this matter. Shall we submit to it, or shall we tell it to any person?

Can. Pooh, pooh! are you in your senses, my *good* man? Does this seem to you a business to be made known to any one?

Geta. I, indeed, have no wish for it. In the first place, then, that his feelings are estranged from us, the thing itself declares. Now, if we make this known, he'll deny it, I'm quite sure; your reputation and your daughter's character will *then* be in danger. On the other hand, if he were fully to confess it, as he is in love with another woman, it would not be to her advantage to be given to him. Therefore, under either circumstance, there is need of silence.

Sos. Oh! by no means in the world! I'll not do it.

Geta. What is it you say?

Sos. I'll make it known.

Geta. Ha, my *dear* Sostrata, take care what you do!

Sos. The matter can not possibly be in a worse position than it is at present. In the first place, she has no portion; then, besides, that which was as good as a portion, *her honor*, is lost: she can not be given in marriage as a virgin. This *resource* is left; if he should deny it, I have a ring which he lost as evidence *of the truth*. In fine, *Geta*, as I am fully conscious that no blame attaches to me, and that neither interest nor any consideration unworthy of her or of myself has had a share in this matter, I will make trial ——

Geta. What am I to say to this? I agree, as you speak for the best.

Sos. You be off as fast as possible, and relate all the matter just as it has happened to her kinsman Hegio; for he was the best friend of our *lamented* Simulus, and has shown especial regard for us.

Geta. (aside.) Aye, faith, because nobody else takes any notice *of us*.

Sos. Do you, my *dear* Canthara, run with all haste, *and* fetch the midwife, so that, when she is wanted, we may not have to wait for her.

Sostrata goes into the house, and exit *Geta* and *Canthara*.

Scene III.

Enter Demea.

Dem. (to himself.) Utterly undone! I hear that Ctesipho was with Æschinus at the carrying off *of this girl*. This sorrow *still* remains for unhappy me, should Æschinus be able to seduce him, even him, who promises so fair, to a course of debauchery. Where am I to inquire for him? I doubt he has been carried off to some bad house; that profligate has persuaded him, I'm quite sure. But look — I see Syrus coming *this way*, I shall now know from him where he is. But, i'faith, he is one of the gang; if he perceives that I am looking for him, the rascal will never tell me. I'll not let him know what I want.

Scene IV.

Enter Syrus, at the other side of the stage.

Syr. (to himself.) We just now told the old gentleman the whole affair just as it happened; I never did see any one more delighted.

Dem. (apart.) O Jupiter! the folly of the man!

Syr. (continuing.) He commended his son. To me, who put them upon this project, he gave thanks ——

Dem. (apart) I shall burst asunder.

Syr. (continuing.) He told down the money instantly, *and* gave me half a mina besides to spend. That was laid out quite to my liking.

Dem. (apart.) Very fine — if you would wish a thing to be nicely managed, intrust it to this *fellow*.

Syr. (overhearing him.) Ha, Demea! I didn't see you; how goes it?

Dem. How should it go? I can not enough wonder at your mode of living *here*.

Syr. Why, really silly enough, and, to speak without disguise, *altogether* absurd. (*Calls at the door of Micio's house.*) Dromo, clean the rest of the fish; let the largest conger-eel play a little in the water; when I come *back* it shall be boned; not before.

Dem. Is profligacy like this ——

Syr. As for myself, it isn't to my taste, and I often exclaim *against it*. (*Calls at the door.*) Stephanio, take care that the salt fish is well soaked.

Dem. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! is he doing this for any purpose of his own, or does he think it creditable to ruin *his* son? Wretch that

I am! methinks I already see the day when *Æschinus* will be running away for want, to serve somewhere or other as a soldier.

Syr. O Demea! that is wisdom *indeed*, — not only to look at the present moment, but also to look forward to what's to come.

Dem. Well — is this Music-girl still with you?

Syr. Why, yes, she's in-doors.

Dem. How now — is he going to keep her at home?

Syr. I believe so; such is his madness!

Dem. Is it possible?

Syr. An imprudent lenity in his father, and a vicious indulgence.

Dem. Really, I am ashamed and grieved at my brother.

Syr. Demea! between you there is a great — I do not say it because you are here present — a too great difference. You are, every bit of you, nothing but wisdom; he a *mere* dreamer. Would you indeed have suffered that son of yours to act thus?

Dem. I, suffer him? Would I not have smelt it out six months before he attempted it?

Syr. Need I be told by you of your foresight?

Dem. I pray he may only continue the same he is at present!

Syr. Just as each person wishes his son to be, so he turns out.

Dem. What news of him? Have you seen him to-day?

Syr. What, your son? (*Aside.*) I'll pack him off into the country. (*To Demea.*) I fancy he's busy at the farm long before this.

Dem. Are you quite sure he is there?

Syr. What! — when I saw him part of the way *myself* ——

Dem. Very good. I was afraid he might be loitering here.

Syr. And extremely angry too.

Dem. Why so?

Syr. He attacked his brother in the Forum with strong language about this Music-girl.

Dem. Do you really say so?

Syr. Oh dear, he didn't at all mince the matter; for just as the money was being counted out, the gentleman came upon us by chance, *and* began exclaiming, "Oh Æschinus, that you should perpetrate these enormities! that you should be guilty of actions *so* disgraceful to our family!"

Dem. Oh, I shall weep for joy.

Syr. "By this you are not squandering your money *only*, but your reputation."

Dem. May he be preserved to me! I trust he will be like his forefathers. (*Weeping.*)

Syr. (aside.) Heyday!

Dem. Syrus, he is full of these maxims.

Syr. (aside.) Strange, indeed! He had the means at home of learning them.

Dem. I do every thing I can; I spare no pains; I train him up to it: in fine, I bid him look into the lives of men, as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself. Do this, *I say* ——

Syr. Quite right.

Dem. Avoid that ——

Syr. Very shrewd.

Dem. This is praiseworthy ——

Syr. That's the thing.

Dem. That is considered blamable ——

Syr. Extremely good.

Dem. And then, moreover ——

Syr. Upon my honor, I have not the leisure to listen to you just at present: I have got some fish just to my taste, *and* must take care they are not spoiled; for that would be as much a crime in me, as for you, Demea, not to observe those maxims which you have just been mentioning; and so far as I can, I lay down precepts for my fellow-servants on the very same plan; “this is *too* salt, that is quite burned up, this is not washed enough, that is *very* well done; remember *and do* so another time.” I carefully instruct them so far as I can to the best of my capacity. In short, Demea, I bid them look into their sauce-pans as though into a mirror, and suggest to them what they ought to do. I am sensible these things are trifling which we do; but what is one to do? According as the man is, so must you humor him. Do you wish any thing else?

Dem. That more wisdom may be granted you.

Syr. You will be going off into the country, *I suppose?*

Dem. Directly.

Syr. For what should you do here, where, if you do give any good precepts, no one will regard them?

Goes into Micio's house.

Scene V.

Demea, alone.

Dem. (to himself.) I certainly will be off, as he on whose account I came hither has gone into the country. I have a care for him: that alone is my own concern, since my brother will have it so; let him look to the other himself. But who is it I see yonder at a distance? Isn't it Hegio of our tribe? If I see right, i'faith, it is he. Ah, a man I have been friendly with from a child! Good Gods! we certainly have a great dearth of citizens of that stamp nowadays, with the old-fashioned virtue and honesty. Not in a hurry will any misfortune accrue to the public from him. How glad I am to find some remnants of this race even still remaining; now I feel some pleasure in living. I'll wait here for him, to ask him how he is, and have some conversation with him.

Scene VI.

Enter Hegio and Geta, conversing, at a distance.

Heg. Oh immortal Gods! a disgraceful action, Geta! What is it you tell me?

Geta. Such is the fact.

Heg. That so ignoble a deed should come from that family! Oh Æschinus, assuredly you haven't taken after your father in that!

Dem. (apart.) Why surely, he has heard this about the Music-girl; that gives him concern, *though* a stranger; this father *of his* thinks nothing of it. Ah me! I wish he were somewhere close at hand to overhear this.

Heg. Unless they do as they ought to do, they shall not come off so easily.

Geta. All our hopes, Hegio, are centred in you; you we have for *our* only *friend*; you are our protector, our father. The old man, *Simulus*, when dying, recommended us to you; if you forsake us, we are undone.

Heg. Beware how you mention *that*; I neither will do it, nor do I think *that*; with due regard to the ties of relationship, I could.

Dem. (apart.) I'll accost him. (*Approaches Hegio.*) Hegio, I bid you welcome right heartily.

Heg. (starting.) Oh! I you are the very man I was looking for. Greetings to you, Demea.

Dem. Why, what's the matter?

Heg. Your eldest son Æschinus, whom you gave to your brother to

adopt, has been acting the part of neither an honest man nor a gentleman.

Dem. What has he been doing?

Heg. You knew my friend and year's-mate, Simulus?

Dem. Why not?

Heg. He has debauched his daughter, a virgin.

Dem. Hah!

Heg. Stay, Demea. You have not yet heard the worst.

Dem. Is there any thing still worse?

Heg. Worse, by far: for this indeed might in some measure have been borne with. The hour of night prompted him; passion, wine, young blood; 'tis human nature. When he was sensible of what he had done, he came voluntarily to the girl's mother, weeping, praying, entreating, pledging his honor, vowing that he would take her home. *The affair* was pardoned, hushed, up, his word taken. The girl from that intercourse became pregnant: *this* is the tenth month. He, worthy fellow, has provided himself, if it please the Gods, with a Music-girl to live with; the other he has cast off.

Dem. Do you say this for certain?

Heg. The mother of the young woman is among us, the young woman too; the fact *speaks for* itself; this Geta, besides, according to the common run of servants, not a bad one or of idle habits; he supports them; alone, maintains the whole family; take him, bind him, examine him upon the matter.

Geta. Aye, faith, put me to the torture, Demea, if such is not the fact: besides, he will not deny it. Confront me with him.

Dem. (aside.) I am ashamed; and what to do, or how to answer him, I

don't know.

Pam. (crying out within the house of Sostrata.) Ah me! I am racked with pains! Juno Lucina, bring aid, save me, I beseech thee!

Heg. Hold; is she in labor, pray?

Geta. No doubt of it, Hegio.

Heg. Ah! she is now imploring your protection, Demea; let her obtain from you spontaneously what the power *of the law* compels you to give. I do entreat the Gods that what befits you may at once be done. But if your sentiments are otherwise, Demea, I will defend both them and him who is dead to the utmost of my power. He was my kinsman: we were brought up together from children, we were companions in the wars and at home, together we experienced the hardships of poverty. I will therefore exert myself, strive, use all methods, in fine lay down my life, rather than forsake these women. What answer do you give me?

Dem. I'll go find my brother, Hegio: the advice he gives me upon this matter I'll follow.

Heg. But, Demea, take you care and reflect upon this: the more easy you are in your circumstances, the more powerful, wealthy, affluent, *and* noble you are, so much the more ought you with equanimity to observe *the dictates of* justice, if you would have yourselves esteemed as men of probity.

Dem. Go back *now*; every thing shall be done that is proper to be done.

Heg. It becomes you to act *thus*. Geta, show me in to Sostrata.

Follows Geta into Sostrata's house.

Dem. (to himself.) Not without warning on my part have these things happened: I only wish it may end here; but this immoderate

indulgence will undoubtedly lead to some great misfortune. I'll go find my brother, and vent these feelings upon him.

Exit.

Scene VII.

Enter Hegio, from Sostrata's house, and speaking to her within.

Heg. Be of good heart, Sostrata, and take care and console her as far as you can. I'll go find Micio, if he is at the Forum, and acquaint him with the whole circumstances in their order; if so it is that he will do his duty *by you*, let him do so; but if his sentiments are otherwise about this matter, let him give me his answer, that I may know at once what I am to do.

Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Ctesipho and Syrus from the house of Micio.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?

Syr. (*with a careless air.*) Some time since.

Ctes. Do tell me, I beseech you.

Syr. He is at the farm at this very moment, I warrant — hard at some work or other.

Ctes. I really wish, provided it be done with no prejudice to his health, I wish that he may so effectually tire himself, that, for the next three days together, he may be unable to arise from his bed.

Syr. So be it, and any thing still better than that, if possible.

Ctes. Just so; for I do most confoundedly wish to pass this whole day in merry-making as I have begun it; and for no reason do I detest that farm so heartily as for its being so near *town*. If it were at a greater distance, night would overtake him there before he could return hither again. Now, when he doesn't find me there, he'll come running back here, I'm quite sure; he'll be asking me where I have been, that I have not seen him all this day: what am I to say?

Syr. Does nothing suggest itself to your mind?

Ctes. Nothing whatever.

Syr. So much the worse — have you no client, friend, or guest?

Ctes. I have; what then?

Syr. You have been engaged with them.

Ctes. When I have not been engaged? That can never do.

Syr. It may.

Ctes. During the daytime; but if I pass the night here, what excuse can I make, Syrus?

Syr. Dear me, how much I do wish it was the custom for one to be engaged with friends at night as well! But you be easy; I know his humor perfectly well. When he raves the most violently, I can make him as gentle as a lamb.

Ctes. In what way?

Syr. He loves to hear you praised: I make a god of you to him, *and* recount your virtues.

Ctes. What, mine?

Syr. Yours; immediately the tears fall from him as from a child, for *very* joy. (*Starting.*) Hah! take care ——

Ctes. Why, what's the matter?

Syr. The wolf in the fable ——

Ctes. What! my father?

Syr. His own self.

Ctes. What shall we do, Syrus?

Syr. You only be off in-doors, I'll see to that.

Ctes. If he makes any inquiries, you *have seen* me nowhere; do you hear?

Syr. Can you not be quiet?

They retreat to the door of Micio's house, and Ctesipho stands in the doorway.

Scene II.

Enter Demea, on the other side of the stage.

Dem. (to himself.) I certainly am an unfortunate man. In the first place, I can find my brother nowhere; and then, in the next place, while looking for him, I met a day-laborer from the farm; he says that my son is not in the country, and what to do I know not ——

Ctes. (apart.) Syrus!

Syr. (apart.) What's the matter?

Ctes. (apart.) Is he looking for me?

Syr. (apart.) Yes.

Ctes. (apart.) Undone!

Syr. (apart.) Nay, do be of good heart.

Dem. (to himself.) Plague on it! what ill luck is this? I can not really account for it, unless I suppose myself *only* born for the purpose of enduring misery. I am the first to feel our misfortunes; the first to know of them all; then the first to carry the news; I am the only one, if any thing does go wrong, to take it to heart.

Syr. (apart.) I'm amused at him; he says that he is the first to know of *every thing*, while he is the only one ignorant of every thing.

Dem. (to himself.) I've now come back; and I'll go see whether perchance my brother has yet returned.

Ctes. (apart.) Syrus, pray do take care that he doesn't suddenly rush in upon us here.

Syr. (apart.) Now will you hold your tongue? I'll take care.

Ctes. (apart.) Never this day will I depend on your management for that, upon my faith; for I'll shut myself up with her in some cupboard — that's the safest.

Goes into the house.

Syr. (apart.) Do so, still I'll get rid of him.

Dem. (seeing Syrus.) But see! there's that rascal, Syrus.

Syr. (aloud, pretending not to see Demea.) Really, upon my faith, no person can stay here, if this is to be the case! For my part, I should like to know how many masters I have — what a cursed condition this is!

Dem. What's he whining about? What does he mean? How say you, good sir, is my brother at home?

Syr. What the plague do you talk to me about, "good sir"? I'm quite distracted!

Dem. What's the matter with you?

Syr. Do you ask the question? Ctesipho has been beating me, poor wretch, and that Music-girl, almost to death.

Dem. Ha! what is it you tell me?

Syr. Aye, see how he has cut my lip. (*Pretends to point to it.*)

Dem. For what reason?

Syr. He says that she was bought by my advice.

Dem. Did not you tell me, a short time since, that you had seen him on his way into the country?

Syr. I did; but he afterward came back, raving like a madman; he spared nobody — ought he not to have been ashamed to beat an old

man? Him whom, only the other day, I used to carry about in my arms when thus high? (*Showing.*)

Dem. I commend him; O Ctesipho, you take after your father. Well, I do pronounce you a man.

Syr. Commend him? Assuredly he will keep his hands to himself in future, if he's wise.

Dem. 'Twas done with spirit.

Syr. Very much so, to be beating a poor woman, and me, a slave, who didn't dare strike him in return; heyday! very spirited indeed!

Dem. He could not *have done* better: he thought the same as I *did*, that you were the principal in this affair. But is my brother within?

Syr. He is not.

Dem. I'm thinking where to look for him.

Syr. I know where he is — but I shall not tell you at present.

Dem. Ha! what's that you say?

Syr. I do say so.

Dem. Then I'll break your head for you this instant.

Syr. I can't tell the person's name *he's gone to*, but I know the place where he lives.

Dem. Tell me the place then.

Syr. Do you know the portico down this way, just by the shambles? (*Pointing in the direction.*)

Dem. How should I but know it?

Syr. Go straight along, right up that street; when you come there, there is a descent right opposite that goes downward, go straight down that; afterward, on this side (*extending one hand*), there is a chapel: close by it is a narrow lane, where there's also a great wild fig-tree.

Dem. I know it.

Syr. Go through that —

Dem. But that lane is not a thoroughfare.

Syr. I' faith, that's true; dear, dear, would you take me to be in my senses? I made a mistake. Return to the portico; indeed that will be a much nearer way, and there is less going round about: you know the house of Cratinus, the rich man?

Dem. I know it.

Syr. When you have passed that, keep straight along that street on the left hand; when you come to the Temple of Diana, turn to the right; before you come to the *city* gate, just by that pond, there is a baker's shop, and opposite to it a joiner's; there he is.

Dem. What is he doing there?

Syr. He has given some couches to be made, with oaken legs, for use in the open air.

Dem. For you to carouse upon! Very fine! But *why* do I delay going to him?

Exit.

Scene III.

Syrus alone.

Syr. Go, by all means. I'll work you to day, *you* skeleton, as you deserve. Æschinus loiters intolerably; the breakfast's spoiling; and as for Ctesipho, he's head and ears in love. I shall now think of myself, for I'll be off at once, and pick out the very nicest bit, and, leisurely sipping my cups, I'll lengthen out the day.

Goes into the house.

Scene IV.

Enter Micio and Hegio.

Mic. I can see no reason here, Hegio, that I should be so greatly commended. I do my duty; the wrong that has originated with us I redress. Unless, perhaps, you thought me one of that class of men who think that an injury is purposely done them if you expostulate about any thing they have done; and yet are *themselves* the first to accuse. Because I have not acted thus, do you return me thanks?

Heg. Oh, far from it; I never led myself to believe you to be otherwise than you are; but I beg, Micio, that you will go with me to the mother of the young woman, and *repeat to her* the same; what you have told me, do you yourself tell the woman, that this suspicion of *Æschinus's fidelity* was incurred on his brother's account, *and* that this Music-girl was for him.

Mic. If you think I ought, or if there is a necessity for doing so, let us go.

Heg. You act with kindness; for you'll then both have relieved her mind who is *now* languishing in sorrow and affliction, and have discharged your duty. But if you think otherwise, I will tell her myself what you have been saying to me.

Mic. Nay, I'll go as well.

Heg. You act with kindness; all who are in distressed circumstances are suspicious, to I know not what degree; they take every thing too readily as an affront; they fancy themselves trifled with on account of their helpless condition; therefore it will be more satisfactory for you to justify him to them yourself.

They go into the house of Sostrata.

Scene V.

Enter Æschinus.

I am quite distracted in mind! for this misfortune so unexpectedly to befall me, that I neither know what to do with myself, or how to act! My limbs are enfeebled through fear, my faculties bewildered with apprehension; no counsel is able to find a place within my breast. Alas! how to extricate myself from this perplexity I know not; so strong a suspicion has taken possession of them about me; not without some reason too: Sostrata believes that I have purchased this Music-girl for *myself*: the old woman informed me of that. For by accident, when she was sent for the midwife, I saw her, and at once went up to her. "How is Pamphila?" I inquired; "is her delivery at hand? Is it for that she is sending for the midwife?" "Away, away, Æschinus," cries she; "you have deceived us long enough; already have your promises disappointed us sufficiently." "Ha!" said I; "pray what is the meaning of this?" "Farewell," *she cries*; "keep to her who is your choice." I instantly guessed what it was they suspected, but still I checked myself, that I might not be telling that gossip any thing about my brother, whereby it might be divulged. Now what am I to do? Shall I say she is for my brother, a thing that ought by no means to be repeated any where? However, let that pass. It is possible it might go no further. I am afraid they would not believe it, so many probabilities concur *against it*: 'twas I myself carried her off; 'twas I, my own self, that paid the money *for her*; 'twas my own house she was carried to. This I confess has been entirely my own fault. Ought I not to have disclosed this affair, just as it happened, to my father? I might have obtained his consent to marry her. I have been too negligent hitherto; henceforth, then, arouse yourself, Æschinus. This then is the first thing; to go to them and clear myself. I'll approach the door. (*Advances to the door of Sostrata's house.*) Confusion! I always tremble most dreadfully when I go to knock at that *door*. (*Knocking and calling to them within.*) Ho there, ho there! it is Æschinus; open the door immediately, some one. (*The door opens.*) Some person, I know not who, is coming out; I'll step aside here. (*He*

stands apart.)

Scene VI.

Enter Micio from the house of Sostrata.

Mic. (speaking at the door to Sostrata.) Do as I told *you*, Sostrata; I'll go find Æschinus, that he may know how these matters have been settled. (*Looking round.*) But who was it knocking at the door?

Æsch. (apart.) Heavens, it is my father! — I am undone!

Mic. Æschinus!

Æsch. (aside.) What can be his business here?

Mic. Was it you knocking at this door? (*Aside.*) He is silent. Why shouldn't I rally him a little? It would be as well, as he was never willing to trust me with this *secret*. (*To Æschinus.*) Don't you answer me?

Æsch. (confusedly.) It wasn't I *knocked* at that *door*, that I know of.

Mic. Just so; for I wondered what business you could have here. (*Apart.*) He blushes; all's well.

Æsch. Pray tell me, father, what business have you there?

Mic. Why, none of my own; *but* a certain friend *of mine* just now brought me hither from the Forum to give him some assistance.

Æsch. Why?

Mic. I'll tell you. There are some women living here; in impoverished circumstances, as I suppose you don't know them; and, *in fact*, I'm quite sure, for it is not long since they removed to this place.

Æsch. Well, what next?

Mic. There is a girl living with her mother.

Æsch. Go on.

Mic. This girl has lost her father; this friend of mine is her next of kin; the law obliges him to marry her.

Æsch. (aside.) Undone!

Mic. What's the matter?

Æsch. Nothing. Very well: proceed.

Mic. He has come to take her with him; for he lives at Miletus.

Æsch. What! To take the girl away with him?

Mic. Such is the fact.

Æsch. All the way to Miletus, pray?

Mic. Yes.

Æsch. (aside.) I'm overwhelmed with grief. (*To Micio.*) But what of them? What do they say?

Mic. What do you suppose they should? Why, nothing at all. The mother has trumped up a tale, that there is a child by some other man, I know not who, and she does not state the name; *she says* that he was the first, *and* that she ought not to be given to the other.

Æsch. Well now, does not this seem just to you after all?

Mic. No.

Æsch. Why not, pray? Is *the other* to be carrying her away from here?

Mic. Why should he not take her?

Æsch. You have acted harshly and unfeelingly, and even, if, father, I may speak my sentiments more plainly, unhandsomely.

Mic. Why so?

Æsch. Do you ask me? Pray, what do you think must be the state of mind of the man who was first connected with her, who, to his misfortune, may perhaps still love her to distraction, when he sees her torn away from before his face, *and* borne off from his sight *forever*? An unworthy action, father!

Mic. On what grounds is it so? Who betrothed her? Who gave her away? When *and* to whom was she married? Who was the author of all this? Why did he connect himself with a woman who belonged to another?

Æsch. Was it to be expected that a young woman of her age should sit at home, waiting till a kinsman *of hers* should come from a distance? This, my father, you ought to have represented, and have insisted on it.

Mic. Ridiculous! Was I to have pleaded against him whom I was to support? But what's all this, *Æschinus*, to us? What have we to do with them? Let us begone: — What's the matter? Why these tears?

Æsch. (*weeping.*) Father, I beseech you, listen to me.

Mic. *Æschinus*, I have heard and know it all; for I love you, and therefore every thing you do is the more a care to me.

Æsch. So do I wish you to find me deserving of your love, as long as you live, my *dear* father, as I am sincerely sorry for the offense I have committed, and am ashamed to see you.

Mic. Upon my word I believe it, for I know your ingenuous disposition: but I am afraid that you are too inconsiderate. In what city, pray, do you suppose you live? You have debauched a virgin, whom it was not lawful for you to touch. In the first place then that

was a great offense; great, but still natural. Others, and even men of worth, have frequently done the same. But after it happened, pray, did you show any circumspection? Or did you use any foresight as to what was to be done, *or* how it was to be done? If you were ashamed to tell me of it, by what means was I to come to know it? While you were at a loss upon these points, ten months have been lost. So far indeed as lay in your power, you have periled both yourself *and* this poor *girl*, and the child. What did you imagine — that the Gods would set these matters to rights for you while you were asleep, and that she would be brought home to your chamber without any exertions of your own? I would not have you to be equally negligent in other affairs. Be of good heart, you shall have her for your wife.

Æsch. Hah!

Mic. Be of good heart, I tell you.

Æsch. Father, are you now jesting with me, pray?

Mic. I, *jesting* with you! For what reason?

Æsch. I don't know; but so anxiously do I wish this to be true, that I am the more afraid it may not be.

Mic. Go home, and pray to the Gods that you may have your wife; be off.

Æsch. What! have my wife now?

Mic. Now.

Æsch. Now?

Mic. Now, as soon as possible.

Æsch. May all the Gods detest me, father, if I do not love you better than even my very eyes!

Mic. What! *better* than her?

Æsch. Quite as well.

Mic. Very kind of you!

Æsch. Well, where is this Milesian?

Mic. Departed, vanished, gone on board ship; but why do you delay?

Æsch. Father, do you rather go and pray to the Gods; for I know, for certain, that they will rather be propitious to you, as being a much better man than I *am*.

Mic. I'll go in-doors, that what is requisite may be prepared. You do as I said, if you are wise.

Goes into his house.

Scene VII.

Æschinus alone.

Æsch. What can be the meaning of this? Is this being a father, or this being a son? If he had been a brother or *familiar* companion, how could he have been more complaisant! Is he not worthy to be beloved? Is he not to be imprinted in my very bosom? Well then, the more does he impose an obligation on me by his kindness, to take due precaution not inconsiderately to do any thing that he may not wish. But why do I delay going in-doors this instant, that I may not myself delay my own nuptials?

Goes into the house of Micio.

Scene VIII.

Enter Demea.

I am quite tired with walking: May the great Jupiter confound you, Syrus, together with your directions! I have crawled the whole city over; to the gate, to the pond — where not? There was no joiner's shop there; not a soul could say he had seen my brother; but now I'm determined to sit and wait at his house till he returns.

Scene IX.

Enter Micio from his house.

Mic. (speaking to the people within.) I'll go and tell them there's no delay on our part.

Dem. But see here's the very man: O Micio, I have been seeking you this long time.

Mic. Why, what's the matter?

Dem. I'm bringing you some new and great enormities of that hopeful youth.

Mic. Just look at that!

Dem. Fresh ones, of blackest dye.

Mic. There now — at it again.

Dem. Ah, *Micio*! you little know what sort of person he is.

Mic. I do.

Dem. O simpleton! you are dreaming that I'm talking about the Music-girl; this crime is against a virgin *and* a citizen.

Mic. I know it.

Dem. So then, you know it, and put up with it!

Mic. Why not put up with it?

Dem. Tell me, pray, don't you exclaim about it? Don't you go distracted?

Mic. Not I: certainly I had rather ——

Dem. There has been a child born.

Mic. May the Gods be propitious *to it*.

Dem. The girl has no fortune.

Mic. So I have heard.

Dem. And he — must he marry her without one?

Mic. Of course.

Dem. What is to be done then?

Mic. Why, what the case itself points out: the young woman must be brought hither.

Dem. O Jupiter! must that be the way *then*?

Mic. What can I do else?

Dem. What can you do? If in reality this causes you no concern, to pretend it were surely the duty of a man.

Mic. But I have already betrothed the young woman *to him*; the matter is settled: the marriage takes place *to-day*. I have removed all apprehensions. This is rather the duty of a man.

Dem. But does the affair please you, Micio?

Mic. If I were able to alter it, no; now, as I can not, I bear it with patience. The life of man is just like playing with dice: if that which you most want to throw does not turn up, what turns up by chance you must correct by art.

Dem. O rare corrector! of course it is by your art that twenty minæ have been thrown away for a Music-girl; who, as soon as possible, must be got rid of at any price; and if not for money, why then for nothing.

Mic. Not at all, and indeed I have no wish to sell her.

Dem. What will you do with her then?

Mic. She shall be at my house.

Dem. For heaven's sake, a courtesan and a matron in the same house!

Mic. Why not?

Dem. Do you imagine you are in your senses?

Mic. Really I do think *so*.

Dem. So may the Gods prosper me, I *now* see your folly; I believe you are going to do so that you may have somebody to practice music with.

Mic. Why not?

Dem. And the new-made bride to be learning too?

Mic. Of course.

Dem. Having hold of the rope, you will be dancing with them.

Mic. Like enough; and you too along with us, if there's need.

Dem. Ah me! are you not ashamed of this?

Mic. Demea, do, for once, lay aside this anger of yours, and show yourself as you ought at your son's wedding, cheerful and good-humored. I'll just step over to them, *and* return immediately.

Goes into Sostrata's house.

Scene X.

Demea alone.

Dem. O Jupiter! here's a life! here are manners! here's madness! A wife to be coming without a fortune! A music-wench in the house! A house full of wastefulness! A young man ruined by extravagance! An old man in his dotage! — Should Salvation herself desire it, she certainly could not save this family.

Exit.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Syrus, drunk, and Demea, on the opposite side of the stage.

Syr. Upon my faith, my dear little Syrus, you have taken delicate care of yourself, and have done your duty with exquisite taste; be off with you. But since I've had my fill of every thing in-doors, I have felt disposed to take a walk.

Dem. (*apart.*) Just look at that — there's an instance of their *good* training!

Syr. (*to himself.*) But see, here comes our old man. (*Addressing him.*) What's the matter? Why out of spirits?

Dem. Oh you rascal!

Syr. Hold now; are you spouting your sage maxims here?

Dem. If you were my *servant* ——

Syr. Why, you would be a rich man, Demea, and improve your estate.

Dem. I would take care that you should be an example to all the rest.

Syr. For what reason? What have I done?

Dem. Do you ask me? in the midst of this confusion, and during the greatest mischief, which is hardly yet set right, you have been getting drunk, you villain, as though things had been going on well.

Syr. (*aside.*) Really, I wish I hadn't come out.

Scene II.

Enter Dromo in haste, from the house of Micio.

Dro. Halloo, Syrus! Ctesipho desires you'll come back.

Syr. Get you gone.

Pushes him back into the house.

Dem. What is it he says about Ctesipho?

Syr. Nothing.

Dem. How now, *you* hang-dog, is Ctesipho in the house?

Syr. He is not.

Dem. *Then* why does he mention him?

Syr. It's another person; a little diminutive Parasite. Don't you know him?

Dem. I will know him before long. (*Going to the door.*)

Syr. (*stopping him.*) What are you about? Whither are you going?

Dem. (*struggling.*) Let me alone.

Syr. (*holding him.*) Don't, I tell you.

Dem. Won't you keep your hands off, whip-scoundrel? Or would you like me to knock your brains out this instant?

Rushes into the house.

Syr. He's gone! no very pleasant boon-companion, upon my faith, particularly to Ctesipho. What am I to do now? Why, even get into

some corner till this tempest is lulled, and sleep off this drop of wine.
That's my plan.

Goes into the house, staggering.

Scene III.

Enter Micio, from the house of Sostrata.

Mic. (to Sostrata, within.) Every thing's ready with us, as I told you, Sostrata, when you like. — Who, I wonder, is making my door fly open with such fury?

Enter Demea in haste, from the house of Micio.

Dem. Alas! what shall I do? How behave? In what terms exclaim, or how make my complaint? O heavens! O earth! O seas of Neptune!

Mic. (apart.) Here's for you! he has discovered all about the affair; and of course is now raving about it; a quarrel is the consequence; I must assist him, *however*.

Dem. See, here comes the common corrupter of my children.

Mic. Pray moderate your passion, and recover yourself.

Dem. I have moderated it; I am myself; I forbear all reproaches; let us come to the point: was this agreed upon between us, — proposed by yourself, in fact, — that you were not to concern yourself about my *son*, nor I about yours? Answer me.

Mic. It is the fact, — I don't deny it.

Dem. Why is he now carousing at your house? Why are you harboring my son? Why do you purchase a mistress for him, Micio? Is it at all fair, that I should have any less justice from you, than you from me? Since I do not concern myself about your *son*, don't you concern yourself about mine.

Mic. You don't reason fairly.

Dem. No?

Mic. For surely it is a maxim of old, that among themselves all things are common to friends.

Dem. Smartly said; you've got that speech up for the occasion.

Mic. Listen to a few words, unless it is disagreeable, Demea. In the first place, if the extravagance your sons are guilty of distresses you, pray do reason with yourself. You formerly brought up the two suitably to your circumstances, thinking that your own property would have to suffice for them both; and, of course, you then thought that I should marry. Adhere to that same old rule *of yours*, — save, scrape together, *and* be thrifty *for them*; take care to leave them as much as possible, and *take* that credit to yourself: my fortune, which has come to them beyond their expectation, allow them to enjoy; of *your* capial there will be no diminution; what comes from this quarter, set it *all* down as so much gain. If you think proper impartially to consider these matters in your mind, Demea, you will save me and yourself, and them, *considerable* uneasiness.

Dem. I don't speak about the expense; their morals —

Mic. Hold; I understand you; that point I was coming to. There are in men, Demea, many signs from which a conjecture is easily formed; *so that* when two persons do the same thing, you may often say, this one may be allowed to do it with impunity, the other may not; not that the thing *itself* is different, but that he is who does it. I see *signs* in them, so as to feel confident that they will turn out as we wish. I see that they have good sense and understanding, that they have modesty upon occasion, *and* are affectionate to each other; you may infer that their bent and disposition is of a pliant nature; at any time you like you may reclaim them. But still, you may be apprehensive that they will be somewhat too apt to neglect their interests. O my *dear* Demea, in all other things we grow wiser with age; this sole vice does old age bring upon men: we are all more solicitous about our own interests than we need be; and in this respect age will make them sharp enough.

Dem. Only *take care*, Micio, that these fine reasonings of yours, and this easy disposition of yours, do not ruin us *in the end*.

Mic. Say no more; there's no danger of that. Now think no further of these matters. Put yourself to-day into my hands; smooth your brow.

Dem. Why, as the occasion requires it, I must do so; but to-morrow *I shall be off* with my son into the country at daybreak.

Mic. Aye, to-night, for my share; only keep yourself in good-humor for the day.

Dem. I'll carry off that Music-girl along with me as well.

Mic. You will gain your point; by that means you will keep your son fast there; only take care to secure her.

Dem. I'll see to that; and what with cooking and grinding, I'll take care she shall be well covered with ashes, smoke, and meal; besides *all* this, at the very mid-day I'll set her gathering stubble; I'll make her as burned and as black as a coal.

Mic. You quite delight me; now you seem to me to be wise; and for my part I would then compel my son to go to bed with her, even though he should be unwilling.

Dem. Do you banter me? Happy man, to have such a temper! I feel —

Mic. Ah! at it again!

Dem. I'll have done then at once.

Mic. Go in-doors then, and let's devote this day to the object to which it belongs.

Goes into the house.

Scene IV.

Demea alone.

Dem. Never was there any person of ever such well-trained habits of life, but that experience, age, *and* custom are always bringing *him* something new, *or* suggesting something; so much so, that what you believe you know you don't know, and what you have fancied of first importance to you, on making trial you reject; and this is my case at present: for the rigid life I have hitherto led, my race nearly run, I *now* renounce. Why so? — I have found, by experience, that there is nothing better for a man than an easy temper and complacency. That this is the truth, it is easy for any one to understand on comparing me with my brother. He has always spent his life in ease *and* gayety; mild, gentle, offensive to no one, having a smile for all, he has lived for himself, *and* has spent his money for himself; all men speak well of him, *all* love him. I, *again*, a rustic, a rigid, cross, self-denying, morose and thrifty person, married a wife; what misery I entailed in consequence! Sons were born — a fresh care. And just look, while I have been studying to do as much as possible for them, I have worn out my life and years in saving; now, in the decline of my days, the return I get from them for my pains *is* their dislike. He, on the other hand, without any trouble on his part, enjoys a father's comforts; they love him; me they shun; him they trust with all their secrets, are fond of him, are *always* with him. I am forsaken; they wish him to live; but my death, forsooth, they are longing for. Thus, after bringing them up with all possible pains, at a trifling cost he has made them his own; thus I bear all the misery, he enjoys the pleasure. Well, then, henceforward let us try, on the other hand, whether I can't speak kindly and act complaisantly, as he challenges me to it: I also want myself to be loved and highly valued by my friends. If that is to be effected by giving and indulging, I will not be behind him. If our means fail, that least concerns me, as I am the eldest.

Scene V.

Enter Syrus.

Syr. Hark you, Demea, your brother begs you will not go out of the way.

Dem. Who *is it?* — O Syrus, my *friend*, save you! how are you? How goes it *with you* ?

Syr. Very well.

Dem. Very good. (*Aside.*) I have now for the first time used these three expressions contrary to my nature,—”O Syrus, my *friend*, how are you? — how goes it with you?” (*To Syrus.*) You show yourself far from an unworthy servant, and I shall gladly do you a service.

Syr. I thank you.

Dem. Yes, Syrus, it is the truth; and you shall be convinced of it by experience before long.

Scene VI.

Enter Geta, from the house of Sostrata.

Geta (*to Sostrata, within*). Mistress, I am going to see after them, that they may send for the damsel as soon as possible; but see, here's Demea. (*Accosting him.*) Save you!

Dem. O, what's your name?

Geta. Geta.

Dem. Geta, I have this day come to the conclusion that you are a man of very great worth, for I look upon him as an undoubtedly good servant who has a care for his master; as I have found to be your case, Geta; and for that reason, if any opportunity should offer, I would gladly do you a service. (*Aside.*) I am practicing the affable, and it succeeds very well.

Geta. You are kind, sir, to think so.

Dem. (*aside.*) Getting on by degrees — I'll first make the lower classes my own.

Scene VII.

Enter Æschinus, from the house of Micio.

Æsch. (to himself.) They really are killing me while too intent on performing the nuptials with all ceremony; the *whole* day is being wasted in their preparations.

Dem. Æschinus! how goes it?

Æsch. Ha, my father! are you here?

Dem. Your father, indeed, both by affection and by nature; as I love you more than my very eyes; but why don't you send for your wife?

Æsch. So I wish *to do*; but I am waiting for the music-girl and people to sing the nuptial song.

Dem. Come now, are you willing to listen to an old fellow like me?

Æsch. What *is it*?

Dem. Let those things alone, the nuptial song, the crowds, the torches, *and* the music-girls, and order the stone wall in the garden here to be pulled down with all dispatch, *and* bring her over that way; make but one house *of the two*; bring the mother and all the domestics over to our house.

Æsch. With all my heart, kindest father.

Dem. (aside.) Well done! now I am called "kind." My brother's house will become a thoroughfare; he will be bringing home a multitude, incurring expense in many ways: what matters it to me? I, as the kind *Demea*, shall get into favor. Now then, bid that Babylonian pay down his twenty minæ. (*To Syrus.*) Syrus, do you delay to go and do it?

Syr. What *am I to do?*

Dem. Pull down *the wall*: and you, *Geta*, go and bring them across.

Geta. May the Gods bless you, Demea, as I see you so sincere a well-wisher to our family.

Geta and Syrus go into Micio's house.

Dem. I think they deserve it. What say you, *Æschinus*, *as to this plan?*

Æsch. I quite agree to it.

Dem. It is much more proper than that she, being sick *and* lying-in, should be brought hither through the street.

Æsch. Why, my *dear* father, I never did see any thing better contrived.

Dem. It's my way; but see, here's Micio coming out.

Scene VIII.

Enter Micio, from his house.

Mic. (speaking to Geta, within.) Does my brother order it? Where is he? *(To Demea.)* Is this your order, Demea?

Dem. Certainly, I do order it, and in this matter, and in every thing else, *wish* especially to make this family one with ourselves, to oblige, serve, *and* unite them.

Æsch. Father, pray let it be so.

Mic. I do not oppose it.

Dem. On the contrary, i' faith, it is what we ought to do: in the first place, she is the mother of his wife *(pointing to Æschinus)*.

Mic. She is. What then?

Dem. An honest and respectable woman.

Mic. So they say.

Dem. Advanced in years.

Mic. I am aware of it.

Dem. Through her years, she is long past child-bearing; there is no one to take care of her; she is a lone woman.

Mic. (aside.) What can be his meaning?

Dem. It is right you should marry her; and that you, *Æschinus*, should use your endeavors to effect it.

Mic. I, marry her, indeed?

Dem. You.

Mic. I?

Dem. You, I say.

Mic. You are trifling!

Dem. *Æschinus*, if you are a man, he'll do it.

Æsch. My *dear* father ——

Mic. What, ass! do you attend to him?

Dem. 'Tis all in vain; it can not be otherwise.

Mic. You are mad!

Æsch. Do let me prevail on you, my father.

Mic. Are you out of your senses? Take yourself off.

Dem. Come, do oblige your son.

Mic. Are you quite in your right mind? Am I, in my five-and-sixtieth year, to be marrying at last? A decrepit old woman too? Do you advise me *to do* this?

Æsch. Do; I have promised it.

Mic. Promised, indeed; be generous at your own cost, young man.

Dem. Come, what if he should ask a still greater favor?

Mic. As if this was not the greatest!

Dem. Do comply.

Æsch. Don't make any difficulty.

Dem. Do promise.

Mic. Will you not have done?

Æsch. Not until I have prevailed upon you.

Mic. Really, this is downright force.

Dem. Act with heartiness, Micio.

Mic. Although this seems to me to be wrong, foolish, absurd, and repugnant to my mode of life, yet, if you so strongly wish it, be it so.

Æsch. You act obligingly.

Dem. With reason I love you; but ——

Mic. What?

Dem. I will tell you, when my wish has been complied with.

Mic. What now? What remains *to be done*?

Dem. Hegio here is their nearest relation; *he is* a connection of ours and poor; we ought to do some good for him.

Mic. Do what?

Dem. There is a little farm here in the suburbs, which you let out; let us give it him to live upon.

Mic. But is it a little one?

Dem. If it were a large one, *still* it ought to be done; he has been as it were a father to her; he is a worthy man, *and* connected with us; it would be properly bestowed. In fine, I now adopt that proverb which you, Micio, a short time ago repeated with sense and wisdom — it is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our own interests. This stain we ought to avoid: it is a true maxim, and ought

to be observed in deed.

Mic. What am I to say to this? Well then, as he desires it (*pointing to Æschinus*), it shall be given *him*.

Æsch. My father!

Dem. Now, Micio, you are *indeed* my brother, both in spirit and in body.

Mic. I am glad of it.

Dem. (aside.) I foil him at his own weapon.

Scene IX.

Enter Syrus, from the house.

Syr. It has been done as you ordered, Demea.

Dem. You are a worthy fellow. Upon my faith, — in my opinion, at least, — I think Syrus ought at once to be made free.

Mic. He free! For what reason?

Dem. For many.

Syr. O my *dear* Demea! upon my word, you are a worthy man! I have strictly taken care of both these *sons* of yours, from childhood; I have taught, advised, *and* carefully instructed them in every thing I could.

Dem. The thing is evident; and then besides *all* this, to cater *for them*, secretly bring home a wench, prepare a morning entertainment; these are the accomplishments of no ordinary person.

Syr. O, what a delightful man!

Dem. Last of all, he assisted to-day in purchasing this Music-wench — he had the management of it; it is right he should be rewarded; other servants will be encouraged *thereby*: besides, he (*pointing to Æschinus*) desires it to be so.

Mic. (*to Æschinus.*) Do you desire this to be done?

Æsch. I do wish it.

Mic. Why then, if you desire it, just come hither, Syrus, to me (*performing the ceremony of manumission*); be a free man.

Syr. You act generously; I return my thanks to you all; — and to you, Demea, in particular.

Dem. I congratulate you.

Æsch. And I.

Syr. I believe you. I wish that this joy were made complete — that I could see my wife, Phrygia, free as well.

Dem. Really, a most excellent woman.

Syr. And the first to suckle your grandchild, his son, today (*pointing to Æschinus*).

Dem. Why really, in seriousness, if she was the first to do so, there is no doubt she ought to be made free.

Mic. *What*, for doing that?

Dem. For doing that; in fine, receive the amount from me at which she is valued.

Syr. May all the Gods always grant you, Demea, all you desire.

Mic. Syrus, you have thrived pretty well to-day.

Dem. If, in addition, Micio, you will do your duty, and lend him a little ready money in hand for present use, he will soon repay you.

Mic. Less than this (*snapping his fingers*).

Æsch. He is a deserving fellow.

Syr. Upon my word, I will repay it; only lend it me.

Æsch. Do, father.

Mic. I'll consider of it afterward.

Dem. He'll do it, *Syrus*.

Syr. O most worthy man!

Æsch. O most kind-hearted father!

Mic. How is this? What has so suddenly changed your disposition, Demea? What caprice *is this*? What means this sudden liberality?

Dem. I will tell you: — That I may convince you of this, Micio, that the fact that they consider you an easy and kind-hearted man, does not proceed from your real life, nor, indeed, from *a regard for* virtue and justice; but from your humoring, indulging, and pampering them. Now therefore, Æschinus, if my mode of life has been displeasing to you, because I do not quite humor you in every thing, just *or* unjust, I have done: squander, buy, do what you please. But if you would rather have one to reprove and correct those faults, the results of which, by reason of your youth, you can not see, which you pursue too ardently, *and* are thoughtless upon, and in due season to direct you; behold me ready to do it for you.

Æsch. Father, we leave it to you; you best know what ought to be done. But what is to be done about my brother?

Dem. I consent. Let him have *his mistress*: with her let him make an end of *his follies*.

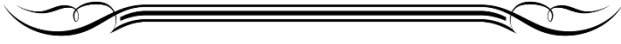
Mic. That's right. (*To the Audience.*) Grant us your applause.

The Latin Texts



The Theatre of Marcellus, Rome, where many of Terence's plays were performed in Antiquity

LIST OF LATIN TEXTS

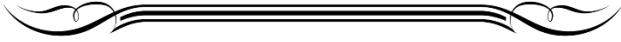


In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin texts of Terence's works. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

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DIDASCALIA

INCIPIT ANDRIA TERENTI
ACTA LVDIS MEGALENSIBVS
M. FVLVIO M'. GLABRIONE AEDILIB. CVRVLIB.
EGERE L. AMBIVIVS TVRPIO L. HATILIVS PRAENESTINVS
MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI
TIBIS PARIBVS TOTA
GRAECA MENANDRV
FACTA PRIMA
M. MARCELLO C. SVLPICIO COS.

PERSONAE

PROLOGUS
SIMO SENEX
SOSIA LIBERTVS
DAVOS SERVOS
MYSIS ANCILLA
PAMPHILVS ADVLESCENS
CHARINVS ADVLESCENS
BYRRIA SERVOS
LESBIA OBSTETRIX
GLYCERIVM MVLIER
CHREMES SENEX
CRITO SENEX
DROMO LORARIVS

PERIOCHA G. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS

Sororem falso creditam meretriculae
Genere Andriae, Glycerium, uitiat Pamphilus
Grauidaque facta dat fidem, uxorem sibi
Fore hanc; namque aliam pater ei desponderat,
Gnatam Chremetis, atque ut amorem comperit,
Simulat futuras nuptias, cupiens suos

Quid haberet animi filius cognoscere.
Dauī suāsu non repugnat Pamphilus.
Sed ex Glycerio natum ut uidit puerulum
Chremes, recusat nuptias, generum abdicat.
Mox Pamphilo, aliam dat Charino coniugem.

PROLOGVS

Poeta quom primum animum ad scribendum adpult,
id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
populo ut placerent quas fecisset fabulas.
verum aliter evenire multo intellegit;
nam in prologis scribundis operam abutitur, 5
non qui argumentum narret sed qui malevoli
veteris poetae maledictis respondeat.
nunc quam rem vitio dent quaeso animum adtendite.
Menander fecit Andriam et Perinthiam.
qui utramvis recte norit ambas noverit: 10
non ita dissimili sunt argumento, [s]et tamen
dissimili oratione sunt factae ac stilo.
quae convenere in Andriam ex Perinthia
fatetur transtulisse atque usum pro suis.
id isti vituperant factum atque in eo disputant 15
contaminari non decere fabulas.
faciuntne intellegendo ut nil intellegant?
qui quom hunc accusant, Naevium Plautum Ennium
accusant quos hic noster auctores habet,
quorum aemulari exoptat neglegentiam 20
potius quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
de(h)inc ut quiescant porro moneo et desinant
male dicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.
favete, adeste aequo animo et rem cognoscite,
ut pernoscatis ecquid <spei> sit relicuom, 25
posthac quas faciet de integro comoedias,
spectandae an exigendae sint vobis prius.

ACTVS I

Simo Sosia

SI. Vos istaec intro auferte: abite. — Sosia,
ades dum: paucis te volo. **SO.** dictum puta:
nempe ut curentur recte haec? **SI.** immo aliud. **SO.** quid est 30
quod tibi mea ars efficere hoc possit amplius?

SI. nil istac opus est arte ad hanc rem quam paro,
sed eis quas semper in te intellexi sitas,
fide et taciturnitate. **SO.** exspecto quid velis.

SI. ego postquam te emi, a parvolo ut semper tibi 35
apud me iusta et clemens fuerit servitus
scis. feci ex servo ut esses libertus mihi,
propterea quod servibas liberaliter:
quod habui summum pretium persolvi tibi.

SO. in memoria habeo. **SI.** haud muto factum. **SO.** gaudeo 40
si tibi quid feci aut facio quod placeat, Simo,
et id gratum <fui>sse advorsum te habeo gratiam.
sed hoc mihi molestumst; nam istaec commemoratio
quasi exprobratio est in memoriam benefici.

quin tu uno verbo dic quid est quod me velis. 45

SI. ita faciam. hoc primum in hac re praedico tibi:
quas credis esse has non sunt verae nuptiae.

SO. quor simulas igitur? **SI.** rem omnem a principio audies:

<eo> pacto et gnati vitam et consilium meum
cognosces et quid facere in hac re te velim. 50

nam is postquam excessit ex ephebis, Sosia, <et>

~liberius vivendi fuit potestas~ (nam antea
qui scire posses aut ingenium noscere,
dum aetas metus magister prohibebant? **SO.** itast.)

SI. quod plerique omnes faciunt adulescentuli, 55
ut animum ad aliquod studium adiungant, aut equos
alere aut canes ad venandum aut ad philosophos,
horum ille nil egregie praeter cetera
studebat et tamen omnia haec mediocriter.

gaudebam. **SO.** non iniuria; nam id arbitror 60
adprime in vita esse utile, ut nequid nimis.

SI. sic vita erat: facile omnis perferre ac pati;
cum quibus erat quomque una is sese dedere,
<eo>rum obsequi studiis, adversus nemini,
numquam praeponens se illis; ita ut facillume 65
sine invidia laudem invenias et amicos pares.

SO. sapienter vitam instituit; namque hoc tempore
obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.

SI. interea mulier quaedam abhinc triennium
ex Andro commigravit huc viciniae, 70
inopia et cognatorum neglegentia
coacta, egregia forma atque aetate integra.

SO. ei, vereor nequid Andria adportet mali!

SI. primo haec pudice vitam parce ac duriter
agebat, lana ac tela victum quaeritans; 75
sed postquam amans accessit pretium pollicens
unus et item alter, ita ut ingeniumst omnium
hominum ab labore proclive ad lubidinem,
accepit condicionem, de(h)inc quaestum occipit.
qui tum illam amabant forte, ita ut fit, filium 80
perduxere illuc, secum ut una esset, meum.
egomet continuo mecum “certe captus est:
habet”. observabam mane illorum servolos
venientis aut abeuntis: rogitabam “heus puer,
dic sodes, quis heri Chrysidem habuit?” nam Andriae 85
illi id erat nomen. **SO.** teneo. **SI.** Phaedrum aut Cliniam
dicebant aut Niceratum; ~nam i tres tum simul~
amabant. “eho quid Pamphilus?” “quid? symbolam
dedit, cenavit.” gaudebam. item alio die
quaerebam: comperibam nil ad Pamphilum 90
quicquam attinere. enimvero spectatum satis
putabam et magnum exemplum continentiae;
nam qui cum ingeniis conflictatur ei(u)s modi
neque commovetur animus in ea re tamen,
scias posse habere iam ipsum <suae> vitae modum. 95
quom id mihi placebat tum uno ore omnes omnia

bona dicere et laudare fortunas meas,
 qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio praeditum.
 quid verbis opus est? hac fama impulsus Chremes
 ultro ad me venit, unicam gnatam suam 100
 cum dote summa filio uxorem ut daret.
 placuit: despondi. hic nuptiis dictust dies.
SO. quid obstat quor non verae fiant? **SI.** audies.
 ferme in diebu' paucis quibus haec acta sunt
 Chrysis vicina haec moritur. **SO.** o factum bene! 105
 beasti; <ei> metui a Chryside. **SI.** ibi tum filius
 cum illis qui amabant Chrysidem una aderat frequens;
 curabat una funu'; tristis interim,
 nonnumquam conlacrumabat. placuit tum id mihi.
 sic cogitabam "hic parvae consuetudinis 110
 causa huius mortem tam fert familiariter:
 quid si ipse amasset? quid hic mihi faciet patri?"
 haec ego putabam esse omnia humani ingeni
 mansuetique animi officia. quid multis moror?
 egomet quoque eiu' causa in funus prodeo, 115
 nil suspicans etiam mali. **SO.** hem quid id est? **SI.** scies.
 ecfertur; imus. interea inter mulieres
 quae ibi aderant forte unam aspicio adulescentulam
 forma . . **SO.** bona fortasse. **SI.** et vultu, Sosia,
 adeo modesto, adeo venusto ut nil supra. 120
 quia tum mihi lamentari praeter ceteras
 visast et quia erat forma praeter ceteras
 honesta ac liberali, accedo ad pedisequas,
 quae sit rogo: sororem esse aiunt Chrysidis.
 percussit ilico animum. attat hoc illud est, 125
 hinc illae lacrumae, haec illast misericordia.
SO. quam timeo quorsum evadas! **SI.** funus interim
 procedit: sequimur; ad sepulcrum venimus;
 in ignem inpositast; fletur. interea haec soror
 quam dixi ad flammam accessit imprudentius, 130
 sati' cum periculo. ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
 bene dissimulatum amorem et celatum indicat:
 adcurrit; mediam mulierem complectitur:

“mea Glycerium,” inquit “quid agis? quor te is perditum?”
tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneres, 135
reiecit se in eum flens quam familiariter!

SO. quid ais? **SI.** redeo inde iratus atque aegre ferens;
nec satis ad obiurgandum causae. diceret

“quid feci? quid commerui aut peccavi, pater?
quae sese in ignem inicere voluit, prohibui 140
servavi.” honesta oratiost. **SO.** recte putas;

nam si illum obiurges vitae qui auxilium tulit,
quid facias illi qui dederit damnum aut malum?

SI. venit Chremes postridie ad me clamitans:
indignum facinu’; comperisse Pamphilum 145

pro uxore habere hanc peregrinam. ego illud sedulo
negare factum. ille instat factum. denique
ita tum discedo ab illo, ut qui se filiam

neget daturum. **SO.** non tu ibi gnatum . . ? **SI.** ne haec quidem
sati’ vehemens causa ad obiurgandum. **SO.** qui? cedo. 150

SI. “tute ipse his rebu’ finem praescripsti, pater:
prope adest quom alieno more vivendumst mihi:
sine nunc meo me vivere interea modo.”

SO. qui igitur relictus est obiurgandi locus?

SI. si propter amorem uxorem nolet ducere: 155

ea primum ab illo animum advortenda iniuriast;
et nunc id operam do, ut per falsas nuptias
vera obiurgandi causa sit, si deneget;

simul sceleratu’ Davo’ siquid consili

habet, ut consumat nunc quom nil obsint doli; 160

quem ego credo manibu’ pedibu’que obnixe omnia
facturum, magis id adeo mihi ut incommodet

quam ut obsequatur gnato. **SO.** quapropter? **SI.** rogas?

mala mens, malus animu’. quem quidem ego si sensero . .
sed quid opust verbis? sin eveniat quod volo, 165

in Pamphilo ut nil sit morae, restat Chremes

cui mi expurgandus est: et spero confore.

nunc tuomst officium has bene ut adsimules nuptias,

perterrefacias Davom, observes filium

quid agat, quid cum illo consili captet. **SO.** sat est: 170

curabo. **SI.** eamu' nunciam intro: i prae, sequar.

Simo Davos

SI. Non dubiumst quin uxorem nolit filius;
ita Davom modo timere sensi, ubi nuptias
futuras esse audivit. sed ipse exit foras.

DA. mirabar hoc si sic abiret et eri semper lenitas 175
verebar quorsum evaderet.

qui postquam audierat non datum iri filio uxorem suo,
numquam quoiquam nostrum verbum fecit neque id aegre tulit.

SI. at nunc faciet neque, ut opinor, sine tuo magno malo.

DA. id voluit nos sic necopinantis duci falso gaudio, 180
sperantis iam amoto metu, interoscitantis opprimi,
ne esset spatium cogitandi ad disturbandas nuptias:

astute. **SI.** carnufex quae loquitur? **DA.** erus est neque provideram.

SI. Dave. **DA.** hem quid est? **SI.** eho dum ad me. **DA.** quid hic volt?

SI. quid ais? **DA.** qua de re? **SI.** rogas?

<meu>m gnatum rumor est amare. **DA.** id populu' curat scilicet. 185

SI. hoccin agis an non? **DA.** ego vero istuc. **SI.** sed nunc ea me
exquirere

iniqui patris est; nam quod ant(e)hac fecit nil ad me attinet.

dum tempus ad eam rem tulit, sivi animum ut expleret suom;

nunc hic d<ie>s aliam vitam defert, alios mores postulat:

de(h)inc postulo sive aequomst te oro, Dave, ut redeat iam in viam.

190

hoc quid sit? omnes qui amant graviter sibi dari uxorem ferunt.

DA. ita aiunt. **SI.** tum siquis magistrum cepit ad eam rem inprobum,
ipsum animum aegrotum ad deteriorem partem plerumque adplicat.

DA. non hercle intellego. **SI.** non? hem. **DA.** non: Davo' sum, non
Oedipus.

SI. nempe ergo aperte vis quae restant me loqui? **DA.** sane quidem.

195

SI. si sensero hodie quicquam in his te nuptiis

fallaciae conari quo fiant minus,

aut velle in <ea> re ostendi quam sis callidus,

verberibu' caesum te in pistrinum, Dave, dedam usque ad necem,

ea lege atque omine ut, si te inde exemerim, ego pro te molam. 200
quid, hoc intellexi[n]? an nondum etiam ne hoc quidem? **DA.** immo
callide:

ita aperte ipsam rem modo locutu's, nil circum itione usus es.

SI. ubivis faciliu' passu' sim quam in hac re me deludier.

DA. bona verba, quaeso! **SI.** inrides? nil me falli'. sed dico tibi:
ne temere facias; neque tu haud dicas tibi non praedictum: cave! 205

Davos

Enimvero, Dave, nil locist segnitiae neque socordiae,
quantum intellexi modo senis sententiam de nuptiis:
quae si non astu providentur, me aut erum pessum dabunt.
nec quid agam certumst, Pamphilumne adiutem an auscultem seni.
si illum relinquo, ei(u)s vitae timeo; sin opitutor, hui(u)s minas, 210
quoi verba dare difficilist: primum iam de amore hoc comperit;
me infensu' servat nequam faciam in nuptiis fallaciam.
si senserit, perii: aut si lubitum fuerit, causam ceperit
quo iure quaque iniuria praecipitem [me] in pistrinum dabit.
ad haec mala hoc mi accedit etiam: haec Andria, 215
si[ve] ista uxor sive amicast, gravida e Pamphilost.
audireque <eo>rumst operae pretium audaciam
(nam inceptiost amentium, haud amantium):
quidquid peperisset decreverunt tollere.
et fingunt quandam inter se nunc fallaciam 220
civem Atticam esse hanc: "fuit olim quidam senex
mercator; navim is fregit apud Andrum insulam;
is obiit mortem." ibi tum hanc eiectam Chrysidis
patrem recepissee orbam parvam. fabulae!
miquidem hercle non fit veri simile; atque ipsis commentum placet.

225

sed Mysis ab ea egreditur. at ego hinc me ad forum ut
conveniam Pamphilum, ne de hac re pater imprudentem opprimat.

Mysis

Audivi, Archylis, iamdudum: Lesbiam adduci iubes.

sane pol illa temulentast mulier et temeraria
nec sati' digna quoi committas primo partu mulierem. 230
tamen eam adducam? inopportunitatem spectate aniculae
quia compotrix eius est. di, date facultatem obsecro
huic pariundi atque illi in aliis potiu' peccandi locum.
sed quidnam Pamphilum exanimatum video? vereor quid siet.
opperiar, ut sciam num quid nam haec turba tristitiae adferat. 235

Pamphilvs Mysis

PA. Hoccinest humanum factu aut inceptu? hoccin[est] officium patris?

MY. quid illud est? **PA.** pro d<eu>m fidem quid est, si haec non contumeliast?

uxorem decrerat dare sese mi hodie: nonne oportuit
praescisse me ante? nonne priu' communicatum oportuit?

MY. miseram me, quod verbum audio! 240

PA. quid? Chremes, qui denegarat se commissurum mihi
gnatam <sua>m uxorem, id mutavit quia me inmutatum videt?
itane obstinate operam dat ut me a Glycerio miserum abstrahat?
quod si fit pereo funditus.

adeo hominem esse invenustum aut infelicem quemquam ut ego
sum! 245

pro deum atque hominum fidem!

nullon ego Chremeti' pacto adfinitatem effugere potero?
quot modis contemptu' spretu'! facta transacta omnia. hem
repudiatu' repetor. quam ob rem? nisi si id est quod suspicor:
aliquid monstri alunt: ea quoniam nemini obtrudi potest, 250
itur ad me. **MY.** oratio haec me miseram exanimavit metu.

PA. nam quid ego dicam de patre? ah

tantamne rem tam neglegenter agere! praeteriens modo
mi apud forum "uxor tibi ducendast, Pamphile, hodie" inquit: "para,
abi domum." id mihi visust dicere "abi cito ac suspende te." 255
obstipui. censen me verbum potuisse ullum proloqui? aut
ullam causam, ineptam saltem falsam iniquam? obmutui.

quod si ego rescissem id priu', quid facerem siquis nunc me roget:
aliquid facerem ut hoc ne facerem. sed nunc quid primum exsequare?

tot me inpediunt curae, quae meum animum divorsae trahunt: 260
amor, misericordia huius, nuptiarum sollicitatio,
tum patri pudor, qui me tam leni passus est animo usque adhuc
quae meo quomque animo lubitumst facere. <ei>ne ego ut
advorser? ei

mihi!

incertumst quid agam. **MY.** misera timeo “incertum” hoc quorsus
accidat.

sed nunc peropust aut hunc cum ipsa aut de illa aliquid me advorsum
hunc loqui: 265

dum in dubiis animus, paullo momento huc vel illuc impellitur.

PA. quis hic loquitur? Mysis, salve. **MY.** o salve, Pamphile. **PA.**
quid agit?

MY. rogas?

laborat e dolore atque ex hoc misera sollicitast, diem
quia olim in hunc sunt constitutae nuptiae. tum autem hoc timet,
ne deseras se. **PA.** hem egone istuc conari queam? 270

egon propter me illam decipi miseram sinam,
quae mihi suum animum atque omnem vitam credidit,
quam ego animo egregie caram pro uxore habuerim?
bene et pudice ei(u)s doctum atque eductum sinam
coactum egestate ingenium inmutarier? 275

non faciam. **MY.** haud verear si in te solo sit situm;
sed vim ut queas ferre. **PA.** adeon me ignavom putas,
adeon porro ingratum aut inhumanum aut ferum,
ut neque me consuetudo neque amor neque pudor
commoveat neque commoneat ut servem fidem? 280

MY. unum hoc scio, hanc meritam esse ut memor esses sui.

PA. memor essem? o Mysis Mysis, etiam nunc mihi
scripta illa dicta sunt in animo Chrysidis
de Glycerio. iam ferme moriens me vocat:
accessi; vos semotae: nos soli: incipit 285

“mi Pamphile, huius formam atque aetatem vides,
nec clam te est quam illi nunc utraeque inutiles
et ad pudicitiam et ad rem tutandam sient.

quod ego per hanc te dexteram [oro] et genium tuum,
per tuam fidem perque huius solitudinem 290

te obtestor ne abs te hanc segreges neu deseras.
si te in germani fratri' dilexi loco
sive haec te solum semper fecit maxumi
seu tibi morigera fuit in rebus omnibus,
te isti virum do, amicum tutorem patrem; 295
bona nostra haec tibi permitto et tuae mando fide[i].”
hanc mi in manum dat; mors continuo ipsam occupat.
accepi: acceptam servabo. **MY.** ita spero quidem.
PA. sed quor tu abis ab illa? **MY.** obstetricem accerso. **PA.** propera.
atque audin?
verbum unum cave de nuptiis, ne ad morbum hoc etiam . . **MY.**
teneo. 300

ACTVS II

Charinvs Byrria Pamphilvs

CH. Quid ais, Byrria? daturne illa Pamphilo hodie nuptum? **BY.** sic est.

CH. qui scis? **BY.** apud forum modo e Davo audiui. **CH.** vae misero mihi!

ut animus in spe atque in timore usque ant(e)hac attentus fuit, ita, postquam adempta spes est, lassu' cura confectus stupet.

BY. quaeso edepol, Charine, quoniam non potest id fieri quod vis,
305

id velis quod possit. **CH.** nil volo aliud nisi Philumenam. **BY.** ah quanto satiust te id dare operam qui istum amorem ex animo amoveas [tuo],

quam id loqui quo mage lubido frustra incendatur tua!

CH. facile omnes quom valemus recta consilia aegrotis damus.

tu si hic sis aliter sentias. **BY.** age age, ut lubet. **CH.** sed Pamphilum
310

video. omnia experiri certumst prius quam pereo. **BY.** quid hic agit?

CH. ipsum hunc orabo, huic supplicabo, amorem huic narrabo meum:

credo impetrabo ut aliquot saltem nuptiis prodat dies:

interea fiet aliquid, spero. **BY.** id "aliquid" nil est. **CH.** Byrria, quid tibi videtur? adeo ad eum? **BY.** quidni? si nil impetres, 315
ut te arbitretur sibi paratum moechum, si illam duxerit.

CH. abin hinc in malam rem cum suspicione istac, scelus?

PA. Charinum video. salve. **CH.** o salve, Pamphile:

ad te advenio spem salutem auxilium consilium expetens.

PA. neque pol consili locum habeo neque ad auxilium copiam. 320
sed istuc quidnamst? **CH.** hodie uxorem ducis? **PA.** aiunt. **CH.**

Pamphile,

si id facis, hodie postremum me vides. **PA.** quid ita? **CH.** ei mihi,

vereor dicere: huic dic quaeso, Byrria. **BY.** ego dicam. **PA.** quid est?

BY. sponsam hic tuam amat. **PA.** ne iste haud mecum sentit. eho dum dic

mihi:

num quid nam amplius tibi cum illa fuit, Charine? **CH.** ah[a], Pamphile, ³²⁵

nil. **PA.** quam vellem! **CH.** nunc te per amicitiam et per amorem obsecro,

principio ut ne ducas. **PA.** dabo equidem operam. **CH.** sed si id non potest

aut tibi nuptiae hae sunt cordi, **PA.** cordi! **CH.** saltem aliquot dies profer, dum proficiscor aliquo ne videam. **PA.** audi nunciam:

ego, Charine, ne utiquam officium liberi esse hominis puto, ³³⁰ quom is nil mereat, postulare id gratiae adponi sibi.

nuptias effugere ego istas malo quam tu adipiscier.

CH. reddidisti animum. **PA.** nunc siquid potes aut tu aut hic Byrria, facite fingite invenite efficite qui detur tibi;

ego id agam mihi qui ne detur. **CH.** sat habeo. **PA.** Davom optume ³³⁵

video, quoi(u)s consilio fretus sum. **CH.** at tu hercle haud quicquam mihi,

nisi ea quae nil opus sunt scire. fugin hinc? **BY.** ego vero ac lubens.

Davos Charinus Pamphilus

DA. Di boni, boni quid porto? sed ubi inveniam Pamphilum, ut metum in quo nunc est adimam atque expleam animum gaudio?

CH. laetus est nescioquid. **PA.** nil est: nondum haec rescivit mala.

³⁴⁰

DA. quem ego nunc credo, si iam audierit sibi paratas nuptias . .

CH. audin tu illum? **DA.** toto me oppido exanimatum quaerere.

sed ubi quaeram? quo nunc primum intendam? **CH.** cessas conloqui?

DA. habeo. **PA.** Dave, ades resiste. **DA.** quis homost, qui me . . ? o

Pamphile,

te ipsum quaero. eugae, Charine! ambo opportune: vos volo. ³⁴⁵

PA. Dave, perii. **DA.** quin tu hoc audi. **CH.** interii. **DA.** quid timeas scio.

PA. mea quidem hercle certe in dubio vitast. **DA.** et quid tu, scio.

PA. nuptiae mi . . **DA.** etsi scio? **PA.** hodie . . **DA.** obtundis, tam etsi intellego?

id paves ne ducas tu illam; tu autem ut ducas. **CH.** rem tenes.
PA. istuc ipsum. **DA.** atque istuc ipsum nil periclist: me vide. 350
PA. obsecro te, quam primum hoc me libera miserum metu. **DA.** em libero: uxorem tibi non dat iam Chremes. **PA.** qui scis? **DA.** scio. tuo' pater modo meprehendit: <ai>t tibi uxorem dare hodie, item alia multa quae nunc non est narrandi locus. continuo ad te properans percurro ad forum ut dicam haec tibi. 355 ubi te non invenio ibi escendo in quendam excelsum locum, circumspicio: nusquam. forte ibi huius video Byrriam; rogo: negat vidisse. mihi molestum; quid agam cogito. redeunti interea ex ipsa re mi incidit suspicio "hem paullulum opsoni; ipsu' tristis; de inproviso nuptiae: 360 non cohaerent." **PA.** quorsu' nam istuc? **DA.** ego me continuo ad Chremem. quom illo advenio, solitudo ante ostium: iam id gaudeo. **CH.** recte dici'. **PA.** perge. **DA.** maneo. interea intro ire neminem video, exire neminem; matronam nullam in aedibus, nil ornati, nil tumulti: accessi; intro aspexi. **PA.** scio: 365 magnum signum. **DA.** num videntur convenire haec nuptiis? **PA.** non opinor, Dave. **DA.** "opinor" narras? non recte accipis: certa res est. etiam puerum inde abiens conveni Chremi: holera et pisciculos minutos fer[r]e obolo in cenam seni. **CH.** liberatu' sum hodie, Dave, tua opera. **DA.** ac nullus quidem. 370 **CH.** quid ita? nempe huic prorsus illam non dat. **DA.** ridiculum caput, quasi necesse sit, si huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere, nisi vides, nisi senis amicos oras ambis. **CH.** bene mones: ibo, etsi hercle saepe iam me spes haec frustratast. vale.

Pamphilus Davos

PA. Quid igitur sibi volt pater? quor simulat? **DA.** ego dicam tibi. 375
 si id suscenseat nunc quia non det tibi uxorem Chremes, ipsu' sibi esse iniuriu' videatur, neque id iniuria, priu' quam <tuo>m ut sese habeat animum ad nuptias perspexerit: sed si tu negaris ducere, ibi culpam in te transferet:

tum illae turbae fient. **PA.** quidvis patiar. **DA.** pater est, Pamphile:

380

difficilest. tum haec solast mulier. dictum [ac] factum invenerit
aliquam causam quam ob rem eiciat oppido. **PA.** eiciat? **DA.** cito.
PA. cedo igitur quid faciam, Dave? **DA.** dic te ducturum. **PA.** hem.
DA.

quid est?

PA. egon dicam? **DA.** quor non? **PA.** numquam faciam. **DA.** ne
nega.

PA. suadere noli. **DA.** ex <ea> re quid fiat vide. 385

PA. ut ab illa excludar, hoc concludar. **DA.** non itast.

nempe hoc sic esse opinor: dicturum patrem

“ducas volo hodie uxorem”; tu “ducam” inquires:

cedo quid iurgabit tecum? hic reddes omnia.

quae nunc sunt certa [ei] consilia, incerta ut sient 390

sine omni periculo. nam hoc haud dubiumst quin Chremes

tibi non det gnatam; nec tu <ea> causa minueris

haec quae facis, ne is mutet s<ua>m sententiam.

patri dic velle, ut, quom velit, tibi iure irasci non queat.

nam quod tu speres “propulsabo facile uxorem his moribus; 395

dabit nemo”: inveniet inopem potiu’ quam te corrumpi sinat.

sed si te aequo animo ferre accipiet, neglegentem feceris;

aliam otiosu’ quaeret: interea aliquid acciderit boni.

PA. itan credis? **DA.** haud dubium id quidemst. **PA.** vide quo me
inducas.

DA. quin taces?

PA. dicam. puerum autem ne resciscat mi esse ex illa cautios; 400
nam pollicitus sum suscepturum. **DA.** o facinus audax! **PA.** hanc
fidem

sibi me obsecravit, qui se sciret non deserturum, ut darem.

DA. curabitur. sed pater adest. cave te esse tristem sentiat.

Simo Davos Pamphilvs

SI. Reviso quid agant aut quid captent consili.

DA. hic nunc non dubitat quin te ducturum neges. 405

venit meditatus alicunde ex solo loco:

orationem sperat invenisse se
qui differat te: proin tu fac apud te ut sies.

PA. modo ut possim, Dave! **DA.** crede inquam hoc mihi, Pamphile,
numquam hodie tecum commutaturum patrem 410
unum esse verbum, si te dices ducere.

Byrria Simo Davos Pamphilvs

BY. Eru' me relictis rebu' iussit Pamphilum
hodie observare, ut quid ageret de nuptiis
scirem: id propterea nunc hunc venientem sequor.
ipsum adeo praesto video cum Davo: hoc agam. 415

SI. utrumque adesse video. **DA.** em serva. **SI.** Pamphile.

DA. quasi de improviso respice ad eum. **PA.** ehem pater.

DA. probe. **SI.** hodie uxorem ducas, ut dixi, volo.

BY. nunc nostrae timeo parti quid hic respondeat.

PA. neque istic neque alibi tibi erit usquam in me mora. **BY.** hem.
420

DA. obmutuit. **BY.** quid dixit? **SI.** facis ut te decet,
quom istuc quod postulo impetro cum gratia.

DA. sum verus? **BY.** eru', quantum audio, uxore excidit.

SI. i nunciam intro, ne in mora, quom opu' sit, sies.

PA. eo. — **BY.** nullane in re esse quoiquam homini fidem! 425
verum illud verbumst, volgo quod dici solet,
omnis sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.

ego illam vidi: virginem forma bona
memini videri: quo aequior sum Pamphilo,
si se illam in somnis quam illum amplecti maluit. 430
renuntiabo, ut pro hoc malo mihi det malum.

Davos Simo

DA. Hic nunc me credit aliquam sibi fallaciam
portare et ea me hic restitisse gratia.

SI. quid Davo' narrat? **DA.** aequae quicquam nunc quidem.

SI. nilne? hem. **DA.** nil prorsus. **SI.** atqui exspectabam quidem. 435

DA. praeter spem evenit, sentio: hoc male habet virum.

SI. potin es mihi verum dicere? **DA.** nil facilius.

SI. num illi molestae quidpiam haec sunt nuptiae
propter huiusce hospitali consuetudinem?

DA. nil hercle; aut, si adeo, biduist aut tridui 440
haec sollicitudo: nosti? deinde desinet.

etenim ipsu' secum eam rem reputavit via.

SI. laudo. **DA.** dum licitumst ei dumque aetas tulit,
amavit; tum id clam: cavit ne umquam infamiae
ea res sibi esset, ut virum fortem decet. 445

nunc uxore opus est: animum ad uxorem adpulit.

SI. subtristi' visus est esse aliquantum mihi.

DA. nil propter hanc rem, sed est quod suscenset tibi.

SI. quidnamst? **DA.** puerilest. **SI.** quid id est? **DA.** nil. **SI.** quin
dic, quid est?

DA. <ai>t nimium parce facere sumptum. **SI.** mene? **DA.** te. 450
"vix" inquit "drachumis est opsonatum decem:
non filio videtur uxorem dare.

quem" inquit "vocabo ad cenam m<eo>rum aequalium
potissimum nunc?" et, quod dicendum hic siet,
tu quoque perparce nimium: non laudo. **SI.** tace. 455

DA. commovi. **SI.** ego istaec recte ut fiant videro.

quidnam hoc est rei? quid hic volt veterator sibi?

nam si hic malist quicquam, em illic est huic r<ei> caput.

ACTVS III

Mysis Simo Davos Lesbia (Glycerivm)

MY. Ita pol quidem res est, ut dixti, Lesbia:

fidelem haud ferme mulieri invenias virum. 460

SI. ab Andriast ancilla haec. **DA.** quid narras? ita est.

MY. sed hic Pamphilus . . **SI.** quid dicit? **MY.** firmavit fidem. **SI.** hem.

DA. utinam aut hic surdus aut haec muta facta sit!

MY. nam quod peperisset iussit tolli. **SI.** o Iuppiter,
quid ego audio? actumst, siquidem haec vera praedicat. 465

LE. bonum ingenium narras adolescentis. **MY.** optimum
sed sequere me intro, ne in mora illi sis. **LE.** sequor. —

DA. quod remedium nunc huic malo inveniam? **SI.** quid hoc?
adeon est demens? ex peregrina? iam scio: ah
vix tandem sensi stolidu'. **DA.** quid hic sensisse ait? 470

SI. haec primum adfertur iam mi ab hoc fallacia:
hanc simulant parere, quo Chremetem absterreant.

GL. (intus) Iuno Lucina, fer opem, serva me, obsecro.

SI. hui tam cito? ridiculum: postquam ante ostium
me audivit stare, adproperat. non sat commode 475
divisa sunt temporibu' tibi, Dave, haec. **DA.** mihin?

SI. num inmemores discipuli? **DA.** ego quid narres nescio.

SI. hicin me si inparatum in veris nuptiis
adortus esset, quos mihi ludos redderet!
nunc hui(u)s periclo fit, ego in portu navigo. 480

Lesbia Simo Davos

LE. Adhuc, Archylis, quae adsolent quaeque oportent
signa esse ad salutem, omnia huic esse video.

nunc primum fac istaec [ut] lavet; post<e> deinde,
quod iussi dari bibere et quantum imperavi,
date; mox ego huc revortor. 485

per ecastor scitu' puer est natu' Pamphilo.

d<eo>s quaeso ut sit superstes, quandoquidem ipse ingenio bono, quomque huic est veritus optumae adulescenti facere iniuriam. —

SI. vel hoc quis [non] credat, qui te norit, abs te esse ortum? **DA.** quidnam id est?

SI. non imperabat coram quid opu' facto esset puerperae, 490
sed postquam egressast, illis quae sunt intu' clamat de via
o Dave, itan contemnor abs te? aut itane tandem idoneus
tibi videor esse quem tam aperte fallere incipias dolis?
saltem accurate, ut metui videar certe, si resciverim.

DA. certe hercle nunc hic se ipsu' fallit, haud ego. **SI.** edixin tibi, 495
interminatu' sum ne faceres? num veritus? quid re tulit?
credon tibi hoc nunc, peperisse hanc e Pamphilo?

DA. teneo quid erret et quid agam habeo. **SI.** quid taces?

DA. quid credas? quasi non tibi renuntiata sint haec sic fore.

SI. mihin quisquam? **DA.** eho an tute intellexti [hoc] adsimularier?
500

SI. inrideor.

DA. renuntiatumst; nam qui istaec tibi incidit suspicio?

SI. qui? quia te noram. **DA.** quasi tu dicas factum id consilio meo.

SI. certe enim scio. **DA.** non sati' me pernosti etiam quali' sim,
Simo.

SI. egon te? **DA.** sed siquid tibi narrare occepi, continuo dari
tibi verba censes. **SI.** falso! **DA.** itaque hercle nil iam muttire audeo.

505

SI. hoc ego scio unum, neminem peperisse hic. **DA.** intellexti;
sed nilo setius referetur mox huc puer ante ostium.

id ego iam nunc tibi, ere, renuntio futurum, ut sis sciens,
ne tu hoc [mihi] posteriu' dicas Davi factum consilio aut dolis.
prorsus a me opinionem hanc t<ua>m esse ego amotam volo. 510

SI. unde id scis? **DA.** audivi et credo: multa concurrunt simul
qui coniecturam hanc nunc facio. iam prius haec se e Pamphilo
gravidam dixit esse: inventumst falsum. nunc, postquam videt
nuptias domi adparari, missast ancilla ilico
obstetricem accersitum ad eam et puerum ut adferret simul. 515
hoc nisi fit, puerum ut tu videas, nil moventur nuptiae.

SI. quid ais? quom intellexeras

id consilium capere, quor non dixti extemplo Pamphilo?

DA. quis igitur eum ab illa abstraxit nisi ego? nam omnes nos quidem

scimu' quam misere hanc amarit: nunc sibi uxorem expetit. 520
postremo id mihi da negoti; tu tamen[i]dem has nuptias
perge facere ita ut facis, et id spero adiuturos deos.

SI. immo abi intro: ibi me opperire et quod parato opus est para. —
non inpulit me haec nunc omnino ut crederem;
atque haud scio an quae dixit sint vera omnia, 525
sed parvi pendo: illud mihi multo maxumumst
quod mihi pollicitust ipsu' gnatu'. nunc Chremem
conveniam, orabo gnato uxorem: si impetro,
quid alias malim quam hodie has fieri nuptias?
nam gnatu' quod pollicitust, haud dubiumst mihi, id 530
si nolit, quin <eu>m merito possim cogere.
atque adeo in ipso tempore eccum ipsum obviam.

Simo Chremes

SI. Iubeo Chremetem . . **CH.** o te ipsum quaerebam. **SI.** et ego te.
CH.

optato advenis.

aliquot me adierunt, ex te auditum qui <ai>bant hodie filiam
meam nubere tuo gnato; id viso tune an illi insaniant. 535

SI. ausculta pauca: et quid ego te velim et tu quod quaeris scies.

CH. ausculto: loquere quid velis.

SI. per te d<eo>s oro et nostram amicitiam, Chreme,

quae incepta a parvis cum aetate adcrevit simul,
perque unicam gnatam tuam et gnatum meum, 540

quoi(u)s tibi potestas summa servandi datur,

ut me adiuves in hac re atque ita uti nuptiae

fuerant futurae, fiant. **CH.** ah ne me obsecra:

quasi hoc te orando a me impetrare oporteat.

alium esse censes nunc me atque olim quom dabam? 545

si in remst utrique ut fiant, accersi iube;

sed si ex ea re plus malist quam commodi

utrique, id oro te in commune ut consulas,

quasi si illa tua sit Pamphilique ego sim pater.

SI. immo ita volo itaque postulo ut fiat, Chreme, 550
neque postulem abs te ni ipsa res moneat. **CH.** quid est?

SI. irae sunt inter Glycerium et gnatum. **CH.** audio.

SI. ita magnae ut sperem posse avelli. **CH.** fabulae!

SI. profecto sic est. **CH.** sic hercle ut dicam tibi:

amantium irae amoris integratiost. 555

SI. em id te oro ut ante eamu', dum tempus datur
dumque ei(u)s lubido occlusast contumeliis,
priu' quam harum scelera et lacrumae confictae dolis

redducunt animum aegrotum ad misericordiam,

uxorem demu'. spero consuetudine et 560

coniugio liberali devinctum, Chreme,

de(h)inc facile ex illis sese emersurum malis.

CH. tibi ita hoc videtur; at ego non posse arbitror
neque illum hanc perpetuo habere neque me perpeti.

SI. qui scis ergo istuc, nisi periculum feceris? 565

CH. at istuc periculum in filia fieri gravest.

SI. nempe incommoditas denique huc omnis redit

si eveniat, quod di prohibeant, discessio.

at si corrigitur, quot commoditates vide:

principio amico filium restitueris, 570

tibi generum firmum et filiae invenies virum.

CH. quid istic? si ita istuc animum inducti esse utile,
nolo tibi ullum commodum in me claudier.

SI. merito te semper maxumi feci, Chreme.

CH. sed quid ais? **SI.** quid? **CH.** qui scis eos nunc discordare inter
se? 575

SI. ipsu' mihi Davo', qui intumust <eo>rum consiliis, dixit;

et is mihi persuadet nuptias quantum queam ut maturem.

num censes faceret, filium nisi sciret eadem haec velle?

tute adeo iam eius audies verba. [heus] evocate huc Davom.

atque eccum video ipsum foras exire. 580

Davos Simo Chremes

DA. Ad te ibam. **SI.** quidnamst?

DA. quor uxor non accersitur? iam advesperascit. **SI.** audin?

ego dudum non nil veritu' sum, Dave, abs te ne faceres idem
quod volgu' servorum solet, dolis ut me deluderet
propterea quod amat filius. **DA.** egon istuc facerem? **SI.** credidi,
idque adeo metuens vos celavi quod nunc dicam. **DA.** quid? **SI.**
scies; 585

nam propemodum habeo iam fidem. **DA.** tandem cognosti qui siem?
SI. non fuerant nuptiae futurae. **DA.** quid? non? **SI.** sed ea gratia
simulavi vos ut pertemptarem. **DA.** quid ais? **SI.** sic res est. **DA.**
vide:

numquam istuc quivi ego intellegere. vah consilium callidum!
SI. hoc audi: ut hinc te intro ire iussi, opportune hic fit mi obviam.
DA. hem 590

numnam perimu'? **SI.** narro huic quae tu dudum narrasti mihi.
DA. quidnam audio? **SI.** gnatam ut det oro vixque id exoro. **DA.**
occidi. **SI.** hem

quid dixti? **DA.** optume inquam factum. **SI.** nunc per hunc nullast
mora.

CH. domum modo ibo, ut adparetur dicam, atque huc renuntio. —
SI. nunc te oro, Dave, quoniam solu' mi effecisti has nuptias . . 595

DA. ego vero solu'. **SI.** corrigere mihi gnatum porro enitere.

DA. faciam hercle sedulo. **SI.** potes nunc, dum animus inritatus est.

DA. quiescas. **SI.** age igitur, ubi nunc est ipsu'? **DA.** mirum ni
domist.

SI. ibo ad eum atque <ea>dem haec quae tibi dixi dicam idem illi. —
DA.

nullu' sum.

quid causaest quin hinc in pistrinum recta proficiscar via? 600

nil est preci loci relictum: iam perturbavi omnia:

erum fefelli; in nuptias conieci erilem filium;

feci hodie ut fierent, insperante hoc atque invito Pamphilo.

em astutias! quod si quiessem, nil evenisset mali.

sed eccum ipsum video: occidi. 605

utinam mi[hi] esset aliquid hic quo nunc me praecipitem darem!

Pamphilvs Davos

PA. Vbi illic[e]st scelu' qui perdidit me? **DA.** perii. **PA.** atque hoc

confiteor iure

mi obtigisse, quandoquidem tam iners, tam nulli consili sum.
servon fortunas meas me commisisse futtili!

ego pretium ob stultitiam fero: sed inultum numquam id auferet. 610

DA. posthac incolumem sat scio [fore] me, nunc si devito hoc malum.

PA. nam quid ego nunc dicam patri? negabon velle me, modo qui sum pollicitu' ducere? qua audacia id facere audeam?
nec quid nunc me faciam scio. **DA.** nec mequidem, atque id ago sedulo.

dicam aliquid me inventurum, ut huic malo aliquam productem moram. 615

PA. oh! **DA.** visu' sum **PA.** eho dum, bone vir, quid ais? viden me consiliis tuis

miserum inpeditum esse? **DA.** at iam expediam. **PA.** expedies? **DA.** certe,

Pamphile.

PA. nempe ut modo. **DA.** immo meliu' spero. **PA.** oh tibi ego ut credam,

furcifer?

tu rem inpeditam et perditam restituas? em quo fretu' sim,
qui me hodie ex tranquillissima re coniecisti in nuptias. 620
an non dixi esse hoc futurum? **DA.** dixti. **PA.** quid meritu's? **DA.** crucem.

sed sine paullulum ad me redeam: iam aliquid dispiciam. **PA.** ei mihi,

quom non habeo spatium ut de te sumam supplicium ut volo!
namque hoc tempu' praecavere mihi me, haud te ulcisci sinit.

ACTVS IV

Charinvs Pamphilvs Davos

CH. Hoccinest credibile aut memorabile, 625
tanta vecordia innata quoiquam ut siet
ut malis gaudeant atque ex incommodis
alterius sua ut comparent commoda? ah
idnest verum? immo id est genus hominum pessimum in
denegando modo quis pudor paullum adest; 630
post ubi tempu' promissa iam perfici,
tum coacti necessario se aperiunt,
et timent et tamen res premit denegare;
ibi tum eorum inpudentissima oratiost
“quis tu es? quis mihi es? quor meam tibi? heus 635
proximus sum egomet mihi.”
at tamen “ubi fides?” si roges,
nil pudet hic, ubi opus [est]; illi ubi
nil opust, ibi verentur. 638a
sed quid agam? adeon ad eum et cum eo iniuriam hanc expostulem?
ingeram mala multa? atque aliqui' dicat “nil promoveris”:
multum: molestu' certe <ei> fuero atque animo morem gessero.
PA. Charine, et me et te inprudens, nisi quid di respiciunt, perdidisti.
CH. itane “inprudens”? tandem inventast causa: solvisti fidem.
PA. quid “tandem”? **CH.** etiamnunc me ducere istis dictis postulas?
PA. quid istuc est? **CH.** postquam me amare dixi, conplacitast tibi.

645

heu me miserum qui tuom animum ex animo spectavi meo!
PA. falsus es. **CH.** non tibi sat esse hoc solidum visumst gaudium,
nisi me lactasses amantem et falsa spe produceres?
habeas. **PA.** habeam? ah nescis quantis in malis vorser miser
quantasque hic s<ui>s consiliis mihi conflavit sollicitudines 650
meu' carnufex. **CH.** quid istuc tam mirumst de te si exemplum capit?
PA. haud istuc dicas, si cognoris vel me vel amorem meum.
CH. scio: cum patre altercasti dudum et is nunc propterea tibi
suscenset nec te quivit hodie cogere illam ut duceres.

PA. immo etiam, quo tu minu' scis aerumnas meas, 655
haec nuptiae non adparabantur mihi
nec postulabat nunc quisquam uxorem dare.

CH. scio: tu coactu' tua voluntate es. **PA.** mane:
nondum scis. **CH.** scio equidem illam ducturum esse te.

PA. quor me enicas? hoc audi: numquam destitit 660
instare ut dicerem me ducturum patri;
suadere orare usque adeo donec perpulit.

CH. quis homo istuc? **PA.** Davo' . . **CH.** Davos? **PA.** interturbat.
CH.

quam ob rem? **PA.** nescio;
nisi mihi d<eo>s sati' scio fuisse iratos qui auscultaverim.

CH. factum hoc est, Dave? **DA.** factum. **CH.** hem quid ais? scelus!
665

at tibi di dignum factis exitium duint!
eho dic mi, si omnes hunc coniectum in nuptias
inimici vellent, quod nisi hoc consilium darent?

DA. deceptu' sum, at non defetigatus. **PA.** scio.

DA. hac non successit, alia adoriemur via: 670
nisi si id putas, quia primo processit parum,
non posse iam ad salutem convorti hoc malum.

PA. immo etiam; nam sati' credo, si advigilaveris,
ex unis geminas mihi conficies nuptias.

DA. ego, Pamphile, hoc tibi pro servitio debeo, 675
conari manibu' pedibu' noctesque et dies,
capitis periculum adire, dum prosim tibi;
tuomst, siquid praeter spem evenit, mi ignoscere.
parum succedit quod ago; at facio sedulo.

vel meliu' tute reperi, me missum face. 680

PA. cupio: restitue in quem me accepisti locum.

DA. faciam. **PA.** at iam hoc opust. **DA.** em . . sed mane; concrepuit a
Glycerio ostium.

PA. nil ad te. **DA.** quaero. **PA.** hem nuncin demum? **DA.** at iam hoc
tibi

inventum dabo.

Mysis Pamphilvs Charinvs Davos

MY. Iam ubi ubi erit, inventum tibi curabo et mecum adductum
t<uo>m Pamphilum: modo tu, anime mi, noli te macerare. 685

PA. Mysis. **MY.** quis est? <e>hem Pamphile, optume mihi te offers.
PA.

quid <id> est?

MY. orare iussit, si se ames, era, iam ut ad sese venias:

videre te ait cupere. **PA.** vah perii: hoc malum integrascit.

sicin me atque illam opera tua nunc miseros sollicitari[er]!

nam idcirco accersor nuptias quod mi adparari sensit. 690

CH. quibu' quidem quam facile potuerat quiesci, si hic quiesset!

DA. age, si hic non insanit satis sua sponte, instiga. **MY.** atque

edepol

ea res est, proptereaue nunc misera in maerorest. **PA.** Mysis,

per omnis tibi adiuro deos numquam <ea>m me deserturum,

non si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnis homines. 695

hanc mi expetivi: contigit; conveniunt mores: valeant

qui inter nos discidium volunt: hanc nisi mors mi adimet nemo.

MY. resipisco. **PA.** non Apollinis mage verum atque hoc

responsumst.

si poterit fieri ut ne pater per me stetisse credat

quo minus haec fierent nuptiae, volo; sed si id non poterit, 700

id faciam, in proclivi quod est, per me stetisse ut credat.

quis videor? **CH.** miser, aequae atque ego. **DA.** consilium quaero.

PA.forti's!

scio quid conere. **DA.** hoc ego tibi profecto effectum reddam.

PA. iam hoc opus est. **DA.** quin iam habeo. **CH.** quid est? **DA.** huic,

non

tibi habeo, ne erres.

CH. sat habeo. **PA.** quid facies? cedo. **DA.** dies [hic] mi ut sati' sit

vereor 705

ad agendum: ne vacuum esse me nunc ad narrandum credas:

proinde hinc vos amolimini; nam mi impedimento estis.

PA. ego hanc visam. — **DA.** quid tu? quo hinc te agis? **CH.** verum

vis

dicam? **DA.** immo etiam:

narrationis incipit mi initium. **CH.** quid me fiet?

DA. eho tu inpudens, non satis habes quod tibi dieculam addo, 710

quantum huic promoveo nuptias? **CH.** Dave, at tamen . . **DA.** quid ergo?

CH. ut ducam. **DA.** ridiculum. **CH.** huc face ad me [ut] venias, siquid

poteris.

DA. quid veniam? nil habeo. **CH.** at tamen, siquid. **DA.** age veniam.

CH. siquid,

domi ero. — **DA.** tu, Mysis, dum exeo, parumper me opperire hic.

MY. quapropter? **DA.** ita factost opus. **MY.** matura. **DA.** iam inquam hic adero. 715

Mysis Davos

MY. Nilne esse proprium quoiquam! di vostram fidem!

summum bonum esse erae putabam hunc Pamphilum,

amicum, amatorem, virum in quovis loco

paratum; verum ex <eo> nunc misera quem capit

laborem! facile hic plus malist quam illic boni. 720

sed Davos exit. mi homo, quid istuc obsecrost?

quo portas puerum? **DA.** Mysis, nunc opus est tua

mihi ad hanc rem exprompta memoria atque astutia.

MY. quidnam incepturu's? **DA.** accipe a me hunc ocus

atque ante nostram ianuam adpone. **MY.** obsecro, 725

humine? **DA.** ex ara hinc sume verbenas tibi

atque <ea>s substerne. **MY.** quam ob rem id tute non facis?

DA. quia, si forte opu' sit ad erum iurandum mihi

non adposisse, ut liquido possim. **MY.** intellego:

nova nunc religio in te istaec incessit. cedo! 730

DA. move ocus te, ut quid agam porro intellegas.

pro Iuppiter! **MY.** quid est? **DA.** sponsae pater intervenit.

repudio quod consilium primum intenderam.

MY. nescio quid narres. **DA.** ego quoque hinc ab dextera

venire me adsimulabo: tu ut subservias 735

orationi, ut quomque opu' sit, verbis vide.

MY. ego quid agas nil intellego; sed siquid est

quod mea opera opu' sit vobis, [a]ut tu plus vides,

manebo, nequod vestrum remorer commodum.

Chremes Mysis Davos

CH. Revortor, postquam quae opu' fuere ad nuptias 740
gnatae paravi, ut iubeam accersi. sed quid hoc?

puer herclest. mulier, tun posisti hunc? **MY.** ubi illic est?

CH. non mihi respondes? **MY.** nusquam est. vae miserae mihi!
reliquit me homo atque abiit. **DA.** di vostram fidem,
quid turbaest apud forum! quid illi hominum litigant! 745
tum annona carast. (quid dicam aliud nescio.)

MY. quor tu obsecro hic me solam? **DA.** hem quae haec est fabula?
eho Mysis, puer hic undest? quisve huc attulit?

MY. satin sanu's qui me id rogites? **DA.** quem ego igitur rogem
qui hic neminem alium videam? **CH.** miror unde sit. 750

DA. dictura es quod rogo? **MY.** au! **DA.** concede ad dexteram.

MY. deliras: non tute ipse . . ? **DA.** verbum si mihi
unum praeter quam quod te rogo faxis: cave!
male dicis? undest? dic clare. **MY.** a nobis. **DA.** hahae!
mirum vero inpudenter mulier si facit 755

meretrix! **CH.** ab Andriast [ancilla] haec, quantum intellego.

DA. adeon videmur vobis esse idonei
in quibu' sic inludati'? **CH.** veni in tempore.

DA. propera adeo puerum tollere hinc ab ianua.
mane: cave quoquam ex istoc excessis loco! 760

MY. di te eradicent! ita me miseram territas.

DA. tibi ego dico an non? **MY.** quid vis? **DA.** at etiam rogas?
cedo, quouum puerum hic adposisti? dic mihi.

MY. tu nescis? **DA.** mitte id quod scio: dic quod rogo.

MY. vestri. **DA.** quoi(u)s nostri? **MY.** Pamphili. **DA.** hem quid?
Pamphili? 765

MY. eho an non est? **CH.** recte ego has semper fugi nuptias.

DA. o facinus animadvortendum! **MY.** quid clamitas?

DA. quemne ego heri vidi ad vos adferri vesperi?

MY. o hominem audacem! **DA.** verum: vidi Cantharam
suffarcinatam. **MY.** dis pol habeo gratiam 770
quom in pariundo aliquot adfuerunt liberae.

DA. ne illa illum haud novit quouiu' causa haec incipit:
"Chremes si positum puerum ante aedis viderit,

s<ua>m gnatam non dabit”: tanto hercle mage dabit.

CH. non hercle faciet. **DA.** nunc adeo, ut tu sis sciens, 775
nisi puerum tolli’ iam ego hunc in mediam viam
provolvam teque ibidem pervolvam in luto.

MY. tu pol homo non es sobrius. **DA.** fallacia
alia aliam trudit: iam susurrari audio
civem Atticam esse hanc. **CH.** hem. **DA.** “coactus legibus 780
eam uxorem ducet.” **MY.** au obsecro, an non civis est?

CH. iocularium in malum insciens paene incidi.

DA. quis hic loquitur? o Chreme, per tempus advenis:
ausculta. **CH.** audivi iam omnia. **DA.** an<ne> haec tu omnia?

CH. audivi, inquam, a principio. **DA.** audistin, obsecro? hem 785
scelera! hanc iam oportet in cruciatum hinc abripi.

hic est ille: non te credas Davom ludere.

MY. me miseram! nil pol falsi dixi, mi senex.

CH. novi omnem rem. est Simo intus? **DA.** est. — **MY.** ne me
atti[n]gas,

sceleste. si pol Glycerio non omnia haec . . 790

DA. eho inepta, nescis quid sit actum? **MY.** qui sciam?

DA. hic socer est. alio pacto haud poterat fieri
ut sciret haec quae volumus. **MY.** praediceres.

DA. paullum interesse censes ex animo omnia,
ut fert natura, facias an de industria? 795

Crito Mysis Davos

CR. In hac habitasse platea dictumst Chrysidem,
quae sese inhoneste optavit parere hic ditias
potius quam honeste in patria pauper viveret:
ei(u)s morte ea ad me lege redierunt bona.

sed quos perconter video: salvete. **MY.** obsecro, 800
quem video? estne hic Crito sobrinu’ Chrysidis?
is est. **CR.** o Mysis, salve! **MY.** salvo’ sis, Crito.

CR. itan Chrysis? hem. **MY.** nos quidem pol miseras perdidit.

CR. quid vos? quo pacto hic? satine recte? **MY.** nosne? sic
ut quimus, aiunt, quando ut volumu’ non licet. 805

CR. quid Glycerium? iam hic s<uo>s parentis repperit?

MY. utinam! **CR.** an nondum etiam? haud auspicato huc me appuli;
nam pol, si id scissem, numquam huc tetulissem pedem.
semper eiu' dictast esse haec atque habitast soror;
quae illi(u)s fuere possidet: nunc me hospitem 810
litis sequi quam id mihi sit facile atque utile
aliorum exempla commonent. simul arbitror
iam aliquem esse amicum et defensorem <ei>; nam fere
grandi[us]cula iam profectast illinc: clamitent
me sycophantam, hereditatem persequi 815
mendicum. tum ipsam despoliare non lubet.
MY. o optume hospes! pol, Crito, antiquom obtines.
CR. duc me ad eam, quando huc veni, ut videam. **MY.** maxume.
DA. sequar hos: nolo me in tempore hoc videat senex.

ACTVS V

Chremes Simo

CH. Sati' iam sati', Simo, spectata erga te amicitia mea; 820
sati' pericli incepti adire: orandi iam finem face.

dum studeo obsequi tibi, paene inlusi vitam filiae.

SI. immo enim nunc quom maxume abs te postulo atque oro,
Chreme,

ut beneficium verbis initum dudum nunc re comprobēs.

CH. vide quam iniquo' sis prae studio: dum id efficias quod lubet,
825

neque modum benignitati' neque quid me ores cogitas;

nam si cogites remittas iam me onerare iniuriis.

SI. quibus? **CH.** at rogitas? perpulisti me ut homini adolescentulo
in alio occupato amore, abhorrenti ab re uxoria,

filiam ut darem in seditionem atque in incertas nuptias, 830

eiu' labore atque eiu' dolore gnato ut medicarer tuo.

impetrasti: incepti, dum res tetulit. nunc non fert: feras.

illam hinc civem esse aiunt; puer est natu': nos missos face.

SI. per ego te d<eo>s oro, ut ne illis animum inducas credere,
quibus id maxume utilest illum esse quam deterrumum. 835

nuptiarum gratia haec sunt ficta atque incepta omnia.

ubi ea causa quam ob rem haec faciunt erit adempta his, desinent.

CH. erras: cum Davo egomet vidi iurgantem ancillam. **SI.** scio. **CH.**
at

vero vultu, quom ibi me adesse neuter tum praesenserant.

SI. credo et id facturas Davo' dudum praedixit mihi; et 840

nescio qui <i>d tibi sum oblitus hodie, ac volui, dicere.

Davos Chremes Simo Dromo

DA. Animo nunciam otioso esse impero. **CH.** em Davom tibi!

SI. unde egreditur? **DA.** meo praesidio atque hospiti'. **SI.** quid illud
malist?

DA. ego commodiorem hominem adventum tempu' non vidi. **SI.**

scelus,

quemnam hic laudat? **DA.** omni' res est iam in vado. **SI.** cesso
adloqui? 845

DA. erus est: quid agam? **SI.** o salve, bone vir. **DA.** ehem Simo, o
noster

Chreme,

omnia adparata iam sunt intu'. **SI.** curasti probe.

DA. ubi voles accerse. **SI.** bene sane; id enimvero hinc nunc abest.
etiam tu hoc respondes quid istic tibi negotist? **DA.** mihin? **SI.** ita.

DA. mihin? **SI.** tibi ergo. **DA.** modo introii. **SI.** quasi ego quam
dudum rogem. 850

DA. cum t<uo> gnato una. **SI.** anne est intu' Pamphilu'? crucior
miser!

eho non tu dixti esse inter eos inimicitias, carnufex?

DA. sunt. **SI.** quor igitur hic est? **CH.** quid illum censes? cum illa
litigat.

DA. immo vero indignum, Chreme, iam facinu' faxo ex me audies.
nescioquis senex modo venit, ellum, confidens catus: 855

quom faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis preti:

tristi' severitas inest in vultu atque in verbis fides.

SI. quidnam adportat? **DA.** nil equidem nisi quod illum audivi
dicere.

SI. quid ait tandem? **DA.** Glycerium se scire civem esse Atticam. **SI.**
hem

Dromo, Dromo. **DA.** quid est? **SI.** Dromo. **DA.** audi. **SI.** verbum si
860

addideris . . ! Dromo.

DA. audi obsecro. **DR.** quid vis? **SI.** sublimem intro rape hunc,
quantum
potest.

DR. quem? **SI.** Davom. **DA.** quam ob rem? **SI.** quia lubet. rape
inquam.

DA. quid feci? **SI.** rape.

DA. si quicquam invenies me mentitum, occidito. **SI.** nil audio.

DR. ego iam te commotum reddam. **DA.** tamen etsi hoc verumst? **SI.**
tamen.

cura adservandum vinctum, atque audin? quadrupedem constringito.

age nunciam: ego pol hodie, si vivo, tibi
ostendam erum quid sit pericli fallere,
et illi patrem. **CH.** ah ne saevi tanto opere. **SI.** o Chreme,
pietatem gnati! nonne te miseret mei?
tantum laborem capere ob talem filium! 870
age Pamphile, exi Pamphile: ecquid te pudet?

Pamphilvs Simo Chremes

PA. Quis me volt? perii, pater est. **SI.** quid ais, omnium . . ? **CH.** ah
rem potius ipsam dic ac mitte male loqui.

SI. quasi quicquam in hunc iam graviu' dici possiet.
<ai>n tandem, civi' Glyceriumst? **PA.** ita praedicant. 875

SI. "ita praedicant"? o ingentem confidentiam!
num cogitat quid dicat? num facti piget?
vide num ei(u)s color pudori' signum usquam indicat.

adeo[n] inpotenti esse animo ut praeter civium
morem atque legem et s<ui> voluntatem patris 880
tamen hanc habere studeat cum summo probro!

PA. me miserum! **SI.** hem modone id demum sensti, Pamphile?
olim istuc, olim quom ita animum inducti tuom,
quod cuperes aliquo pacto efficiundum tibi,
<eo>dem die istuc verbum vere in te accidit. 885

sed quid ego? quor me excrucio? quor me macero?
quor meam senectutem huius sollicito amentia?
an ut pro hui(u)s peccatis ego supplicium sufferam?
immo habeat, valeat, vivat cum illa. **PA.** mi pater!

SI. quid "mi pater"? quasi tu huius indigeas patris. 890
domus uxor liberi inventi invito patre;
adducti qui illam hinc civem dicant: viceris.

PA. pater, licetne pauca? **SI.** quid dices mihi? **CH.** at
tamen, Simo, audi. **SI.** ego audiam? quid audiam,
Chreme? **CH.** at tandem dicat. **SI.** age dicat, sino. 895

PA. ego me amare hanc fateor; si id peccarest, fateor id quoque.
tibi, pater, me dedo: quidvis oneris inpone, impera.
vis me uxorem ducere? hanc vis [a]mittere? ut potero feram.

hoc modo te obsecro, ut ne credas a me adlegatum hunc senem:
sine me expurgem atque illum huc coram adducam. **SI.** adducas?

PA. 900

sine, pater.

CH. aequom postulat: da veniam. **PA.** sine te hoc exorem. **SI.** sino.
quidvis cupio dum ne ab hoc me falli comperiar, Chreme.

CH. pro peccato magno paullum supplici satis est patri.

Crito Chremes Simo Pamphilvs

CR. Mitte orare. una harum quaevis causa me ut faciam monet,
vel tu vel quod verumst vel quod ipsi cupio Glycerio. 905

CH. Andrium ego Critonem video? certe is est. **CR.** salvo' sis,
Chreme.

CH. quid tu Athenas insolens? **CR.** evenit. sed hicinest Simo?

CH. hic. **CR.** Simo . . **SI.** men quaeris? eho tu, Glycerium hinc
civem

esse ais?

CR. tu negas? **SI.** itane huc paratus advenis? **CR.** qua re? **SI.** rogas?
tune inpune haec facias? tune hic homines adulescentulos 910
inperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis?

sollicitando et pollicitando <eo>rum animos lactas? **CR.** sanun es?

SI. ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?

PA. perii, metuo ut substet hospes. **CH.** si, Simo, hunc noris satis,
non ita arbitrare: bonus est hic vir. **SI.** hic vir sit bonus? 915

itane adtemperate evenit, hodie in ipsis nuptiis

ut veniret, ant(e)hac numquam? est vero huic credundum, Chreme.

PA. ni metuam patrem, habeo pro illa re illum quod moneam probe.

SI. sycophanta. **CR.** hem. **CH.** sic, Crito, est hic: mitte. **CR.** videat
qui siet.

si mihi perget quae volt dicere, ea quae non volt audiet. 920

ego istaec moveo aut curo? non tu t<uo>m malum aequo animo
feras!

nam ego quae dico vera an falsa audierim iam sciri potest.

Atticus quidam olim navi fracta ad Andrum eiectus est

et istaec una parva virgo. tum ille egens forte adplicat

primum ad Chrysidis patrem se. **SI.** fabulam inceptat. **CH.** sine. 925

CR. itane vero obturbat? **CH.** perge. **CR.** Tu — is mihi cognatus fuit qui <eu>m recepit. ibi ego audiui ex illo sese esse Atticum. is ibi mortuost. **CH.** ei(u)s nomen? **CR.** nomen tam cito? Phania? hem

perii! verum hercle opinor f<ui>sse Phanium; hoc certo scio, Rhamnusium se aiebat esse. **CH.** o Iuppiter! **CR.** eadem haec, Chreme, ⁹³⁰

multi alii in Andro tum audi[ve]re. **CH.** utinam id sit quod spero! eho dic mihi,

quid eam tum? suamne esse aibat? **CR.** non. **CH.** quoiam igitur? **CR.** fratri' filiam.

CH. certe meast. **CR.** quid ais? **SI.** quid tu ais? **PA.** arrige auris, Pamphile!

SI. qui credi'? **CH.** Phania illic frater meu' fuit. **SI.** noram et scio.

CH. is bellum hinc fugiens meque in Asiam persequens proficiscitur: ⁹³⁵

tum illam relinquere hic est veritus.~ postilla nunc primum audio quid illo sit factum. **PA.** vix sum apud me: ita animu' commotust metu

spe gaudio, mirando tanto tam repentino hoc bono.

SI. ne istam multimodis t<ua>m inveniri gaudeo. **PA.** credo, pater.

CH. at mi unu' scrupulus etiam restat qui me male habet. **PA.** dignus es ⁹⁴⁰

cum t<ua> religione, odium: nodum in scirpo quaeri'. **CR.** quid istuc est?

CH. nomen non convenit. **CR.** fuit hercle huic aliud parvae. **CH.** quod, Crito?

numquid meministi? **CR.** id quaero. **PA.** egon huius' memoriam patiar meae

voluptati obstare, quom ego possim in hac re medicari mihi?

heus, Chreme, quod quaeri', Pasibulast. **CH.** ipsa <ea>st. **CR.** east. ⁹⁴⁵

PA. ex ipsa miliens audiui. **SI.** omnis nos gaudere hoc, Chreme, te credo credere. **CH.** ita me di ament, credo. **PA.** quod restat, pater .

SI. iamdudum res redduxit me ipsa in gratiam. **PA.** o lepidum patrem!

de uxore, ita ut possedi, nil mutat Chremes? **CH.** causa optumast;
nisi quid pater ait aliud. **PA.** nempe id. **SI.** scilicet. **CH.** dos,
Pamphile, est 950
decem talenta. **PA.** accipio. **CH.** propero ad filiam. eho mecum,
Crito;
nam illam me credo haud nosse. — **SI.** quor non illam huc transferri
iubes?
PA. recte admones: Davo ego istuc dedam iam negoti. **SI.** non
potest.
PA. qui? **SI.** quia habet aliud magis ex sese et maiu'. **PA.** quidnam?
SI. vinctus est.
PA. pater, non recte vinctust. **SI.** haud ita iussi. **PA.** iube solvi,
obsecro. 955
SI. age fiat. **PA.** at matura. **SI.** eo intro. **PA.** o faustum et felicem
diem!

Charinvs Pamphilvs Davos

CH. Proviso quid agat Pamphilus. atque eccum. **PA.** aliquis
fors[itan] me putet
non putare hoc verum, at mihi nunc sic esse hoc verum lubet.
ego d<eo>rum vitam propterea sempiternam esse arbitror
quod voluptates <eo>rum propriae sunt; nam mi immortalitas 960
partast, si nulla aegritudo huic gaudio intercesserit.
sed quem ego mihi potissimum optem, nunc quoi haec narrem, dari?
CH. quid illud gaudist? **PA.** Davom video. nemost quem mallet
omnium;
nam hunc scio mea solide solum gavisurum gaudia.
DA. Pamphilus ubinam hic est? **PA.** Dave. **DA.** quis homost? **PA.**
ego sum. 965
DA. o Pamphile.
PA. nescis quid mi obtigerit. **DA.** certe; sed quid mihi obtigerit scio.
PA. et quidem ego. **DA.** more hominum evenit ut quod sim nactus
mali
priu' rescisceres tu quam ego illud quod tibi evenit boni.
PA. Glycerium mea s<uo>s parentis repperit. **DA.** factum bene. **CH.**
hem.

PA. pater amicu' summu' nobis. **DA.** quis? **PA.** Chremes. **DA.** narras probe. 970

PA. nec mora ullast quin eam uxorem ducam. **CH.** num illic somniat ea quae vigilans voluit? **PA.** tum de puero, Dave . . **DA.** ah desine! solus est quem diligant di. **CH.** salvo' sum si haec vera sunt. conloquar. **PA.** quis homost? [o] Charine, in tempore ipso mi advenis.

CH. bene factum. **PA.** audisti[n]? **CH.** omnia. age, me in t<ui>s 975
secundis respice.

tuos est nunc Chremes: facturum quae voles scio esse omnia.

PA. memini: atque adeo longumst illum me exspectare dum exeat. sequere hac me: intus apud Glycerium nunc est. tu, Dave, abi domum,

propera, accerse hinc qui auferant. em quid stas? quid cessas? **DA.** eo.

ne exspecteti' dum exeant huc: intu' despondebitur; 980
intu' transigetur siquid est quod restet. **CANTOR.** plaudite!

EXITVS ALTER SVPPOSITICIVS

PA. memini adq<ue adeo ut uolui commodum huc senex exit foras>. 977a

CH. m o 978a

CH. 979a

Pamphilvs Charinvs Chremes Davos

PA. Te expectabam: est de tua re quod agere ego tecum uolo. 980a
operam dedi ne me esse oblitum dicas tuae gnatae alterae. 981a
tibi me opinor inuenisse dignum te atque illa uirum. **CHA.** Ah, 982a
perii, Daue, de meo amore ac uita <nunc> sors tollitur. 983a

CHR. non noua istaec mihi condicio est, si uoluisssem, Pamphile. 984a

CHA. occidi, Daue. **DA.** mane. **CHA.** perii. **CHR.** id quamobrem non 985a

uolui eloquar:

non idcirco quod eum omnino adfinem mihi nollem . . **CHA.** hem!

DA. tace. 986a

CHR. sed amicitia nostra quae est a patribus nostris tradita 987a
nobis, aliquam partem studui adauctam tradi liberis. 988a

nunc cum copia ac fortuna utrique ut obsequeretur dedit, 989a
detur. **PA.** bene factum. **DA.** adi atque age homini gratias. **CHA.**

990a

salve, Chremes,

amicorum meorum omnium mihi ~agissime. 991a

quod mihi non minus est gaudio quam id <quod volo> 992a

quod <abs te expecto et summo studio> abs te expeto: 993a

me repperisse ut habitus antehac fui tibi. 994a

CHR. animum, Charine, quod ad cumque applicaueris 995a

studium exinde ut erit tute existimaberis. 996a

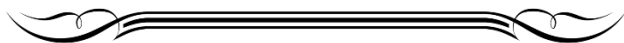
id ita esse facere coniecturam ex me licet: 997a

alienus abs te tamen quis tu esses noueram. 998a

CHA. ita res est. **CHR.** gnatam tibi meam Philumenam 999a

uxorem et dotis sex talenta spondeo. 1000a

HECYRA



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DIDASCALIA

INCIPIT TERENTI HECYRA
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MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI
TIBIS PARIBVS
TOTA GRAECA MENANDRV
FACTA EST V
ACTA PRIMO SINE PROLOGO DATA
SECVNDO CN. OCTAVIO TITO MANLIO COS.
RELATA EST LVCIO AEMILIO PAVLO LVDIS FVNERALIBVS
NON EST PLACITA
TERTIO RELATA EST Q. FVLVIO LVC. MARCIO AEDILIBVS
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EGIT LVC AMBIVIVS LVC SERGIVS TVRPIO
PLACVIT

PERSONAE

PROLOGVS
PHILOTIS MERETRIX
SYRA ANVS
PARMENO SERVOS
(SCIRTVS SERVOS)
LACHES SENEX
SOSTRATA MATRONA
PHIDIPPVS SENEX
PAMPHILVS ADVLESCENS
SOSIA SERVOS
MYRRINA MATRONA
BACCHIS MERETRIX
CANTOR

PERIOCHA C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS

Vxorem ducit Pamphilus Philumenam,
cui quondam ignorans uirgini uitium obtulit,
cuiusque per uim quem detraxit anulum
dederat amicae Bacchidi meretriculae.
dein profectus in Imbrum est: nuptam haud attigit.
hanc mater utero grauidam, ne id sciat socrus,
ut aegram ad sese transfert. reuenit Pamphilus,
deprendit partum, celat; uxorem tamen
recipere non uolt. pater incusat Bacchidis
amorem. dum se purgat Bacchis, anulum
mater uitatae forte adgnoscit Myrrina.
uxorem recipit Pamphilus cum filio.

PROLOGVS (I)

Hecyra est huic nomen fabulae. haec quom datast
nova, novom intervenit vitium et calamitas
ut neque spectari neque cognosci potuerit:
ita populu' studio stupidus in funambulo
animum occuparat. nunc haec planest pro nova, 5
et is qui scripsit hanc ob eam rem noluit
iterum referre ut iterum possit vendere.
alias cognostis eiu': quaeso hanc noscite.

PROLOGVS (II)

Orator ad vos venio ornatu prologi:
sinite exorator sim <eo>dem ut iure uti senem 10
liceat quo iure sum usus adolescentior,
novas qui exactas feci ut inveterascerent,
ne cum poeta scriptura evanesceret.
in is quas primum Caecili didici novas
partim sum earum exactu', partim vix steti. 15
quia scibam dubiam fortunam esse scaenicam,
spe incerta certum mihi laborem sustuli,
<ea>sdem agere coepi ut ab eodem alias discerem
novas, studiose ne illum ab studio abducerem.

perfecti ut spectarentur: ubi sunt cognitae, 20
placitae sunt. ita poetam restitui in locum
prope iam remmotum iniuria advorsarium
ab studio atque ab labore atque arte musica.
quod si scripturam sprevissem in praesentia
et in deterrendo voluissem operam sumere, 25
ut in otio esset potius quam in negotio,
deterruissem facile ne alias scriberet.
nunc quid petam mea causa aequo animo attendite.
Hecyram ad vos refero, quam mihi per silentium
numquam agere licitumst; ita eam oppressit calamitas. 30
<ea>m calamitatem vostra intellegentia
sedabit, si erit adiutrix nostrae industriae.
quom primum eam agere coepi, pugilum gloria
(funambuli <eo>dem accessit exspectatio),
comitum conventu', strepitu', clamor mulierum 35
fecere ut ante tempus exirem foras.
vetere in nova coepi uti consuetudine
in experiundo ut essem; refero denuo.
primo actu placeo; quom interea rumor venit
datum iri gladiatores, populu' convolat, 40
tumultuantur clamant, pugnant de loco:
ego interea meum non potui tutari locum.
nunc turba nulla est: otium et silentiumst:
agendi tempu' mihi datumst; vobis datur
potestas condecorandi ludos scaenicos. 45
nolite sinere per vos artem musicam
recidere ad paucos: facite ut vostra auctoritas
meae auctoritati fautrix adiutrixque sit.
si numquam avare pretium statui arti meae
et eum esse quaestum in animum induxi maxumum 50
quam maxume servire vobis commodis,
sinite impetrare me, qui in tutelam meam
studium suum et se in vostram commisit fidem,
ne <eu>m circumventum inique iniqui inrideant.
mea causa causam accipite et date silentium, 55
ut lubeat scribere aliis mihi ut discere

novas expediat posthac pretio emptas meo.

ACTVS I

Philotis Syra

I.i

PH. Per pol quam paucos reperias meretricibus
fidelis evenire amatores, Syra.

vel hic Pamphilus iurabat quotiens Bacchidi, 60
quam sancte, uti quivis facile posset credere,
numquam illa viva ducturum uxorem domum!
em duxit. **SY.** ergo propterea te sedulo

et moneo et hortor ne quousquam misereat,
quin spolies mutiles laceres quemque nacta sis. 65

PH. utine eximium neminem habeam? **SY.** neminem:
nam nemo illorum quisquam, scito, ad te venit
quin ita paret sese abs te ut blanditiis suis
quam minimo pretio s<ua>m voluptatem expleat.
hiscin tu amabo non contra insidiabere? 70

PH. tamen pol eandem iniuriumst esse omnibus.

SY. iniurium autem est ulcisci advorsarios,
aut qua via te captent <ea>dem ipsos capi?
eheu me miseram, quor non aut istaec mihi
aetas et formast aut tibi haec sententia? 75

Parmeno Philotis Syra

I.ii

PA. Senex si quaeret me, modo isse dicito
ad portum percontatum adventum Pamphili.
audin quid dicam, Scirte? si quaeret me, uti
tum dicas; si non quaeret, nullu' dixeris,
alias ut uti possim causa hac integra. 80

sed videon ego Philotium? unde haec advenit?

Philoti', salve multum. **PH.** o salve, Parmeno.

SY. salve mecastor, Parmeno. **PA.** et tu edepol, Syra.
dic mi, ubi, Philoti', te oblectasti tam diu?

PH. minime equidem me oblectavi, quae cum milite 85
Corinthum hinc sum profecta inhumanissimo:
biennium ibi perpetuom misera illum tuli.

PA. edepol te desiderium Athenarum arbitror,
Philotium, cepisse saepe et te tuom
consilium contempsisse. **PH.** non dici potest 90
quam cupida eram huc redeundi, abeundi a milite
vosque hic videndi, antiqua ut consuetudine
agitarem inter vos libere convivium.

nam illi[c] haud licebat nisi praefinito loqui
quae illi placerent. **PA.** haud opinor commode 95
finem statuisset orationi militem.

PH. sed quid hoc negotist? modo quae narravit mihi
hic intu' Bacchi'? quod ego numquam credidi
fore, ut ille hac viva posset animum inducere
uxorem habere. **PA.** habere autem? **PH.** eho tu, an non habet? 100

PA. habet, sed firmae haec vereor ut sint nuptiae.

PH. ita di deaque faxint, si in rem est Bacchidis.
sed qui istuc credam ita esse dic mihi, Parmeno.

PA. non est opus prolato hoc: percontarier
desiste. **PH.** nempe <ea> causa ut ne id fiat palam? 105
ita me di amabunt, haud propterea te rogo,
uti hoc proferam, sed ut tacita mecum gaudeam.

PA. numquam tam dices commode ut tergum meum
tuam in fidem committam. **PH.** ah noli, Parmeno:
quasi tu non multo malis narrare hoc mihi 110
quam ego quae percontor scire. **PA.** (vera haec praedicat
et illud mihi vitiumst maxumum.) si mihi fidem
das te taciturnam, dicam. **PH.** ad ingenium redis.

fidem do: loquere. **PA.** ausculta. **PH.** istic sum. **PA.** hanc Bacchidem
amabat ut quom maxume tum Pamphilus 115
quom pater uxorem ut ducat orare occipit
et haec communia omnium quae sunt patrum,
sese senem esse dicere, illum autem unicum:
praesidium velle se senectuti suae.

ill' primo se negare; sed postquam acrius 120
pater instat, fecit animi ut incertus foret

pudorin anne amoris obsequeretur magis.
 tundendo atque odio denique effecit senex:
 despondit <ei> gnatam hui(us) vicini proxumi.
 usque illud visum est Pamphilo ne utiquam grave 125
 donec iam in ipsis nuptiis, postquam videt
 paratas nec moram ullam quin ducat dari,
 ibi demum ita aegre tulit ut ipsam Bacchidem,
 si adesset, credo ibi eiu' commiseresceret.
 ubiquomque datum erat spatium solitudinis 130
 ut conloqui mecum una posset: "Parmeno,
 perii, quid ego egi! in quod me conieci malum!
 non potero ferre hoc, Parmeno: perii miser."
PH. at te di deaque perduint cum istoc odio, Lache!
PA. ut ad pauca redeam, uxorem deducit domum. 135
 nocte illa prima virginem non attigit;
 quae consecutast nox eam, nihilo magis.
PH. quid ais? cum virgine una adulescens cubuerit
 plus potu', sese illa abstinere ut potuerit?
 non veri simile dici' neque verum arbitror. 140
PA. credo ita videri tibi. nam nemo ad te venit
 nisi cupiens tui; ille invitus illam duxerat.
PH. quid deinde fit? **PA.** diebu' sane pauculis
 post Pamphilus me solum seducit foras
 narratque ut virgo ab se integra etiam tum siet, 145
 seque ante quam eam uxorem duxisset domum,
 sperasse eas tolerare posse nuptias.
 "sed quam decrerim me non posse diutius
 habere, eam ludibrio haberi, Parmeno,
 quin integram itidem reddam, ut accepi ab suis, 150
 neque honestum mihi neque utile ipsi virginist."
PH. pium ac pudicum ingenium narras Pamphili.
PA. "hoc ego proferre incommodum mi esse arbitror;
 reddi patri autem, quoi tu nil dicas viti,
 superbumst. sed illam spero, ubi hoc cognoverit 155
 non posse se mecum esse, abituram denique."
PH. quid interea? ibatne ad Bacchidem? **PA.** cotidie.
 sed ut fit, postquam hunc alienum ab sese videt,

maligna multo et mage procax facta ilico est.

PH. non edepol mirum. **PA.** atque ea res multo maxime 160
diiunxit illum ab illa, postquam et ipse se
et illam et hanc quae domi erat cognovit satis,
ad exemplum ambarum mores <ea>rum existimans.

haec, ita uti liberali esse ingenio decet,
pudens modesta incommoda atque iniurias 165
viri omnis ferre et tegere contumelias.

hic animu' partim uxori' misericordia
devinctu', partim victus hui(u)s iniuriis
paullatim elapsust Bacchidi atque huc transtulit
amorem, postquam par ingenium nactus est. 170

interea in Imbro moritur cognatus senex
horunc: ea ad hos redibat lege hereditas.
eo amantem invitum Pamphilum extrudit pater.
reliquit cum matre hic uxorem; nam senex
rus abdidit se, huc raro in urbem commeat. 175

PH. quid adhuc habent infirmitatis nuptiae?

PA. nunc audies. primo dies complusculos
bene convenibat sane inter eas. interim
miris modis odisse coepit Sostratam:
neque lites ullae inter eas, postulatio 180
numquam. **PH.** quid igitur? **PA.** siquando ad eam accesserat
confabulatum, fugere e conspectu ilico,
videre nolle: denique ubi non quit pati,
simulat se ad matrem accersi ad rem divinam, abit.

ubi illic d<ie>s est compluris, accersi iubet: 185
dixere causam tum nescioquam. iterum iubet:
nemo remisit. postquam accersunt saepius,
agram esse simulant mulierem. nostra ilico
it visere ad eam: admisit nemo. hoc ubi senex
rescivit, heri ea causa rure huc advenit, 190
patrem continuo convenit Philumena.

quid egerint inter se nondum etiam scio;
nisi sane curaest quorsum eventurum hoc siet.
habes omnem rem: pergam quo coepi hoc iter.

PH. et quidem ego; nam constitui cum quodam hospite 195

me esse illum conventuram. **PA.** di vortant bene
quod agas! **PH.** vale. **PA.** et tu bene vale, Philotium.

ACTVS II

Laches Sostrata

II.i

LA. Pro deum atque hominum fidem, quod hoc genus est, quae haec est coniuratio!

utin omnes mulieres eadem aequae studeant nolintque omnia neque declinatam quicquam ab aliarum ingenio ullam reperiās! 200 itaque adeo uno animo omnes socrus oderunt nurus.

viris esse advorsas aequae studiumst, simili' pertinacīast, in eodemque omnes mihi videntur ludo doctae ad malitiam; et <ei> ludo, si ullus est, magistrā hanc esse satī' certo scio.

SO. me miseram, quae nunc quam ob rem accuser nescio. **LA.** hem 205

tu nescis? **SO.** non, ita me di bene ament, mi Lache, itaque una inter nos agere aetatem liceat. **LA.** di mala prohibeant.

SO. meque abs te inmerito esse accusatam post modo rescisces. **LA.** scio,

te inmerito? an quicquam pro istis factis dignum te dici potest?

quae me et te et familiam dedecoras, filio luctum paras; 210

tum autem ex amicis inimici ut sint nobis adfines facis, qui illum decrerunt dignum s<uo>s quoi liberos committerent. tu sola exorere quae perturbes haec tua inpudentia.

SO. egon? **LA.** tu inquam, mulier, quae me omnino lapidem, non hominem putas.

an, quia ruri esse crebro soleo, nescire arbitramini 215

quo quisque pacto hic vitam vostrarum exigit?

multo melius hic quae fiunt quam illi[c] ubi sum adsidue scio.

ideo quia, ut vos mihi domi eritī', proinde ego ero fama foris.

iampridem equidem audivi cepisse odium t<ui> Philumenam,

minimeque adeo [est] mirum, et nī id fecisset magis mirum foret; 220

sed non credidi adeo ut etiam totam hanc odisset domum:

quod si scissem illa hic maneret potiū', tu hinc isses foras.

at vide quam inmerito aegritudo haec oritur mi abs te, Sostrata: rus habitatum abii concedens vobis et r<ei> serviens,

sumptus vestros otiumque ut nostra res posset pati, 225
 m<eo> labori haud parcens praeter aequom atque aetatem meam.
 non te pro his curasse rebu' nequid aegre esset mihi!
SO. non mea opera neque pol culpa evenit. **LA.** immo maxume:
 sola hic f<ui>sti: in te omnis haeret culpa sola, Sostrata.
 quae hic erant curares, quom ego vos curis solvi ceteris. 230
 cum puella anum suscepisse inimicitias non pudet?
 illi(u)s dices culpa factum? **SO.** haud equidem dico, mi Lache.
LA. gaudeo, ita me di ament, gnati causa; nam de te quidem
 sati' scio peccando detrimenti nil fieri potest.
SO. qui scis an ea causa, mi vir, me odisse adsimulaverit 235
 ut cum matre plus una esset? **LA.** quid ais? non signi hoc sat est,
 quod heri nemo voluit visentem ad eam te intro admittere?
SO. enim lassam oppido tum esse <ai>bant: eo ad eam non admissa
 sum.
LA. t<uo>s esse ego illi mores morbum mage quam ullam aliam rem
 arbitror,
 et merito adeo; nam vostrarum nullast quin gnatum velit 240
 ducere uxorem; et quae vobis placitast condicio datur:
 ubi duxere inpulsu vostro, vostro impulsu <ea>sdem exigunt.

Phidippvs Laches Sostrata

II.ii

PH. Etsi scio ego, Philumena, m<eu>m ius esse ut te cogam
 quae ego imperem facere, ego tamen patrio animo victu' faciam
 ut tibi concedam neque tuae lubidini advorsabor. 245
LA. atque eccum Phidippum optume video: hinc iam scibo hoc quid
 sit.
 Phidippe, etsi ego m<ei>s me omnibus scio esse adprime
 obsequentem,
 sed non adeo ut mea facilitas corrumpat illorum animos:
 quod tu si idem faceres, magis in rem et vostram et nostram id esset.
 nunc video in illarum potestate esse te. **PH.** heia vero. 250
LA. adii te heri de filia: ut veni, itidem incertum amisti.
 haud ita decet, si perpetuam hanc vis esse adfinitatem,
 celare te iras. siquid est peccatum a nobis profer:

aut ea refellendo aut purgando vobis corrigemus
te iudice ipso. sin east causa retinendi apud vos 255
quia aeग्रast, te mihi iniuriam facere arbitror, Phidippe,
si metui' satis ut meae domi curetur diligenter.
at ita me di ament, haud tibi hoc concedo — [etsi] illi pater es —
ut tu illam salvam mage velis quam ego: id adeo gnati causa,
quem ego intellexi illam haud minus quam se ipsum magni facere.

260

neque adeo clam me est quam esse eum graviter laturum credam,
hoc si rescierit: <eo> domum studeo haec priu' quam ille redeat.

PH. Laches, et diligentiam vostram et benignitatem
novi et quae dicis omnia esse ut dicis animum induco,
et te hoc mihi cupio credere: illam ad vos redire studeo 265
si facere possim ullo modo. **LA.** quae res te id facere prohibet?
eho num quid nam accusat virum? **PH.** minime. nam postquam
attendi

magis et vi coepi cogere ut rediret, sancte adiurat
non posse apud vos Pamphilo se absente perdurare.
aliud fortasse aliis viti est: ego sum animo leni natus: 270
non possum advorsari meis. **LA.** em Sostrata. **SO.** heu me miseram!
LA. certumne est istuc? **PH.** nunc quidem ut videtur: sed num quid
vis?

nam est quod me transire ad forum iam oportet. **LA.** eo tecum una.

Sostrata

II.iii

Edepol ne nos sumus inique aequae omnes invisae viris
propter paucas, quae omnes faciunt dignae ut videamur malo. 275
nam ita me di ament, quod me accusat nunc vir, sum extra noxiam.
sed non facile est expurgatu: ita animum induxerunt socrus
omnis esse iniquas: haud pol mequidem; nam numquam secus
habui illam ac si ex me esset gnata, nec qui hoc mi eveniat scio;
nisi pol filium multimodis iam exspecto ut redeat domum. 280

ACTVS III

Pamphilvs Parmeno (Myrrina)

III.i

PAM. Nemini plura acerba credo esse ex amore homini umquam oblata

quam mi. heu me infelicem, hancin ego vitam parsi perdere!
hacin causa ego eram tanto opere cupidu' redeundi domum! hui
quanto fuerat praestabilius ubivis gentium agere aetatem
quam huc redire atque haec ita esse miserum me resciscere! 285
nam nos omnes quibus est alicunde aliquis obiectus labos,
omne quod est interea tempu' priu' quam id rescitumst lucrost.

PAR. ac sic citiu' qui te expedias his aerumnis reperias:
si non rediisses, haec irae factae essent multo ampliores.
sed nunc adventum tuom ambas, Pamphile, scio reverituras: 290
rem cognosces, iram expadies, rursum in gratiam restitues.
levia sunt quae tu pergravia esse in animum induxti tuom.

PAM. quid consolare me? an quisquam usquam gentiumst aequè miser?

priu' quam hanc uxorem duxi habebam alibi animum amoris deditum;
tamen numquam ausu' sum recusare <ea>m quam mi obtrudit pater:
295

iam in hac re, ut taceam, quoivis facile scitust quam fuerim miser.
vix me illi<m> abstraxi atque ineditum in ea expediti animum
meum,
vixque huc contuleram: em nova res ortast porro ab hac quae me
abstrahat.

tum matrem ex <ea> re me aut uxorem in culpa inventurum arbitror;
quod quom ita esse invenero, quid restat nisi porro ut fiam miser? 300
nam matri' ferre iniurias me, Parmeno, pietas iubet;
tum uxori obnoxius sum: ita olim s<uo> me ingenio pertulit,
tot m<ea>s iniurias quae numquam in ullo patefecit loco.
sed magnum nescioquid necessest evenisse, Parmeno,
unde ira inter eas intercessit quae tam permansit diu. 305

PAR. haud quidem hercle: parvom; si vis vero veram rationem

exsequi,
non maxumas quae maxumae sunt interdum irae iniurias
faciunt; nam saepe est quibus in rebus aliu' ne iratus quidem est,
quom de <ea>dem causast iracundu' factus inimicissimus.
pueri inter sese quam pro levibu' noxiis iras gerunt 310
quapropter? quia enim qui <eo>s gubernat animus eum infirmum
gerunt.

itidem illae mulieres sunt ferme ut pueri levi sententia:
fortasse unum aliquod verbum inter eas iram hanc concivisse.

PAM. abi, Parmeno, intro ac me venisse nuntia. **PAR.** hem quid hoc
est? **PAM.** tace.

trepidari sentio et cursari rursum prorsum. **PAR.** agedum, ad fores
315

accedo propius. em sensistin? **PAM.** noli fabularier.
pro Iuppiter, clamorem audiui. **PAR.** tute loqueris, me vetas.
(**MY.** intus) tace obsecro, mea gnata. **PAM.** matri' vox visast
Philumena.

nullus sum. **PAR.** quidum? **PAM.** perii. **PAR.** quam ob rem? **PAM.**
nescioquod magnum malum

profecto, Parmeno, me celant. **PAR.** uxorem Philumenam 320
pavitare nescioquid dixerunt: id si forte est nescio.

PAM. interii; quor mihi id non dixti? **PAR.** quia non poteram una
omnia.

PAM. quid morbi est? **PAR.** nescio. **PAM.** quid? nemon medicum
adduxit?

PAR. nescio.

PAM. cesso hinc ire intro ut hoc quam primum quidquid est certo
sciam?

quonam modo, Philumena mea, nunc te offendam adfectam? 325
nam si periculum ullum in te inest, perisse me una haud dubiumst. —

PAR. non usu' factost mihi nunc hunc intro sequi;
nam invisos omnis nos esse illis sentio:

heri nemo voluit Sostratam intro admittere.

si forte morbus amplior factus siet 330

(quod sane nolim, maxume eri causa mei),

servom ilico introisse dicent Sostratae,

aliquid tulisse comminiscuntur mali

capiti atque aetati illorum morbu' qui auctu' sit:
era in crimen veniet, ego vero in magnum malum. 335

Sostrata Parmeno Pamphilvs

III.ii

SO. Nescioquid iamdudum audio hic tumultuari misera:
male metuo ne Philumenae mage morbus adgravescat:
quod te, Aesculapi, et te, Salus, nequid sit huius oro.
nunc ad eam visam. **PAR.** heus Sostrata. **SO.** hem. **PAR.** iterum
istinc excludere.

SO. ehem Parmeno, tun hic eras? perii, quid faciam misera? 340
non visam uxorem Pamphili, quom in proxumo hic sit aegra?

PAR. non visas? ne mittas quidem visendi causa quemquam.
nam qui amat quoi odio ipso est, bis facere stulte duco:
laborem inanem ipso caput et illi molestiam adfert.
tum filius tuos intro iit videre, ut venit, quid agat. 345

SO. quid ais? an venit Pamphilus? **PAR.** venit. **SO.** dis gratiam
habeo.

hem istoc verbo animu' mihi redit et cura ex corde excessit.

PAR. iam ea te causa maxime nunc hoc intro ire nolo;

nam si remittent quidpiam Philumenae dolores,
omnem rem narrabit, scio, continuo sola soli 350

quae inter vos intervenerit, unde ortumst initium irae.

atque eccum video ipsum egredi: quam tristic[es]t! **SO.** o mi gnate!

PAM. mea mater, salve. **SO.** gaudeo venisse salvom. salvan

Philumenast? **PAM.** meliusculast. **SO.** utinam istuc ita di faxint!

quid tu igitur lacrimas? aut quid es tam tristi'? **PAM.** recte, mater.

355

SO. quid f<ui>t tumulti? dic mihi: an dolor repente invasit?

PAM. ita factumst. **SO.** quid morbi est? **PAM.** febris. **SO.** cotidiana?

PAM. ita aiunt.

i sodes intro, consequar iam te, mea mater. **SO.** fiat. —

PAM. tu pueris curre, Parmeno, obviam atque is onera adiuta.

PAR. quid? non sciunt ipsi viam domum qua veniant? **PAM.**

cessas? 360

Pamphilvs

III.iii

Nequeo m<ea>rum rerum initium ullum invenire idoneum
unde exordiar narrare quae necopinanti accidunt;
partim quae perspexi hisce oculis, partim quae accepi auribus:
qua me propter exanimatum citius eduxi foras.
nam modo intro me ut corripui timidus, alio suspicans 365
morbo me visurum adfectam ac sensi esse uxorem: ei mihi!
postquam me aspexere ancillae advenisse, ilico omnes simul
laetae exclamant “venit”, id quod me repente aspexerant.
sed continuo voltum earum sensi inmutari omnium,
quia tam incommode illic fors obtulerat adventum meum. 370
una illarum interea propere praecucurrit nuntians
me venisse: ego ei(u)s videndi cupidu’ recta consequor.
postquam intro adveni, extemplo eiu’ morbum cognovi miser;
nam neque ut celari posset tempu’ spatium ullum dabat
neque voce alia ac res monebat ipsa poterat conqueri. 375
postquam aspexi, “o facinus indignum” inquam et corripui ilico
me inde lacrumans, incredibili re atque atroci percitus.
mater consequitur: iam ut limen exirem, ad genua accidit
lacrumans misera: miseritumst. profecto hoc sic est, ut puto:
omnibu’ nobis ut res dant sese ita magni atque humiles sumus. 380
hanc habere orationem mecum principio institit:
“o mi Pamphile, abs te quam ob rem haec abierit causam vides;
nam vitiumst oblatum virgini olim a nescioquo inprobo.
nunc huc confugit te atque alios partum ut celaret suom.”
sed quom orata huiu’ reminiscor nequeo quin lacrumem miser. 385
“quaeque fors fortunast” inquit “nobis quae te hodie obtulit,
per eam te obsecramus ambae, si ius si fas est, uti
advorsa eiu’ per te tecta tacitaque apud omnis sient.
si umquam erga te animo esse amico sensisti <ea>m, mi Pamphile,
sine labore hanc gratiam te uti sibi des pro illa nunc rogat. 390
ceterum de redducenda id facias quod in rem sit tuam.
parturire eam nec gravidam esse ex te solus consciu’s:
nam aiunt tecum post duobu’ concubuisse [eam] mensibus.
tum, postquam ad te venit, mensis agitur hic iam septimus:

quod te scire ipsa indicat res. nunc si potis est, Pamphile, 395
maxume volo doque operam ut clam partus eveniat patrem
atque adeo omnis. sed si id fieri non potest quin sentiant,
dicam abortum esse: scio nemini aliter suspectum fore
quin, quod veri similest, ex te recte eum natum putent.
continuo exponetur: hic tibi nil est quicquam incommodi, 400
et illi miserae indigne factam iniuriam contexeris.”
pollicitus sum et servare in eo certumst quod dixi fidem.
nam de redducenda, id vero ne utiquam honestum esse arbitror
nec faciam, etsi amor me graviter consuetudoque ei(u)s tenet.
lacrumo quae posthac futurast vita quom in mentem venit 405
solitudoque. o fortuna, ut numquam perpetuo's data!
sed iam prior amor me ad hanc rem exercitatum reddidit,
quem ego tum consilio missum feci: idem [nunc] huc operam dabo.
adest Parmeno cum pueris: hunc minimest opus
in hac re adesse; nam olim soli credidi 410
ea me abstinuisse in principio quom datast.
vereor, si clamorem ei(u)s hic crebro exaudiat,
ne parturire intellegat. aliquo mihist
hinc ablegandu' dum parit Philumena.

Parmeno Sosia Pamphilvs

III.iv

PAR. Ain tu tibi hoc incommodum evenisse iter? 415

SO. non hercle verbis, Parmeno, dici potest
tantum quam re ipsa navigare incommodumst.

PAR. itan est? **SO.** o fortunate, nescis quid mali
praeterieris qui numquam es ingressus mare.

nam alias ut mittam miserias, unam hanc vide: 420
dies triginta aut plus eo in navi fui
quom interea semper mortem exspectabam miser;
ita usque advorsa tempestate usi sumus.

PAR. odiosum. **SO.** haud clam me est. denique hercle aufugerim
potius quam redeam, si <eo> mihi redeundum sciam. 425

PAR. olim quidem te causae inpellebant leves,
quod nunc minitare facere, ut faceres, Sosia.

sed Pamphilum ipsum video stare ante ostium:
ite intro; ego hunc adibo, siquid me velit. —
ere, etiam [nunc] tu hic stas? **PAM.** et quidem te exspecto. **PAR.**
quid est? 430
PAM. in arcem transcurso opus est. **PAR.** quoi homini? **PAM.** tibi.
PAR. in arcem? quid eo? **PAM.** Callidemidem hospitem
Myconium, qui mecum una vectust, conveni.
PAR. perii. vovisse hunc dicam, si salvos domum
redisset umquam, ut me ambulando rumperet? 435
PAM. quid cessas? **PAR.** quid vis dicam? an conveniam modo?
PAM. immo quod constitui me hodie conventurum eum,
non posse, ne me frustra illi exspectet. vola.
PAR. at non novi homini' faciem. **PAM.** at faciam ut noveris:
magnu' rubicundu' crispu' crassu' caesius 440
cadaverosa facie. **PAR.** di illum perduint!
quid si non veniet? maneamne usque ad vesperum?
PAM. maneto: curre. **PAR.** non queo: ita defessu' sum. —
PAM. ille abiit. quid agam infelix? prorsus nescio
quo pacto hoc celem quod me oravit Myrrina, 445
s<uae> gnatae partum; nam me miseret mulieris.
quod potero faciam, tamen ut pietatem colam;
nam me parenti potiu' quam amoris obsequi
oportet. attat eccum Phidippum et patrem
video: horsum pergunt. quid dicam hisce incertu' sum. 450

Laches Phidippvs Pamphilvs

III.v

LA. Dixtin dudum illam dixisse se exspectare filium?
PH. factum. **LA.** venisse aiunt: redeat. **PA.** causam quam dicam patri
quam ob rem non reducam nescio. **LA.** quem ego hic audivi loqui?
PA. certum affirmare est viam me quam decrevi persequi.
LA. ipsus est de quo hoc agebam tecum. **PA.** salve, mi pater. 455
LA. gnate mi, salve. **PH.** bene factum te advenisse, Pamphile;
atque adeo, id quod maxumumst, salvom atque validum. **PA.**
creditur.
LA. advenis modo? **PA.** admodum. **LA.** cedo, quid reliquit Phania

consobrinu' noster? **PA.** sane hercle homo voluptati obsequens
f<ui>t dum vixit; et qui sic sunt haud multum heredem iuvant, 460
sibi vero hanc laudem relinquunt "vixit, dum vixit, bene."

LA. tum tu igitur nil attulisti plus una hac sententia?

PA. quidquid est id quod reliquit, profuit. **LA.** immo obfuit;
nam illum vivom et salvom vellem. **PH.** inpune optare istuc licet:
ill' revivescet iam numquam; et tamen utrum malis scio. 465

LA. heri Philumenam ad se accersi hic iussit. dic iussisse te.

PH. noli fodere. iussi. **LA.** sed eam iam remittet. **PH.** scilicet.

PA. omnem rem scio ut sit gesta: adveniens audivi modo.

LA. at istos invidos di perdant qui haec lubenter nuntiant.

PA. ego me scio cavisse ne ulla merito contumelia 470
fieri a vobis posset; idque si nunc memorare hic velim
quam fideli animo et benigno in illam et clementi fui,
vere possum, ni te ex ipsa haec mage velim resciscere;
namque <eo> pacto maxume apud te meo erit ingenio fides,
quom illa, quae nunc in me iniquast, aequa de me dixerit. 475
neque mea culpa hoc discidium evenisse, id testor deos.

sed quando sese esse indignam deputat matri meae
quae concedat cui(u)sque mores toleret sua modestia,
neque alio pacto componi potest inter eas gratia,
segreganda aut mater a me est, Phidippe, aut Philumena. 480
nunc me pietas matri' potiu' commodum suadet sequi.

LA. Pamphile, haud invito ad auris sermo mi accessit tuos,
quom te postputasse omnis res prae parente intellego;
verum vide ne impulsus ira prave insistas, Pamphile.

PA. quibus iris pulsu' nunc in illam iniquo' sim 485
quae numquam quicquam erga me commeritast, pater,
quod nollem, et saepe quod vellem meritam scio?

amoque et laudo et vehementer desidero;
nam f<ui>sse erga me miro ingenio expertu' sum;
illique exopto ut relicuam vitam exigat 490

cum eo viro me qui sit fortunatior,
quandoquidem illam a me distrahit necessitas.

PH. tibi id in manust ne fiat. **LA.** si sanus sies:
iube illam redire. **PA.** non est consilium, pater:

matris servibo commodis. **LA.** quo abis? mane 495

mane, inquam: quo abis? — **PH.** quae haec est pertinacia?

LA. dixin, Phidippe, hanc rem aegre laturum esse eum?

quam ob rem te orabam filiam ut remitteres.

PH. non credidi edepol adeo inhumanum fore.

ita nunc is sibi me supplicaturum putat? 500

si est ut velit reducere uxorem, licet;

sin aliost animo, renumeret dotem huc, eat.

LA. ecce autem tu quoque proterve iracundus es!

PH. percontumax redisti huc nobis, Pamphile!

LA. decedet iam ira haec, etsi merito iratus est. 505

PH. quia paullum vobis accessit pecuniae,

sublati animi sunt. **LA.** etiam mecum litigas?

PH. deliberet renuntietque hodie mihi

velitne an non, ut alii, si huic non est, siet.

LA. Phidippe, ades, audi paucis. — abiit. quid mea? 510

postremo inter se transigant ipsi ut lubet,

quando nec gnatu' neque hic mi quicquam obtemperant,

quae dico parvi pendunt. porto hoc iurgium

ad uxorem quoi(u)s haec fiunt consilio omnia,

atque in eam hoc omne quod mihi aegrest evomam. 515

ACTVS IV

Myrrina Phidippvs

IV.i

MY. Perii, quid agam? quo me vortam? quid viro m<eo> respondebo misera? nam audivisse vocem pueri visust vagientis; ita corripuit derepente tacitu' sese ad filiam.

quod si rescierit peperisse eam, id qua causa clam me habuisse dicam non edepol scio. 520

sed ostium concrepuit. credo ipsum exire ad me: nulla sum.

PH. uxor ubi me ad filiam ire sensit, se duxit foras: atque eccam: video. quid ais, Myrrina? heus tibi dico. **MY.** mihine, vir?

PH. vir ego tuo' sim? tu virum me aut hominem deputas adeo esse? nam si utrumvis horum, mulier, umquam tibi visus forem, 525 non sic ludibrio t<ui>s factis habitus essem. **MY.** quibus? **PH.** at rogitas?

peperit filia: hem taces? ex qui? **MY.** istuc patrem rogare est aequom. perii! ex quo censes nisi ex illo quoui datast nuptum obsecro?

PH. credo: neque adeo arbitrari patris est aliter. sed demiror quid sit quam ob rem hunc tanto opere omnis nos celare volueris 530 partum, praesertim quom et recte et tempore suo pepererit. adeon pervicaci esse animo ut puerum praeoptares perire, ex quo firmiorem inter nos fore amicitiam posthac scires, potiu' quam advorsum animi t<ui> lubidinem esset cum illo nupta! ego etiam illorum esse hanc culpam credidi, quae test penes. 535

MY. misera sum. **PH.** utinam sciam ita esse istuc! sed nunc mi in mentem venit

de hac re quod locuta es olim, quom illum generum cepimus: nam negabas nuptam posse filiam t<ua>m te pati cum eo qui meretricem amaret, qui pernoctaret foris.

MY. (quamvis causam hunc suspicari quam ipsam veram mavolo.) 540

PH. multo priu' scivi quam tu illum habere amicam, Myrrina; verum id vitium numquam decrevi esse ego adulescentiae;

nam id [omnibus] innatumst. at pol iam aderit se quoque etiam quom oderit.

sed ut olim te ostendisti, eadem esse nil cessavisti usque adhuc ut filiam ab eo abduceres neu quod ego egissem esset ratum. 545 id nunc res indicium haec facit quo pacto factum volueris.

MY. adeon me esse pervicacem censes, quoi mater siem, ut eo essem animo, si ex usu esset nostro hoc matrimonium?

PH. tun prospicere aut iudicare nostram in rem quod sit potes?

audisti ex aliquo fortasse qui vidisse <eu>m diceret 550

exeuntem aut intro euntem ad amicam. quid tum postea?

si modeste ac raro haec fecit, nonne ea dissimulare nos

magis humanumst quam dare operam id scire qui nos oderit?

nam si is posset ab ea sese derepente avellere

quicum tot consuasset annos, non eum hominem ducerem 555

nec virum sati' firmum gnatae. **MY.** mitte adolescentem obsecro

et quae me peccasse ais. abi, solu' solum conveni,

roga velitne uxorem an non: si est ut dicat velle se,

redde; sin est autem ut nolit, recte ego consului meae.

PH. siquidem ille ipse non volt et tu sen[si]sti in eo esse, Myrrina,

560

peccatum, aderam quoi(u)s consilio fuerat ea par prospici.

quam ob rem incendor ira esse ausam facere haec te iniussu meo.

interdico ne extulisse extra aedis puerum usquam velis.

sed ego stultior m<ei>s dictis parere hanc qui postulem.

ibo intro atque edicam servis nequoquam ecferrī sinant. — 565

MY. nullam pol credo mulierem me miseriorem vivere:

nam ut hic laturus hoc sit, si ipsam rem ut siet resciverit,

non edepol clam me est, quom hoc quod leviust tam animo irato tulit;

nec qua via sententia eiu' possit mutari scio.

hoc mi unum ex plurumis miseriis relicuom fuerat malum, 570

si puerum ut tollam cogit, quoi(u)s nos qui sit nescimus pater.

nam quom compressast gnata, forma in tenebris nosci non quitast,

neque detractum <ei> tum quicquamst qui posset post nosci qui siet;

ipse eripuit vi, in digito quem habuit, virgini abiens anulum.

simul vereor Pamphilum ne orata nostra nequeat diutius 575

celare, quom sciet alienum puerum tolli pro suo.

Sostrata Pamphilvs (Laches)

IV.ii

SO. Non clam me est, gnate mi, tibi me esse suspectam, uxorem tuam

propter m<eo>s mores hinc abisse, etsi ea dissimulas sedulo.

verum ita me di ament itaque optingant ex te quae exoptem mihi ut numquam sciens commerui merito ut caperet odium illam mei. 580

teque ante quod me amare rebar, <ei> rei firmasti fidem;

nam mi intu' tuo' pater narravit modo quo pacto me habueris praepositam amoris t<uo>: nunc tibi me certumst contra gratiam referre ut apud me praemium esse positum pietati scias.

mi Pamphile, hoc et vobis et meae commodum famae arbitror: 585

ego rus abituram hinc cum t<uo> me esse certo decrevi patre,

ne mea praesentia obstet neu causa ulla restet relicua

quin tua Philumena ad te redeat. **PA.** quaeso quid istuc consilist?

illi(u)s stultitia victa ex urbe tu rus habitatum migres?

haud facies, neque sinam ut qui nobis, mater, male dictum velit, 590

mea pertinacia esse dicat factum, haud tua modestia.

tum t<ua>s amicas te et cognatas deserere et festos dies

mea causa nolo. **SO.** nil pol iam istaec mihi res voluptatis ferunt:

dum aetati' tempu' tulit, perfuncta sati' sum: satias iam tenet

studiorum istorum. haec mihi nunc curast maxuma ut nequoui mea 595

longinquitas aetatis obstet mortemve exspectet meam.

hic video me esse invisam inmerito: tempust me concedere.

sic optume, ut ego opinor, omnis causas praecidam omnibus:

et me hac suspicione exsolvam et illis morem gessero.

sine me obsecro hoc effugere volgu' quod male audit mulierum. 600

PA. quam fortunatu' ceteris sum rebus, absque una hac foret,

hanc matrem habens talem, illam autem uxorem! **SO.** obsecro, mi

Pamphile,

non tute incommodam rem, ut quaeque est, in animum induces pati?

si cetera ita sunt ut vis itaque uti esse ego illa[m] existumo,

mi gnate, da veniam hanc mihi, redduc illam. **PA.** vae misero mihi!

605

SO. et mihi quidem; nam haec res non minu' me male habet quam te, gnate mi.

Laches Sostrata Pamphilvs

IV.iii

LA. Quem cum istoc sermonem habueris procul hinc stans accepi, uxor.

istuc est sapere, qui ubiquomque opu' sit animum possis flectere; quod sit faciendum fortasse post, idem hoc nunc si feceris.

SO. fors fuat pol. **LA.** abi rus ergo hinc: ibi ego te et tu me feres. 610

SO. spero ecastor. **LA.** i ergo intro et compone quae tecum simul ferantur: dixi. **SO.** ita ut iubes faciam. — **PA.** pater.

LA. quid vis, Pamphile? **PA.** hinc abire matrem? minime. **LA.** quid ita

istuc vis?

PA. quia de uxore incertu' sum etiam quid sim factururus. **LA.** quid est?

quid vis facere nisi reducere? **PA.** equidem cupio et vix contineor; 615

sed non minuam m<eu>m consilium: ex usu quod est id persequar: credo <ea> gratia concordēs [magis], si non reducam, fore.

LA. nescias: verum id tua refert nil utrum illaec fecerint

quando haec aberit. odiosa haec est aetas adulescentulis.

e medio aequom excedere est: postremo nos iam fabulae 620

sumu', Pamphile, "senex atque anus."

sed video Phidippum egredi per tempus: accedamus.

Phidippvs Laches Pamphilvs

IV.iv

PH. Tibi quoque edepol sum iratus, Philumena,

graviter quidem; nam hercle factumst abs te turpiter.

etsi tibi causast de hac re: mater te inpulit. 625

huic vero nullast. **LA.** opportune te mihi,

Phidippe, in ipso tempore ostendis. **PH.** quid est?

PA. quid respondebo his? aut quo pacto hoc aperiam?

LA. dic filiae rus concessurum hinc Sostratam,

ne reveareatur minu' iam quo redeat domum. **PH.** ah 630

nullam de his rebu' culpam commeruit tua:

a Myrrina haec sunt mea uxore exorta omnia.

<PA.> mutatio fit. <PH.> ea nos perturbat, Lache.

PA. dum ne reducam, turbent porro quam velint.

PH. ego, Pamphile, esse inter nos, si fieri potest, 635

adfinitem hanc sane perpetuam volo;

sin est ut aliter tua siet sententia,

accipias puerum. PA. sensit peperisse: occidi.

LA. puerum? quem puerum? PH. natus est nobis nepos.

nam abducta a vobis praegnas fuerat filia, 640

neque f<ui>sse praegnatem umquam ante hunc scivi diem.

LA. bene, ita me di ament, nuntias, et gaudeo

natum, tibi illam salvam. sed quid mulieris

uxorem habes aut quibu' moratam moribus?

nosne hoc celatos tam diu! nequeo satis 645

quam hoc mihi videtur factum prave proloqui.

PH. non tibi illud factum minu' placet quam mihi, Lache.

PA. etiamsi dudum fuerat ambiguom hoc mihi,

nunc non est quom eam [con]sequitur alienus puer.

LA. nulla tibi, Pamphile, hic iam consultatiost. 650

PA. perii. LA. hunc videre saepe optabamus diem

quom ex te esset aliqui' qui te appellaret patrem.

evenit: habeo gratiam dis. PA. nullu' sum.

LA. reduc uxorem ac noli advorsari mihi.

PA. pater, si ex me illa liberos vellet sibi 655

aut sese mecum nuptam, sati' certo scio,

non clam me haberet quae celasse intellego.

nunc quom eius alienum esse animum a me sentiam

(nec conventurum inter nos posthac arbitror),

quam ob rem reducam? LA. mater quod suasit sua 660

adulescens mulier fecit. mirandum[ne] id siet?

censen te posse reperire ullam mulierem

quae careat culpa? an quia non delincunt viri?

PH. vosmet videte iam, Lache et tu Pamphile,

remissan opu' sit vobis reductan domum. 665

uxor quid faciat in manu non est mea:

neutra in re vobis difficultas a me erit.

sed quid faciemu' puero? LA. ridicule rogas:

quidquid futurumst, huic suom reddas scilicet
 ut alamu' nostrum. **PA.** quem ipse neglexit pater, 670
 ego alam? **LA.** quid dixti? eho an non alemu', Pamphile?
 prodemu' quaeso potiu'? quae haec amentias?
 enimvero prorsu' iam tacere non queo;
 nam cogis ea quae nolo ut praesente hoc loquar.
 ignarum censes tuarum lacrumarum esse me 675
 aut quid sit id quod sollicitare ad hunc modum?
 primum hanc ubi dixti causam, te propter tuam
 matrem non posse habere hanc uxorem domi,
 pollicitast ea se concessuram ex aedibus.
 nunc postquam ademptam hanc quoque tibi causam vides, 680
 puer quia clam test natu', nactus alteram es.
 erras tui animi si me esse ignarum putas.
 aliquando tandem huc animum ut adiungas tuom.
 quam longum spatium amandi amicum tibi dedi!
 sumptus quos fecisti in eam quam animo aequo tuli! 685
 egi atque oravi tecum uxorem ut duceres,
 tempus dixi esse: impulsu duxisti meo;
 quae tum obsecutu' mihi fecisti ut decuerat.
 nunc animum rursum ad meretricem induxti tuom;
 quoi tu obsecutu' facis huic adeo iniuriam. 690
 nam in eandem vitam te revolutum denuo
 video esse. **PA.** mene? **LA.** te ipsum: et facis iniuriam;
 confingi' falsas causas ad discordiam,
 ut cum illa vivas, testem hanc quom abs te amoveris.
 sensitque adeo uxor; nam <ei> causa alia quae fuit 695
 quam ob rem abs te abiret? **PH.** plane hic divinat: nam id est.
PA. dabo iusiurandum nil esse istorum mihi. **LA.** ah
 redduc uxorem aut quam ob rem non opu' sit cedo.
PA. non est nunc tempu'. **LA.** puerum accipias; nam is quidem
 in culpa non est: post de matre videro. 700
PA. omnibu' modis miser sum nec quid agam scio;
 tot nunc me rebu' miserum concludit pater.
 abibo hinc, praesens quando promoveo parum.
 nam puerum iniussu credo non tollent meo,
 praesertim in ea re quom sit mi adiutrix socrus. 705

LA. fugis? hem, nec quicquam certi respondes mihi? —
num tibi videtur esse apud sese? sine:

puerum, Phidippe, mihi cedo: ego alam. **PH.** maxume.

non mirum fecit uxor [mea] si hoc aegre tulit:

amarae mulieres sunt, non facile haec ferunt. 710

propterea haec irast; nam ipsa narravit mihi.

id ego hoc praesente tibi nolueram dicere,

neque illi credebam primo: nunc verum palamst.

nam omnino abhorreere animum huic video a nuptiis.

LA. quid ergo agam, Phidippe? quid das consili? 715

PH. quid agas? meretricem hanc primum adeundam censeo:

oremus accusemu' graviu' denique

minitemur si cum illo habuerit rem postea.

LA. faciam ut mones. eho puer<e>, curre ad Bacchidem hanc
vicinam nostram: huc evoca verbis meis. 720

et te oro porro in hac re adiutor sis mihi. **PH.** ah

iamdudum dixi idemque nunc dico, Lache:

manere adfinitatem hanc inter nos volo,

si ullo modo est ut possit: quod spero fore.

sed vin adesse me una dum istam convenis? 725

LA. immo vero abi, aliquam puero nutricem para.

ACTVS V

Bacchis Laches

V.i

BA. Non hoc de nihilost quod Laches me nunc conventam esse expetit;

nec pol me multum fallit quin quod suspicor sit quod velit.

LA. videndumst ne minu' propter iram hanc impetrem quam possi<e>m,

aut nequid faciam plus quod post me minu' fecisse satiu' sit. 730
adgrediar. Bacchi', salve.

BA. salve, Lache. **LA.** credo edepol te non nil mirari, Bacchis, quid sit quapropter te huc foras puerum evocare iussi.

BA. ego pol quoque etiam timida sum quom venit mi in mentem quae sim,

ne nomen mihi quaesti obsiet; nam mores facile tutor. 735

LA. si vera dici' nil tibist a me pericli, mulier;

nam iam aetate ea sum ut non siet peccato mi ignosci aequom:

quo magis omnis res cautius ne temere faciam adcurro.

nam si id facis facturave es bonas quod par est facere,

inscitum offerre iniuriam tibi [me] inmerenti iniquom est. 740

BA. est magna ecastor gratia de istac re quam tibi habeam;

nam qui post factam iniuriam se expurget parum mi prosit.

sed quid istuc est? **LA.** m<eu>m receptas filium ad te Pamphilum.

BA. ah.

LA. sine dicam: uxorem hanc priu' quam duxit, vostrum amorem pertuli.

mane: nondum etiam dixi id quod volui. hic nunc uxorem habet: 745

quaere alium tibi firmiorem [amicum] dum tibi tempu' consulendi est;

nam neque ille hoc animo erit aetatem neque pol tu eadem istac aetate.

BA. quis id ait? **LA.** socrus. **BA.** men? **LA.** te ipsam: et filiam abduxit suam,

puerumque ob eam rem clam voluit, natu' qui est, exstinguere.

BA. aliud si scirem qui firmare meam apud vos possem fidem 750
sanctius quam iusiurandum, id pollicerer tibi, Lache,
me segregatum habuisse, uxorem ut duxit, a me Pamphilum.

LA. lepida es. sed scin quid volo potius sodes facias? **BA.** quid vis?
cedo.

LA. eas ad mulieres huc intro atque istuc iusiurandum idem
pollicear illis. exple animum is teque hoc crimine expedi. 755

BA. faciam quod pol, si esset alia ex hoc quaestu, haud faceret, scio,
ut de tali causa nuptae mulieri se ostenderet.

sed nolo esse falsa fama gnatum suspectum tuom,
nec leviozem vobis, quibus est minime aequom, <eu>m viderier
inmerito; nam meritu' de me est quod queam illi ut commodem. 760

LA. facilem benivolumque lingua tua iam tibi me reddidit:
nam non sunt solae arbitratae haec; ego quoque etiam credidi.
nunc quam ego te esse praeter nostram opinionem comperi,
fac eadem ut sis porro: nostra utere amicitia ut voles.

aliter si facies — reprimam me ne aegre quicquam ex me audias. 765
verum hoc moneo unum, qualis sim amicus aut quid possiem
potiu' quam inimicus, periculum facias.

Phidippvs Laches Bacchis

V.ii

PH. Nil apud me tibi

defieri patiar, quin quod opu' sit benigne praebeatur.
sed quom tu satura atque ebria eri', puer ut satur sit facito.

LA. noster socer, video, venit: puero nutricem adducit. 770

Phidippe, Bacchis deierat persancte . . **PH.** haecin east? **LA.** haec est.

PH. nec pol istae metuont d<eo>s neque eas respicere d<eo>s
opinor.

BA. ancillas dedo: quolubet cruciatu per me exquire.
haec res hic agitur: Pamphilo me facere ut redeat uxor
oportet: quod si perficio non paenitet me famae, 775
solam fecisse id quod aliae meretrices facere fugitant.

LA. Phidippe, nostras mulieres suspectas f<ui>sse falso
nobis in re ipsa invenimus: porro hanc nunc experiamur.
nam si compererit crimini tua se uxor credidisse,

missam iram faciet; sin autem est ob eam rem iratu' gnatus 780
quod peperit uxor clam, id levest: cito ab eo haec ira abscedet.
profecto in hac re nil malist quod sit discidio dignum.

PH. velim quidem hercle. **LA.** exquire: adest: quod sati' sit faciet ipsa.

PH. quid mihi istaec narras? an quia non tute ipse dudum audisti de hac re animu' meus ut sit, Laches? illis modo explete animum. 785

LA. quaeso edepol, Bacchi', quod mihi es pollicita tute ut serves.

BA. ob eam rem vin ego introeam? **LA.** i, atque exple animum is, coge ut credant.

BA. eo, etsi scio pol is fore m<eu>m conspectum invisum hodie. nam nupta meretrici hostis est, a viro ubi segregatast.

LA. at haec amicae erunt, ubi quam ob rem adveneris resciscent. 790

PH. at easdem amicas fore tibi promitto rem ubi cognorint; nam illas errore et te simul suspicione exsolves.

BA. perii, pudet Philumenae. me sequimini huc intro ambae. —

LA. quid est quod mihi malim quam quod huic intellego evenire, ut gratiam ineat sine suo dispendio et mihi prosit? 795

nam si est ut haec nunc Pamphilum vere ab se segregarit, scit sibi nobilitatem ex eo et rem natam et gloriam esse: referet gratiam ei unaque nos sibi opera amicos iunget.

Parmeno Bacchis

V.iii

PA. Edepol ne meam erus esse operam deputat parvi preti, qui ob rem nullam misit frustra ubi totum desedi diem, 800
Myconium hospitem dum exspecto in arce Callidemidem. itaque ineptus hodie dum illi sedeo, ut quisque venerat, accedebam: “adulescens, dicdum quaeso mi, es tu Myconius?”

“non sum.” “at Callidemides?” “non.” “hospitem ecquem Pamphilum

hic habes?” omnes negabant: neque eum quemquam esse arbitror. 805

denique hercle iam pudebat: abii. sed quid Bacchidem ab nostro adfine exeuntem video? quid huic hic est rei?

BA. Parmeno, opportune te offers: propere curre ad Pamphilum.

PA. quid eo? **BA.** dic me orare ut veniat. **PA.** ad te? **BA.** immo ad Philumenam.

PA. quid rei est? **BA.** tua quod nil refert percontari desinas. 810

PA. nil aliud dicam? **BA.** etiam: cognosse anulum illum Myrrinam gnatae s<uae> fuisse quem ipsus olim mi dederat. **PA.** scio. tantumne est? **BA.** tantum: aderit continuo hoc ubi ex te audi<v>erit. sed cessas? **PA.** minime equidem; nam hodie mihi potestas haud datast;

ita cursando atque ambulando totum hunc contrivi diem. 815

Bacchis

Quantam obtuli adventu meo laetitiam Pamphilo hodie!
quot commodas res attuli! quot autem ademi curas!
gnatum <ei> restituo, qui paene harunc ipsi(u)sque opera periit;
uxorem, quam numquam est ratus posthac se habiturum, reddo;
qua re suspectu' s<uo> patri et Phidippo fuit, exsolvi: 820

hic adeo his rebus anulus fuit initium inveniundis.

nam memini abhinc mensis decem fere ad me nocte prima
confugere anhelantem domum sine comite, vini plenum,
cum hoc anulo: extimui ilico: "mi Pamphile," inquam "amabo,
quid exanimatu's obsecro? aut unde anulum istum nactu's? 825
dic mi." ille alias res agere se simulare. postquam id video,
nescioquid suspicariet mage coepi, instare ut dicat.

homo se fatetur vi in via nescioquam compressisse,
dicitque sese illi anulum, dum luctat, detraxisse.

eum haec cognovit Myrrina in digito modo me habente[m], 830
rogat unde sit: narro omnia haec: inde est cognitio facta

Philumenam compressam esse ab eo et filium inde hunc natum.
haec tot propter me gaudia illi contigisse laetor:

etsi hoc meretrices aliae nolunt; neque enim est in rem nostram
ut quisquam amator nuptiis laetetur. verum ecastor 835

numquam animum quaesti gratia ad malas adducam partis.

ego dum illo licitumst usa sum benigno et lepido et comi.

incommode mihi nuptiis evenit, factum fateor:

at pol me fecisse arbitror ne id merito mi eveniret.

multa ex quo fuerint commoda, ei(u)s incommoda aequomst ferre.

Pamphilvs Parmeno Bacchis

V.iv

PAM. Vide, mi Parmeno, etiam sodes ut mi haec certa et clara attuleris,

ne me in breve conicias tempu' gaudio hoc falso frui.

PAR. visumst. **PAM.** certen? **PAR.** certe. **PAM.** deu' sum si hoc itast.

PAR. verum reperies.

PAM. manedum sodes: timeo ne aliud credam atque aliud nunties.

PAR. maneo. **PAM.** sic te dix[iss]e opinor, invenisse Myrrinam ⁸⁴⁵ Bacchidem anulum suom habere. **PAR.** factum. **PAM.** <eu>m quem olim ei dedi:

eaque hoc te mihi nuntiare iussit. itanest factum? **PAR.** ita, inquam.

PAM. quis me est fortunatior venustati'que adeo plenior?

egon pro hoc te nuntio qui donem? qui? qui? nescio.

PAR. at ego scio. **PAM.** quid? **PAR.** nihilo enim; ⁸⁵⁰

nam neque in nuntio neque in me ipso tibi boni quid sit scio.

PAM. egon qui ab Orco mortuom me reducem in lucem feceris sinam sine munere a me abire? ah nimium me ignavom putas. sed Bacchidem eccam video stare ante ostium:

me exspectat credo: adibo. **BA.** salve, Pamphile. ⁸⁵⁵

PAM. o Bacchis, o mea Bacchi', servatrix mea!

BA. bene factum et volup est. **PAM.** factis ut credam facis;

antiquamque adeo t<ua>m venustatem obtines

ut voluptati obitu' sermo adventu' tuo', quoquomque adveneris,

semper siet. **BA.** at tu ecastor morem antiquom atque ingenium obtines ⁸⁶⁰

ut unus hominum homo te vivat numquam quisquam blandior.

PAM. hahahae, tun mihi istuc? **BA.** recte amasti, Pamphile, uxorem tuam;

nam numquam ante hunc diem m<ei>s oculis <ea>m, quod nossem, videram:

perliberali' visast. **PAM.** dic verum. **BA.** ita me di ament, Pamphile.

PAM. dic mi, harum rerum numquid dixti iam patri? **BA.** nil.

PAM. 865

neque opus est

adeo muttito. placet non fieri hoc itidem ut in comoediis
omnia omnes ubi resciscunt. hic quos par fuerat resciscere
sciunt; quos non autem aequomst scire neque resciscent neque scient.

BA. immo etiam qui hoc occultari facilius credas dabo.

Myrrina ita Phidippo dixit iureiurando meo 870

se fidem habuisse et propterea te sibi purgatum. **PAM.** optumest:
speroque hanc rem esse eventuram nobis ex sententia. —

PAR. ere, licetne scire ex te hodie, quid sit quod feci boni?

aut quid istuc est quod vos agiti'? **PAM.** non licet. **PAR.** tamen
suspisor:

ego hunc ab Orco mortuom quo pacto . . ! **PAM.** nescis, Parmeno,
875

quantum hodie profueris mihi et ex quanta aerumna extraxeris.

PAR. immo vero scio, neque [hoc] inprudens feci. **PAM.** ego istuc
sati' scio.

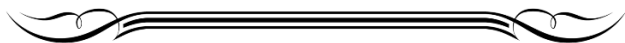
PAR. an

temere quicquam Parmeno praetereat quod facto usu' sit?

PAM. sequere me intro, Parmeno. **PAR.** sequor. equidem plus hodie
boni

feci inprudens quam sciens ante hunc diem umquam. **CANTOR.**
plaudite!

HEAUTON TIMORUMENOS



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DIDASCALIA

INCIPIT HEAVTON TIMORVMENOS TERENTI
ACTA LVDIS MEGALENSIBVS
L. CORNELIO LENTVLO L. VALERIO FLACCO AEDILIBVS
CVRVLIBVS
EGERE L. AMBIVIVS TVRPIO L. ATILIVS PRAENESTINVS
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ACTA I TIBIIS INPARIBVS DEINDE DVABUS DEXTRIS
GRAECA EST MENANDRV
FACTAST III M' IVVENTIO TI. SEMPRONIO COS.

PERSONAE

(PROLOGVS)
CHREMES SENEX
MENEDEMVS SENEX
CLITIPHO ADVLESCENS
CLINIA ADVLESCENS
SYRVS SERVOS
DROMO SERVOS
BACCHIS MERETRIX
ANTIPHILA VIRGO
SOSTRATA MATRONA
(CANTHARA) NVTRIX
PHRYGIA ANCILLA
(CANTOR)

PERIOCHA C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS

In militiam proficisci gnatum Cliniam
amantem Antiphilam compulit durus pater
animique sese angebat facti paenitens.
mox ut reversust, clam patrem devortitur
ad Clitiphonem. is amabat scortum Bacchidem.
cum accerseret cupitam Antiphilam Clinia,

ut eius Bacchis venit amica ac servolae
habitum gerens Antiphila: factum id quo patrem
suum celaret Clitipho. hic technis Syri
decem minas meretriculae aufert a sene.
Antiphila Clitiphonis reperitur soror:
hanc Clinia, aliam Clitipho uxorem accipit.

PROLOGVS

Nequoi sit vostrum mirum quor partis seni
poeta dederit quae sunt adolescentium,
id primum dicam, deinde quod veni eloquar.
ex integra Graeca integram comoediam
hodie sum acturus H[e]auton timorumenon, 5
duplex quae ex argumento facta est simplici.
novam esse ostendi et quae esset: nunc qui scripserit
et quonia Graeca sit, ni partem maxumam
existumarem scire vostrum, id dicerem.
nunc quam ob rem has partis didicerim paucis dabo. 10
oratorem esse voluit me, non prologum:
vostrum iudicium fecit; me actorem dedit.
sed hic actor tantum poterit a facundia
quantum ille potuit cogitare commode
qui orationem hanc scripsit quam dicturu' sum? 15
nam quod rumores distulerunt malevoli
multas contaminasse Graecas, dum facit
paucas Latinas: factum id esse hic non negat
neque se pigere et deinde facturum autumat.
habet bonorum exemplum quo exemplo sibi 20
licere [id] facere quod illi fecerunt putat.
tum quod malevolu' vetu' poeta dictitat
repente ad studium hunc se adplicasse musicum,
amicum ingenio fretum, haud natura sua:
arbitrium vostrum, vostra existumatio 25
valebit. quare omnis vos oratos volo,
ne plus iniquom possit quam aequom oratio.

facite aequi siti', date crescendi copiam
novarum qui spectandi faciunt copiam
sine vitiis. ne ille pro se dictum existumet 30
qui nuper fecit servo currenti in via
decesse populum: quor insano serviat?
de illi(u)s peccatis plura dicet quom dabit
alias novas, nisi finem maledictis facit.
adeste aequo animo, date potestatem mihi 35
statariam agere ut liceat per silentium,
ne semper servo' currens, iratus senex,
edax parasitu', sycophanta autem inpudens,
avaru' leno adsidue agendi sint seni
clamore summo, cum labore maxumo. 40
mea causa causam hanc iustam esse animum inducite,
ut aliqua pars labori' minuatur mihi.
nam nunc novas qui scribunt nil parcunt seni:
siquae laboriosast, ad me curritur;
si lenis est, ad alium defertur gregem. 45
in hac est pura oratio. experimini
in utramque partem ingenium quid possit meum.
[si numquam avare pretium statui arti meae
et eum esse quaestum in animum induxi maximum,
quam maxume servire vobis commodis:] 50
exemplum statuete in me, ut adolescentuli
vobis placere studeant potiu' quam sibi.

ACTVS I

Chremes Menedemvs

I.i

CH. Quamquam haec inter nos nuper notitia admodumst
(inde adeo quod agrum in proxumo hic mercatus es)
nec rei fere sane amplius quicquam fuit, 55
tamen vel virtus tua me vel vicinitas,
quod ego in propinqua parte amicitiae puto,
facit ut te audacter moneam et familiariter
quod mihi videre praeter aetatem tuam
facere et praeter quam res te adhortatur tua. 60
nam pro deum atque hominum fidem quid vis tibi aut
quid quaeris? annos sexaginta natus es
aut plus eo, ut conicio; agrum in his regionibus
melioem neque preti maiori' nemo habet;
servos compluris: proinde quasi nemo siet, 65
ita attente tute illorum officia fungere.
numquam tam mane egredior neque tam vesperi
domum revortor quin te in fundo conspicer
fodere aut arare aut aliquid ferre denique.
nullum remitti' tempu' neque te respicis. 70
haec non voluptati tibi esse sati' certo scio. at
enim dices "quantum hic operi' fiat paenitet."
quod in opere faciundo operae consumis tuae,
si sumas in illis exercendis, plus agas.
ME. Chreme, tantumne ab re tuast oti tibi 75
aliena ut cures ea quae nil ad te attinent?
CH. homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto.
vel me monere hoc vel percontari puta:
rectumst ego ut faciam; non est te ut deterream.
ME. mihi sic est usu'; tibi ut opu' factost face. 80
CH. an quoiquamst usus homini se ut cruciet? **ME.** mihi.
CH. si quid laborist nollem. sed quid istuc malist?
quaeso, quid de te tantum meruisti? **ME.** eheu!

CH. ne lacruma atque istuc, quidquid est, fac me ut sciam:
 ne retice, ne verere, crede inquam mihi: 85
 aut consolando aut consilio aut re iuvero.
ME. scire hoc vis? **CH.** hac quidem causa qua dixi tibi.
ME. dicetur. **CH.** at istos rastros interea tamen
 adpone, ne labora. **ME.** minime. **CH.** quam rem agis?
ME. sine me vocivom tempu' nequod dem mihi 90
 labori'. **CH.** non sinam, inquam. **ME.** ah non aequom facis.
CH. hui tam gravis hos, quaeso? **ME.** sic meritumst meum.
CH. nunc loquere. **ME.** filium unicum adulescentulum
 habeo. ah quid dixi habere me? immo habui, Chreme;
 nunc habeam necne incertumst. **CH.** quid ita istuc? **ME.** scies. 95
 est e Corintho hic advena anu' paupercula;
 ei(u)s filiam ille amare coepit perditte,
 prope iam ut pro uxore haberet: haec clam me omnia.
 ubi rem rescivi, coepi non humanitus
 neque ut animum decuit aegrotum adulescentuli 100
 tractare, sed vi et via pervolgata patrum.
 cotidie accusabam: "hem tibine haec diutius
 licere speras facere me vivo patre,
 amicam ut habeas prope iam in uxoris loco?
 erras, si id credis, et me ignoras, Clinia. 105
 ego te meum esse dici tantisper volo
 dum quod te dignumst facies; sed si id non facis,
 ego quod me in te sit facere dignum invenero.
 nulla adeo ex re istuc fit nisi ex nimio otio.
 ego istuc aetati' non amoris operam dabam, 110
 sed in Asiam hinc abii propter pauperiem atque ibi
 simul rem et gloriam armis belli repperi."
 postremo adeo res rediit: adulescentulus
 saepe eadem et graviter audiendo victus est;
 putavit me et aetate et benevolentia 115
 plus scire et providere quam se ipsum sibi:
 in Asiam ad regem militatum abiit, Chreme.
CH. quid ais? **ME.** clam me profectu' mensis tris abest.
CH. ambo accusandi; etsi illud inceptum tamen
 animist pudenti' signum et non instrenui. 120

ME. ubi comperi ex is qui <ei> fuere conscii,
 domum revortor maestus atque animo fere
 perturbato atque incerto prae aegritudine.
 adsido: adcurrunt servi, soccos detrahunt;
 video alios festinare, lectos sternere, 125
 cenam adparare: pro se quisque sedulo
 faciebant quo illam mihi lenirent miseriam.
 ubi video, haec coepi cogitare “hem tot mea
 soli[us] solliciti sunt causa ut me unum expleant?
 ancillae tot me vestient? sumptus domi 130
 tantos ego solu’ faciam? sed gnatum unicum,
 quem pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
 quod illa aetas magis ad haec utenda idoneast,
 eum ego hinc eieci miserum iniustitia mea!
 malo quidem me dignum quovis deputem, 135
 si id faciam. nam usque dum ille vitam illam colet
 inopem carens patria ob meas iniurias,
 interea usque illi de me supplicium dabo
 laborans parcens quaerens, illi serviens.”
 ita facio prorsu’: nil relinquo in aedibus 140
 nec vas nec vestimentum: contrasi omnia.
 ancillas servos, nisi eos qui opere rustico
 faciundo facile sumptum exsercirent suom,
 omnis produxi ac vendidi. inscripsi ilico
 aedis mercede. quasi talenta ad quindecim 145
 coegi: agrum hunc mercatu’ sum: hic me exerceo.
 decrevi tantisper me minus iniuriae,
 Chreme, m<eo> gnato facere dum fiam miser;
 nec fas esse ulla me voluptate hic frui,
 nisi ubi ille huc salvo’ redierit meu’ particeps. 150
CH. ingenio te esse in liberos leni puto,
 et illum obsequentem siqui’ recte aut commode
 tractaret. verum nec tu illum sati’ noveras
 nec te ille; hoc qui fit? ubi non vere vivitur.
 tu illum numquam ostendisti quanti penderes 155
 nec tibi illest credere ausu’ quae est aequom patri.
 quod si esset factum, haec numquam evenissent tibi.

ME. ita res est, fateor: peccatum a me maxumest.

CH. Menedeme, at porro recte spero et illum tibi
salvom adfuturum esse hic confido propediem. 160

ME. utinam ita di faxint! **CH.** facient. nunc si commodumst,
Dionysia hic sunt hodie: apud me sis volo.

ME. non possum. **CH.** quor non? quaeso tandem aliquantulum
tibi parce: idem absens facere te hoc volt filius.

ME. non convenit, qui illum ad laborem in<pe>pulerim, 165
nunc me ipsum fugere. **CH.** sicine est sententia?

ME. sic. **CH.** bene vale. **ME.** et tu. — **CH.** lacrimas excussit mihi
miseretque me eiu'. sed ut diei tempus est,
<tempust> monere me hunc vicinum Phanium
ad cenam ut veniat: ibo, visam si domist. — 170

<Saltatio convivarum>

nil opu' fuit monitore: iamdudum domi
praesto apud me esse aiunt. egomet convivas moror.
ibo adeo hinc intro. sed quid crepuerunt fores
hinc a me? quinam egreditur? huc concessero.

Clitipho Chremes

I.ii

CL. Nil adhuc est quod vereare, Clinia: haudquaquam etiam cessant
175

et illam simul cum nuntio tibi hic adfuturam hodie scio.
proin tu sollicitudinem istam falsam quae te excruciat mittas.

CH. quicum loquitur filius?

CL. pater adest quem volui: adibo. pater, opportune advenis.

CH. quid id est? **CL.** hunc Menedemum nostin nostrum vicinum?

CH. probe. 180

CL. huic filium scis esse? **CH.** audiavi esse in Asia. **CL.** non est,
pater:

apud nos est. **CH.** quid ais? **CL.** advenientem, e navi egredientem
ilico

abduxi ad cenam; nam mihi cum <eo> iam inde usque a pueritia

f<ui>t semper familiaritas. **CH.** voluptatem magnam nuntias.
quam vellem Menedemum invitatum ut nobiscum esset, amplius 185
ut hanc laetitiam necopinanti primus obicerem <ei> domi!
atque etiam nunc tempus est. **CL.** cave faxis: non opus est, pater.
CH. quapropter? **CL.** quia enim incertumst etiam quid se faciat.
modo venit;
timet omnia, patris iram et animum amicae se erga ut sit suae.
<ea>m misere amat; propter eam haec turba atque abitio evenit. **CH.**
scio. 190

CL. nunc servolum ad eam in urbem misit et ego nostrum una
Syrum.

CH. quid narrat? **CL.** quid ille? miserum se esse. **CH.** miserum?
quem

minu' crederest?

quid relicuist quin habeat quae quidem in homine dicuntur bona?
parentis, patriam incolumem, amicos genu' cognatos ditias.
atque haec perinde sunt ut illi(u)s animu' qui ea possidet: 195
qui uti scit <ei> bona; illi qui non utitur recte mala.

CL. immo ill' fuit senex inopportunu' semper, et nunc nil magis
vereor quam nequid in illum iratu' plus satis faxit, pater.

CH. illene? (sed reprimam me: nam in metu esse hunc illist utile.)

CL. quid tute tecum? **CH.** dicam: ut ut erat, mansum tamen
oportuit. 200

fortasse aliquanto iniquior erat praeter ei(u)s lubidinem:
pateretur; nam quem ferret si parentem non ferret suom?
huncin erat aequom ex illi(u)s more an illum ex huiu' vivere?
et quod illum insimulat durum id non est; nam parentum iniuriae
uniu' modi sunt ferme, paullo qui est homo tolerabilis: 205
scortari crebro nolunt, nolunt crebro convivari,
praebent exigue sumptum; atque haec sunt tamen ad virtutem omnia.
verum ubi animus semel se cupiditate devinxit mala,
necessest, Clitipho, consilia consequi consimilia. hoc
scitumst: periculum ex aliis face[re] tibi quod ex usu siet. 210

CL. ita credo. **CH.** ego ibo hinc intro, ut videam nobis quid in cena
siet.

tu, ut tempus est diei, vide sis nequo hinc abeas longius.

ACTVS II

Clitipho

II.i

CL. Quam iniqui sunt patres in omnis adolescentis iudices!
qui aequom esse censent nos a pueris ilico nasci senes
neque illarum adfinis esse rerum quas fert adolescentia. 215
ex s<ua> lubidine moderantur nunc quae est, non quae olim fuit.
mihin si umquam filius erit, ne ille facili me utetur patre;
nam et cognoscendi et ignoscendi dabitur peccati locus:
non ut meus, qui mihi per alium ostendit s<ua>m sententiam.
perii! is mi, ubi adbibit plus paullo, sua quae narrat facinora! 220
nunc ait “periculum ex aliis facito tibi quod ex usu siet”:
astutu’. ne ille haud scit quam mihi nunc surdo narret fabulam.
mage nunc me amicae dicta stimulant “da mihi” atque “adfer mihi”:
quoi quod respondeam nil habeo; neque me quisquamst miserior.
nam hic Clinia, etsi is quoque suarum rerum satagit, attamen 225
habet bene et pudice eductam, ignaram artis meretriciae.
meast potens procax magnifica sumptuosa nobilis.
tum quod dem [<ei>] “recte” est; nam nil esse mihi religiosi dicere.
hoc ego mali non pridem inveni neque etiamdum scit pater.

Clinia Clitipho

II.ii

CLIN. Si mihi secundae res de amore m<eo> essent, iamdudum
scio 230
venissent; sed vereor ne mulier me absente hic corrupta sit.
concurrunt multae opiniones quae mihi animum exaugeant:
occasio locus aetas mater quoi(u)s sub imperio mala,
quoi nil iam praeter pretium dulcest. **CLIT.** Clinia. **CLIN.** ei misero
mihi!
CLIT. etiam caves ne videat forte hic te a patre aliquis exiens? 235
CLIN. faciam; sed nescioquid profecto mi animu’ praesagit mali.
CLIT. pergin istuc priu’ diiudicare quam scis quid veri siet?

CLIN. si nil mali esset iam hic adessent. **CLIT.** iam aderunt. **CLIN.**
quando istuc erit?

CLIT. non cogitas hinc longule esse? et nosti mores mulierum:
dum moliuntur, dum conantur, annus est. **CLIN.** o Clitipho, ²⁴⁰
timeo. **CLIT.** respira: eccum Dromonem cum Syro una: adsunt tibi.

Syrvs Dromo Clinia Clitipho

II.iii

SY. Ain tu? **DR.** sic est. **SY.** verum interea, dum sermones caedimus,
illae sunt relictæ. **CLIT.** mulier tibi adest. audin, Clinia?

CLIN. ego vero audio nunc demum et video et valeo, Clitipho.

DR. minime mirum: adeo inpeditæ sunt: ancillarum gregem ²⁴⁵
ducunt secum. **CLIN.** perii, unde illi sunt ancillæ? **CLIT.** men
rogas?

SY. non oportuit relictas: portant quid rerum! **CLIN.** ei mihi!

SY. aurum vestem; et vesperascit et non noverunt viam.

factum a nobis stultest. abi dum tu, Dromo, illis obviam.

propera: quid stas? **CLIN.** vae misero mi, quanta de spe decidi! ²⁵⁰

CLIT. quid istuc? quæ res te sollicitat autem? **CLIN.** rogitas quid
siet?

viden tu? ancillas aurum vestem, quam ego cum una ancillula
hic reliqui, unde esse censes? **CLIT.** vah nunc demum intellego.

SY. di boni, quid turbaest! aedes nostræ vix capient, scio.

quid comedent! quid ebibent! quid sene erit nostro miserius? ²⁵⁵

sed video eccos quos volebam. **CLIN.** o Iuppiter, ubinamst fides?

dum ego propter te errans patria careo demens, tu interea loci

conlocupletasti te, Antiphila, et me in his deseruisti malis,

propter quam in summa infamia sum et m<eo> patri minus [sum]

obsequens:

quo(u)s nunc pudet me et miseret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,

²⁶⁰

monuisse frustra neque eum potuisse umquam ab hac me expellere;

quod tamen nunc faciam; tum quom gratum mi esse potuit nolui.

nemost miserior me. **SY.** hic de nostris verbis errat videlicet

quæ hic sumu' locuti. Clinia, aliter tuom amorem atque est accipis:

nam et vitast eadem et animu' te erga idem ac fuit, ²⁶⁵

quantum ex ipsa re coniecturam fecimus.

CLIN. quid est obsecro? nam mihi nunc nil rerum omniumst
quod malim quam me hoc falso suspicarier.

SY. hoc primum, ut ne quid hui(u)s rerum ignores: anus,
quae est dicta mater esse ei ant(e)hac, non fuit; 270
ea obiit mortem. hoc ipsa in itinere alterae

dum narrat forte audiui. **CLIT.** quaenamst altera?

SY. mane: hoc quod coepi primum enarrem, Clitipho:
post istuc veniam. **CLIT.** propera. **SY.** iam primum omnium,

ubi ventum ad aedis est, Dromo pultat fores; 275

anu' quaedam prodit; haec ubi aperuit ostium,
continuo hic se coniecit intro, ego consequor;
anu' foribus obdit pessulum, ad lanam redit.

hic sciri potuit aut nusquam alibi, Clinia,
quo studio vitam s<ua>m te absente exegerit, 280
ubi de improvisost interventum mulieri.

nam ea res dedit tum existumandi copiam
cotidianae vitae consuetudinem,

quae quoi(u)sque ingenium ut sit declarat maxume.

texentem telam studiose ipsam offendimus, 285

mediocriter vestitam veste lugubri

(ei(u)s anui' causa opinor quae erat mortua)

sine auro; tum ornatam ita uti quae ornantur sibi,

nulla mala re esse expolitam muliebri;

capillu' pexu' prolixus circum caput 290

reiectu' neglegenter; pax. **CLIN.** Syre mi, obsecro,

ne me in laetitiam frustra conicias. **SY.** anus

subtemen nebat. praeterea una ancillula

erat; ea texebat una, pannis obsita,

neglecta, imunda inlue. **CLIT.** si haec sunt, Clinia, 295

vera, ita uti credo, quis te est fortunatior?

scin hanc quam dicit sordidatam et sordidam?

magnum hoc quoque signumst dominam esse extra noxiam,

quom eius tam negleguntur internuntii.

nam disciplinast isdem munerarier 300

ancillas primum ad dominas qui adfectant viam.

CLIN. perge, obsecro te, et cave ne falsam gratiam

studeas inire. quid ait ubi me nominas?

SY. ubi dicimus redisse te et rogare uti
veniret ad te, mulier telam desinit 305
continuo et lacrumis opplet os totum sibi,
ut facile scires desiderio id fieri [tuo].

CLIN. prae gaudio, ita me di ament, ubi sim nescio:
ita timui. **CLIT.** at ego nil esse scibam, Clinia.

agedum vicissim, Syre, dic quae illast altera? 310

SY. adducimus t<ua>m Bacchidem. **CLIT.** hem quid? Bacchidem?
eho scelestes, quo illam duci'? **SY.** quo ego illam? ad nos scilicet.

CLIT. ad patrem[ne]? **SY.** ad eum ipsum. **CLIT.** o hominis
inpudentem

audaciam! **SY.** heus

non fit sine periclo facinu' magnum nec memorabile.

CLIT. hoc vide: in mea vita tu tibi laudem is quaesitum, scelus? 315
ubi si paullulum modo quid te fugerit, ego perierim.
quid illo facias? **SY.** at enim . . **CLIT.** quid "enim"? **SY.** si sinas,
dicam.

CLIN. sine.

CLIT. sino. **SY.** ita res est haec nunc quasi quom . . **CLIT.** quas,
malum,

ambages mihi

narrare occipit? **CLIN.** Syre, verum hic dicit: mitte, ad rem redi.

SY. enimvero reticere nequeo: multimodis iniurius, 320

Clitipho, es neque ferri potis es. **CLIN.** audiundum hercle est, tace.

[**CLIT.** quid est?] 321a

SY. vis amare, vis potiri, vis quod des illi effici;

tuom esse in potiundo periculum non vis: haud stulte sapis;

siquidem id saperest velle te id quod non potest contingere.

aut haec cum illis sunt habenda aut illa cum his mittenda sunt. 325

harum d<ua>rum condicionum nunc utram malis vide;

etsi consilium quod cepi rectum esse et tutum scio.

nam apud patrem tua amica tecum sine metu ut sit copias.

tum quod illi argentum es pollicitus, <ea>dem hac inveniam via,

quod ut efficerem orando surdas iam auris reddideras mihi. 330

quid aliud tibi vis? **CLIT.** siquidem hoc fit. **SY.** siquidem?

experiundo scies.

CLIT. age age, cedo istuc t<uo>m consilium: quid id est? **SY.**

adsimulabimus

tuam amicam huius esse amicam. **CLIT.** pulchre: quid faciat sua?
an ea quoque dicitur huius, si una haec dedecorist parum?

SY. immo ad t<ua>m matrem abducetur. **CLIT.** quid eo? **SY.**

longumst, Clitipho, 335

si tibi narrem quam ob rem id faciam. **CLIN.** vera causast. **CLIT.**
fabulae!

nil sati' firmi video quam ob rem accipere hunc mi expediat metum.

SY. mane, habeo aliud, si istuc metui', quod ambo confiteamini
sine periculo esse. **CLIT.** huius' modi obsecro aliquid reperi. **CLIN.**
maxume.

SY. ibo obviam, hinc dicam ut revortantur domum. **CLIT.** hem 340

quid dixisti? **SY.** ademptum tibi iam faxo omnem metum,
in aurem utramvis otiose ut dormias.

CLIT. quid ago nunc? **CLIN.** tunc? quod boni . . **CLIT.** Syre! dic
modo

verum. **SY.** age modo: hodie sero ac nequiquam voles.

CLIN. datur, fruire dum licet; nam nescias . . 345

CLIT. Syre inquam! **SY.** perge porro, tamen istuc ago.

CLIN. ei(u)s sit potestas posthac an numquam tibi.

CLIT. verum hercle istuc est. Syre, Syre inquam, heus heus Syre!

SY. concaluit. quid vis? **CLIT.** redi, redi! **SY.** adsum: dic quid est?

iam hoc quoque negabi' tibi placere. **CLIT.** immo, Syre, 350

et me et meum amorem et famam permitto tibi.

tu es iudex: nequid accusandu' sis vide.

SY. ridiculumst istuc me admonere, Clitipho,

quasi istic minor mea res agatur quam tua.

hic siquid nobis forte advorsi evenerit, 355

tibi erunt parata verba, huic homini verbera:

quapropter haec res ne utiquam neglectust mihi.

sed istunc exora ut suam esse adsimulet. **CLIN.** scilicet

facturum me esse; in eum iam res rediit locum

ut sit necessu'. **CLIT.** merito te amo, Clinia. 360

CLIN. verum illa nequid titubet. **SY.** perdoctast probe.

CLIT. at hoc demiror qui tam facile potueris

persuadere illi, quae solet quos spernere!

SY. in tempore ad eam veni, quod rerum omniumst
 primum. nam quendam misere offendi ibi militem 365
 ei(u)s noctem orantem: haec arte tractabat virum,
 ut illius animum cupidum inopia incenderet
 <ea>demque ut esset apud te hoc quam gratissimum.
 sed heus tu, vide sis nequid inprudens ruas!
 patrem novisti ad has res quam sit perspicax; 370
 ego te autem novi quam esse soleas inpotens;
 inversa verba, eversas cervices tuas,
 gemitus screatus tussis risus abstine.
CLIT. laudabi'. **SY.** vide sis. **CLIT.** tutemet mirabere.
SY. sed quam cito sunt consecutae mulieres! 375
CLIT. ubi sunt? quor retines? **SY.** iam nunc haec non est tua.
CLIT. scio, apud patrem; at nunc interim. **SY.** nihilo magis.
CLIT. sine. **SY.** non sinam inquam. **CLIT.** quaeso paullisper. **SY.**
 veto.
CLIT. saltem salutem . . **SY.** abeas si sapias. **CLIT.** eo.
 quid istic? **SY.** manebit. **CLIT.** [o] hominem felicem! **SY.** ambula.
 380

Bacchis Antiphila Clinia Syrvs

II.iv

BA. Edepol te, mea Antiphila, laudo et fortunatam iudico,
 id quom studuisti isti formae ut mores consimiles forent;
 minimeque, ita me di ament, miror si te sibi quisque expetit.
 nam mihi quale ingenium haberes fuit indicio oratio:
 et quom egomet nunc mecum in animo vitam t<ua>m considero 385
 omniumque adeo vostrarum volgu' quae ab se segregant,
 et vos esse isti(u)s modi et nos non esse haud mirabilest.
 nam expedit bonas esse vobis; nos, quibu'cum est res, non sinunt:
 quippe forma impulsus nostra nos amatores colunt;
 haec ubi immutata est, illi suom animum alio conferunt: 390
 nisi si prospectum interea aliquid est, desertae vivimus.
 vobis cum uno semel ubi aetatem agere decretumst viro,
 quoi(u)s mos maxumest consimili' vostrum, [h]i se ad vos adplicant.
 hoc beneficio utrique ab utrisque vero devincimini,

ut numquam ulla amori vestro incidere possit calamitas. 395

AN. nescio alias: mequidem semper scio fecisse sedulo
ut ex illius' commodo meum compararem commodum. **CL.** ah
ergo, mea Antiphila, tu nunc sola reducem me in patriam facis;
nam dum abs te absum omnes mihi labores f<ue>re quos cepi leves
praeter quam tui carendum quod erat. **SY.** credo. **CL.** Syre, vix
suffero: 400

hocin me miserum non licere meo modo ingenium frui!

SY. immo ut patrem t<uo>m vidi esse habitum, diu etiam duras
dabit.

BA. quisnam hic adulescens est qui intuitur nos? **AN.** ah retine me,
obsecro!

BA. amabo quid tibist? **AN.** disperii, perii misera! **BA.** quid stupes,
Antiphila? **AN.** videon Cliniam an non? **BA.** quem vides? 405

CL. salve, anime mi. **AN.** o mi Clinia, salve. **CL.** ut vales?

AN. salvom venisse gaudeo. **CL.** teneone te,
Antiphila, maxime animo expectatam meo?

SY. ite intro; nam vos iamdudum expectat senex.

ACTVS III

Chremes Menedemvs

III.i

CH. Luciscit hoc iam. cesso pultare ostium 410
vicini, primum e me ut sciat sibi filium
redisse? etsi adulescentem hoc nolle intellego.
verum quom videam miserum hunc tam excruciarier
ei(u)s habitu, celem tam insperatum gaudium,
quom illi pericli nil ex indicio siet? 415

haud faciam; nam quod potero adiutabo senem.
item ut filium m<eu>m amico atque aequali suo
video inservire et socium esse in negotiis,
nos quoque senes est aequom senibus obsequi.
ME. aut ego profecto ingenio egregio ad miserias 420
natus sum aut illud falsumst quod volgo audio
dici, diem adimere aegritudinem hominibus;
nam mihi quidem cotidie augescit magis
de filio aegritudo, et quanto diutius
abest mage cupio tanto et mage desidero. 425

CH. sed ipsum foras egressum video: ibo adloquar.
Menedeme, salve: nuntium adporto tibi
quoi(u)s maxume te fieri participem cupis.

ME. num quid nam de gnato meo audisti, Chreme?

CH. valet atque vivit. **ME.** ubinamst quaeso? **CH.** apud me domi.
430

ME. meu' gnatu'? **CH.** sic est. **ME.** venit? **CH.** certe. **ME.** Clinia
meu' venit? **CH.** dixi. **ME.** eamu': duc me ad eum, obsecro.

CH. non volt te scire se redisse etiam et tuom
conspectum fugitat: propter peccatum hoc timet,
ne tua duritia antiqua illa etiam adaucta sit. 435

ME. non tu illi dixti ut essem? **CH.** non. **ME.** quam ob rem,
Chreme?

CH. quia pessume istuc in te atque [in] illum consulis,
si te tam leni et victo esse animo ostenderis.

ME. non possum: sati' iam, sati' pater durus fui. **CH.** ah
vehemens in utramque partem, Menedeme, es nimis 440
aut largitate nimia aut parsimonia:
in eandem fraudem ex hac re atque ex illa incidēs.
primum olim potius quam paterere filium
commetare ad mulierculam, quae paullulo
tum erat contenta quoique erant grata omnia, 445
proterruisti hinc. ea coacta ingratiis
postilla coepit victum volgo quaerere.
nunc quom sine magno intertrimento non potest
haberi, quidvis dare cupis. nam ut tu scias
quam ea nunc instructa pulchre ad perniciem siet, 450
primum iam ancillas secum adduxit plus decem
oneratas veste atque auro: satrapes si siet
amator, numquam sufferre ei(u)s sumptus queat;
nedum tu possis. **ME.** estne ea intu'? **CH.** sit rogas?
sensi. nam unam ei cenam atque eiu' comitibus 455
dedi; quod si iterum mihi sit danda, actum siet.
nam ut alia omittam, pytissando modo mihi
quid vini absumsit "sic hoc" dicens; "asperum,
pater, hoc est: aliud lenius sodes vide":
relevi dolia omnia, omnis serias; 460
omnis sollicitos habui — atque haec una nox.
quid te futurum censes quem adsidue exedent?
sic me di amabunt ut me t<ua>rum miseritumst,
Menedeme, fortunarum. **ME.** faciat quid lubet:
sumat consumat perdat, decretumst pati, 465
dum illum modo habeam mecum. **CH.** si certumst tibi
sic facere, illud permagni referre arbitror
ut ne scientem sentiat te id sibi dare.
ME. quid faciam? **CH.** quidvis potius quam quod cogitas:
per alium quemvis ut des, falli te sinas 470
techinis per servolum; etsi subsensi id quoque,
illos ibi esse, id agere inter se clanculum.
Syru' cum illo vostro consusurrant, conferunt
consilia ad adulescentes; et tibi perdere
talentum hoc pacto satius est quam illo minam. 475

non nunc pecunia agitur sed illud quo modo
minimo periclo id demus adulescentulo.
nam si semel tuum animum ille intellexerit,
prius proditurum te tuam vitam et prius
pecuniam omnem quam abs te amittas filium, hui 480
quantam fenestram ad nequitiam patefeceris,
tibi autem porro ut non sit suave vivere!
nam deteriores omnes sumus licentia.
quod quoique quomque inciderit in mentem volet
neque id putabit pravum an rectum sit: petet. 485
tu rem perire et ipsum non poteris pati:
dare denegaris; ibit ad illud ilico
qui maxime apud te se valere sentiet:
abiturum se abs te esse ilico minitabitur.
ME. videre vera atque ita uti res est dicere. 490
CH. somnum hercle ego hac nocte oculis non vidi meis,
dum id quaero tibi qui filium restituerem.
ME. cedo dextram: porro te idem oro ut facias, Chreme.
CH. paratus sum. **ME.** scin quid nunc facere te volo?
CH. dic. **ME.** quod sensisti illos me incipere fallere, 495
id uti maturent facere: cupio illi dare
quod vult, cupio ipsum iam videre. **CH.** operam dabo.
paullum negoti mi obstat: Simus et Crito
vicini nostri hic ambigunt de finibus;
me cepere arbitrum: ibo ac dicam, ut dixeram 500
operam daturum me, hodie non posse is dare:
continuo hic adero. **ME.** ita quaeso. — di vostram fidem,
ita comparatam esse hominum naturam omnium
aliena ut melius videant et diiudicent
quam sua! an eo fit quia in re nostra aut gaudio 505
sumus praepediti nimio aut aegritudine?
hic mihi nunc quanto plus sapit quam egomet mihi!
CH. dissolvi me otiosus operam ut tibi darem.
Syrus est prendendus atque adhortandus mihi.
a me nescioquis exit: concede hinc domum 510
ne nos inter nos congruere sentiant.

Syrvs Chremes

III.ii

SY. Hac illac circumcursa; inveniundumst tamen
argentum: intendenda in senemst fallacia.

CH. num me fefellit hosce id struere? videlicet
ill' Cliniai servo' tardiusculust; 515

idcirco huic nostro traditast provincia.

SY. quis hic loquitur? perii. numnam haec audivit? **CH.** Syre. **SY.**
hem.

CH. quid tu istic? **SY.** recte equidem; sed te miror, Chreme,
tam mane, qui heri tantum biberis. **CH.** nil nimis.

SY. "nil" narras? visa verost, quod dici solet, 520

aquilae senectus. **CH.** heia. **SY.** mulier commoda et

faceta haec meretrix. **CH.** sane. **SY.** idem visast tibi?

et quidem hercle forma luculenta. **CH.** sic satis.

SY. ita non ut olim, sed uti nunc, sane bona;

minimeque miror Clinia hanc si deperit. 525

sed habet patrem quendam avidum, miserum atque aridum

vicinum hunc: nostin? at quasi is non ditiis

abundet, gnatus ei(u)s profugit inopia.

scis esse factum ut dico? **CH.** quid ego ni sciam?

hominem pistrino dignum! **SY.** quem? **CH.** istunc servolum 530

dico adulescenti' . . **SY.** Syre, tibi timui male!

CH. qui passus est id fieri. **SY.** quid faceret? **CH.** rogas?

aliquid reperiret, fingeret fallacias

unde esset adulescenti amicae quod daret,

atque hunc difficilem invitum servaret senem. 535

SY. garris. **CH.** haec facta ab illo oportebant, Syre.

SY. eho quaeso laudas qui eros fallunt? **CH.** in loco

ego vero laudo. **SY.** recte sane. **CH.** quippe qui

magnarum saepe id remedium aegritudinumst:

iam huic mansisset unicus gnatus domi. 540

SY. iocone an serio ille haec dicat nescio;

nisi mihi quidem addit animum quo lubeat magis.

CH. et nunc quid exspectat, Syre? an dum hic denuo

abeat, quom tolerare illi(u)s sumptus non queat?

nonne ad senem aliquam fabricam fingit? **SY.** stolidus est. 545

CH. at te adiutare oportet adolescentuli

causa. **SY.** facile equidem facere possum si iubes;

etenim quo pacto id fieri soleat calleo.

CH. tanto hercle melior. **SY.** non est mentiri meum.

CH. fac ergo. **SY.** at heus tu facito dum eadem haec memineris 550

siquid huius simile forte aliquando evenerit,

ut sunt humana, tuos ut faciat filius.

CH. non usu' veniet, spero. **SY.** spero hercle ego quoque,

neque eo nunc dico quo quicquam illum senserim;

sed siquid, nequid. quae sit ei(u)s aetas vides; 555

et ne ego te, si usu' veniat, magnifice, Chreme,

tractare possim. **CH.** de istoc, quom usu' venerit,

videbimus quid opus sit: nunc istuc age. —

SY. numquam commodius umquam erum audivi loqui,

nec quom male facere[m] crederem mi inpinus 560

licere. quisnam a nobis egreditur foras?

Chremes Clitipho Syrus

III.iii

CH. Quid istuc quaeso? qui istic mos est, Clitipho? itane fieri oportet?

CL. quid ego feci? **CH.** vidin ego te modo manum in sinum huic meretrici

inserere? **SY.** acta haec res est: perii. **CL.** mene? **CH.** hisce oculis, ne nega.

facis adeo indigne iniuriam illi qui non abstinenceas manum. 565

nam istaec quidem contumeliast,

hominem amicum recipere ad te atque ei(u)s amicam subigitare.

vel here in vino quam inmodestu' f<ui>sti . . **SY.** factum. **CH.** quam molestus!

ut equidem, ita me di ament, metui quid futurum denique esset!

novi ego amantium animum: advortunt graviter quae non censeas.

570

CL. at mihi fides apud hunc est nil me istiu' facturum, pater.

CH. esto; at certe concedas aliquo ab ore <eo>rum aliquantisper.

multa fert lubido: ea facere prohibet tua praesentia.
ego de me facio coniecturam: nemo est m<eo>rum amicorum hodie
apud quem expromere omnia mea occulta, Clitipho, audeam. 575
apud alium prohibet dignitas; apud alium ipsi(u)s facti pudet,
ne ineptu', ne protervo' videar: quod illum facere credito.
sed nostrum est intellegere utquomque atque ubiquomque opu' sit
obsequi.

SY. quid istic narrat! **CL.** perii. **SY.** Clitipho, haec ego praecipio
tibi?

homini' frugi et temperanti' functu's officium? **CL.** tace sodes. 580
SY. recte sane. **CL.** Syre, pudet me. **SY.** credo: neque id iniuria; quin
mihi molestumst. **CL.** perdis hercle. **SY.** verum dico quod videtur.
CL. nonne accedam ad illos? **CH.** eho quaeso, una accedundi viast?
SY. actumst: hic priu' se indicarit quam ego argentum effecero.
Chreme, vin tu homini stulto mi auscultare? **CH.** quid faciam? **SY.**
Iube hunc 585

abire hinc aliquo. **CL.** quo ego hinc abeam? **SY.** quo lubet: da illis
locum:
abi d<ea>mbulatum. **CL.** d<ea>mbulatum? quo? **SY.** vah quasi desit
locus.

abi sane istac, istorsum, quovis. **CH.** recte dicit, censeo.
CL. di te eradicent, Syre, qui me hinc ~extrudis~!
SY. at tu pol tibi istas posthac comprimito manus! — 590
censen vero? quid illum porro credas facturum, Chreme,
nisi eum, quantum tibi opi' di dant, servas castigas mones?
CH. ego istuc curabo. **SY.** atqui nunc, ere, tibi istic adservandus est.
CH. fiet. **SY.** si sapias; nam mihi iam minu' minusque obtemperat.
CH. quid tu? ecquid de illo quod dudum tecum egi egisti, Syre, aut
595

repperisti tibi quod placeat an non[dum etiam]? **SY.** de fallacia
dicis? est: inveni nuper quandam. **CH.** frugi es. cedo quid est?
SY. dicam, verum ut aliud ex alio incidit. **CH.** quidnam, Syre?
SY. pessuma haec est meretrix. **CH.** ita videtur. **SY.** immo si scias.
vah vide quod inceptet facinu'. f<ui>t quaedam anu' Corinthia 600
hic: huic drachumarum haec argenti mille dederat mutuom.
CH. quid tum? **SY.** ea mortuast: reliquit filiam adulescentulam.
ea relicta huic arraboni est pro illo argento. **CH.** intellego.

SY. hanc secum huc adduxit, ea quae est nunc apud uxorem tuam.

CH. quid tum? **SY.** Cliniam orat sibi uti [id] nunc det: illam illi
tamen 605

post daturum: mille nummum poscit. **CH.** et poscit quidem? **SY.** hui,
dubium id est? ego sic putavi. **CH.** quid nunc facere cogitas?

SY. egon? ad Menedemum ibo: dicam hanc esse captam ex Caria
ditem et nobilem; si redimat magnum inesse in ea lucrum.

CH. erras. **SY.** quid ita? **CH.** pro Menedemo nunc tibi ego
respondeo 610

“non emo”: quid ages? **SY.** optata loquere. **CH.** qui? **SY.** non est
opus.

CH. non opus est? **SY.** non hercle vero. **CH.** qui istuc, miror. **SY.**
iam scies.

CH. mane, mane, quid est quod tam a nobis graviter crepuerunt
fores?

ACTVS IV

Sostrata Chremes Nvtrix Syrvs

IV.i

SO. Nisi me animu' fallit, hic profectost anulus quem ego suspicor, is quicum expositast gnata. **CH.** quid volt sibi, Syre, haec oratio? 615

SO. quid est? isne tibi videtur? **NV.** dixi equidem, ubi mi ostendisti, ilico

eum esse. **SO.** at ut sati' contemplata modo sis, mea nutrix. **NV.** satis.

SO. abi nunciam intro atque illa si iam laverit mihi nuntia.

hic ego virum interea opperibor. **SY.** te volt: videas quid velit.

nescioquid tristis est: non temerest: timeo quid sit. **CH.** quid siet? 620
ne ista hercle magno iam conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

SO. ehem mi vir. **CH.** ehem mea uxor. **SO.** te ipsum quaero. **CH.** loquere

quid velis.

SO. primum hoc te oro, nequid credas me advorsum edictum tuom facere esse ausam. **CH.** vin me istuc tibi, etsi incredibilest, credere? credo. **SY.** nescioquid peccati portat haec purgatio. 625

SO. meministin me ess(e) gravidam et mihi te maxumo opere edicere,

si puellam parerem, nolle tolli? **CH.** scio quid feceris:

sustulisti. **SY.** sic est factum: dom(i)na ego, eru' damno auctus est.

SO. minime; sed erat hic Corinthia anus haud impura: <ei> dedi exponendam. **CH.** o Iuppiter, tantam esse in animo inscitiam! 630

SO. perii: quid ego feci? **CH.** rogitas? **SO.** si peccavi, mi Chreme, insciens feci. **CH.** id equidem ego, si tu neges, certo scio,

te inscientem atque imprudentem dicere ac facere omnia:

tot peccata in hac re ostendi'. nam iam primum, si meum

imperium exsequi voluisses, interemptam oportuit, 635

non simulare mortem verbis, re ipsa spem vitae dare.

at id omitto: misericordia, animu' maternus: sino.

quam bene vero abs te prospectumst quod voluisti cogita:

nempe anui illi prodita abs te filiast planissime,

per te vel uti quaestum faceret vel uti veniret palam. 640

credo, id cogitasti: “quidvis satis est dum vivat modo.”

quid cum illis agas qui neque ius neque bonum atque aequom sciunt,
melius peius, prosit obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubet?

SO. mi Chreme, peccavi, fateor: vincor. nunc hoc te obsecro,
quanto tuos est animus natu gravior, ignoscentior, 645
ut meae stultitiae in iustitia tua sit aliquid praesidi.

CH. scilicet equidem istuc factum ignoscam; verum, Sostrata,
male docet te mea facilitas multa. sed istuc quidquid est
qua hoc obceptumst causa loquere. **SO.** ut stultae et misere omnes
sumus

religiosae, quom exponendam do illi, de digito anulum 650

detraho et eum dico ut una cum puella exponeret:

si moreretur, ne expers partis esset de nostris bonis.

CH. istuc recte: conservasti te atque illam. **SO.** is hic est anulus.

CH. unde habes? **SO.** quam Bacchi secum adduxit adulescentulam,

SY. hem.

CH. quid illa narrat? **SO.** ea lavatum dum it, servandum mihi dedit.

655

animum non advorti primum; sed postquam aspexi ilico

cognovi, ad te exsilui. **CH.** quid nunc suspicare aut invenis

de illa? **SO.** nescio nisi ex ipsa quaeras unde hunc habuerit,

si potis est reperiri. **SY.** interii: plus spero video quam volo:

nostrast, si itast. **CH.** vivitne illa quom tu dederas? **SO.** nescio. 660

CH. quid renuntiavit olim? **SO.** fecisse id quod iusseram.

CH. nomen mulieris cedo quid sit, ut quaeratur. **SO.** Philterae.

SY. ipsast. mirum ni illa salvast et ego perii. **CH.** Sostrata,

sequere me intro hac. **SO.** ut praeter spem evenit! quam timui male

ne nunc animo ita esses duro ut olim in tollendo, Chreme! 665

CH. non licet hominem esse saepe ita ut volt, si res non sinit.

nunc ita tempus est mi ut cupiam filiam: olim nil minus.

Syrvs

IV.ii

SY. Nisi me animus fallit multum, haud multum a me aberit
infortunium:

ita hac re in angustum oppido nunc m<ae> coguntur copiae;
nisi aliquid video ne esse amicam hanc gnati resciscat senex. 670
nam quod de argento sperem aut posse postulem me fallere
nil est; triumpho si licet me latere tecto abscedere.
crucior bolum tantum mi ereptum tam desubito e faucibus.
quid agam? aut quid comminiscar? ratio de integro ineundast mihi.
nil tam difficilest quin quaerendo investigari possiet. 675
quid si hoc nunc sic incipiam? nilst. quid si sic? tantundem egero.
at sic opinor: non potest. immo optume. euge habeo optumam.
retraham hercle opinor ad me
idem ego illuc hodie fugitivom argentum tamen. 678a

Clinia Syrvs

IV.iii

CL. Nulla mihi res posthac potest iam intervenire tanta
quae mi aegritudinem adferat: tanta haec laetitia obortast.
dedo patri me nunciam ut frugalior sim quam volt.
SY. nil me fefellit: cognitast, quantum audio huius verba.
istuc tibi ex sententia tua obtigisse laetor.
CL. o mi Syre, audisti obsecro? **SY.** quidni? qui usque una adfuerim.
CL. quoi aequae audisti commode quicquam evenisse? **SY.** nulli. 685
CL. atque ita me di ament ut ego nunc non tam meapte causa
laetor quam illius; quam ego scio esse honore quovis dignam.
SY. ita credo. sed nunc, Clinia, age, da te mihi vicissim;
nam amici quoque res est videnda in tutum ut conlocetur,
nequid de amica nunc senex. **CL.** o Iuppiter! **SY.** quiesce. 690
CL. Antiphila mea nubet mihi. **SY.** sicin mi interloquere?
CL. quid faciam? Syre mi, gaudeo: fer me. **SY.** fero hercle vero.
CL. deorum vitam apti sumus. **SY.** frustra operam opino[r] hanc
sumo.
CL. loquere: audio. **SY.** at iam hoc non ages. **CL.** agam. **SY.**
videndumst, inquam,
amici quoque res, Clinia, t<ui> in tuto ut conlocetur. 695
nam si nunc a nobis abis et Bacchidem hic relinquis,
senex resciscet ilico esse amicam hanc Clitiphonis;
si abduxeris, celabitur, itidem ut celata adhuc est.

CL. at enim istoc nil est mage, Syre, m<ii>s nuptiis advorsum.
nam quo ore appellabo patrem? tenes quid dicam? **SY.** quidni? 700

CL. quid dicam? quam causam adferam? **SY.** qui nolo mentiare:
aperte ita ut res sese habet narrato. **CL.** quid ais? **SY.** iubeo:
illam te amare et velle uxorem, hanc esse Clitiphonis.

CL. bonam atque iustam rem oppido imperas et factu facilem.
et scilicet iam me hoc voles patrem exorare ut celet 705
senem vostrum? **SY.** immo ut recta via rem narret ordine omnem.

CL. hem

sati' sanus es et sobrius? tuquidem illum plane perdis.
nam qui ille poterit esse in tuto, dic mihi?

SY. huic equidem consilio palmam do: hic me magnifice ecfero,
qui vim tantam in me et potestatem habeam tantae astutiae 710
vera dicendo ut eos ambos fallam: ut quom narret senex
voster nostro istam esse amicam gnati, non credat tamen.

CL. at enim spem istoc pacto rursum nuptiarum omnem eripis;
nam dum amicam hanc m<ea>m esse credet, non committet filiam.
tu fors quid me fiat parvi pendi', dum illi consulas. 715

SY. quid, malum, me aetatem censes velle id adsimularier?
unus est dies dum argentum eripio: pax: nil amplius.

CL. tantum sat habes? quid tum quaeso si hoc pater resciverit?

SY. quid si redeo ad illos qui aiunt "quid si nunc caelum ruat?"

CL. metuo quid agam. **SY.** metui'? quasi non ea potestas sit tua 720
quo velis in tempore ut te exsolvas, rem facias palam.

CL. age age, transducatur Bacchis. **SY.** optume ipsa exit foras.

Bacchis Clinia Syrvs Dromo Phrygia

IV.iv

BA. Sati' pol proterve me Syri promissa huc induxerunt,
decem minas quas mihi dare pollicitust. quodsi nunc me
deceperit saepe obsecrans me ut veniam, frustra veniet; 725
aut quom venturam dixero et constituero, quom is certe
renuntiavit, Clitipho quom in spe pendebit animi,
decipiam ac non veniam, Syrus mihi tergo poenas pendet.

CL. sati' scite promittit tibi. **SY.** atqui tu hanc iocari credis?
faciet nisi caveo. **BA.** dormiunt: ego pol istos commovebo. 730

mea Phrygia, audisti modo iste homo quam villam demonstravit Charini? **PH.** audiui. **BA.** proxumam esse huic fundo ad dextram? **PH.** memini.

BA. curriculo percurrere: apud eum miles Dionysia agitat:

SY. quid inceptat? **BA.** dic me hic oppido esse invitam atque adservari,

verum aliquo pacto verba me his daturam esse et venturam. 735

SY. perii hercle. Bacchi', mane, mane: quo mittis istanc quaeso?

iube maneat. **BA.** i. **SY.** quin est paratum argentum. **BA.** quin ego maneo.

SY. atqui iam dabitur. **BA.** ut lubet. num ego insto? **SY.** at scin quid sodes?

BA. quid? **SY.** transeundumst nunc tibi ad Menedemum et tua pompa

<eo> transducendast. **BA.** quam rem agis, scelus? **SY.** egon? argentum cudo 740

quod tibi dem. **BA.** dignam me putas quam inludas? **SY.** non est temere.

BA. etiamne tecum hic res mihist? **SY.** minime: tuom tibi reddo.

BA. eatur. **SY.** sequere hac. heus, Dromo. **DR.** quis me volt? **SY.** Syru'.

DR. quid est r<ei>?

SY. ancillas omnis Bacchidis tra<ns>duce huc ad vos propere.

DR. quam ob rem? **SY.** ne quaeras: ecferant quae secum huc attulerunt. 745

sperabit sumptum sibi senex levatum esse harunc abitu:

ne ille haud scit hoc paullum lucri quantum ei damnum adportet.

tu nescis id quod scis, Dromo, si sapies. **DR.** mutum dices.

Chremes Syrvs IV.v

CH. Ita me di amabunt ut nunc Menedemi vicem miseret me tantum devenisse ad eum mali. 750

illancin mulierem alere cum illa familia!

etsi scio, hosce aliquot dies non sentiet,

ita magno desiderio fuit <ei> filius;

verum ubi videbit tantos sibi sumptus domi

cotidianos fieri nec fieri modum, 755

optabit rursum ut abeat ab se filius.

Syrum optume eccum. **SY.** cesso hunc adoriri? **CH.** Syre. **SY.** hem.

CH. quid est? **SY.** te mihi ipsum iamdudum optabam dari.

CH. videre egisse iam nescioquid cum sene.

SY. de illo quod dudum? dictum [ac] factum reddidi. 760

CH. bonan fide? **SY.** bona hercle. **CH.** non possum pati
quin tibi caput demulceam; accede huc, Syre:
faciam boni tibi aliquid pro ista re ac lubens.

SY. at si scias quam scite in mentem venerit.

CH. vah gloriare evenisse ex sententia? 765

SY. non hercle vero: verum dico. **CH.** dic quid est?

SY. t<ui> Clitiphonis esse amicam hanc Bacchidem
Menedemo dixit Clinia, et ea gratia
secum adduxisse ne tu id persentisceres.

CH. probe. **SY.** dic sodes. **CH.** nimium, inquam. **SY.** immo si scias.

770

sed porro ausculta quod superest fallaciae:

sese ipse dicit t<ua>m vidisse filiam;

ei(u)s sibi complacitam formam, postquam aspexerit;

hanc cupere uxorem. **CH.** modone quae inventast? **SY.** eam:

et quidem iubebit posci. **CH.** quam ob rem istuc, Syre? 775

nam prorsum nil intellego. **SY.** vah tardus es.

CH. fortasse. **SY.** argentum dabitur ei ad nuptias,

aurum atque vestem qui . . tenesne? **CH.** comparet?

SY. id ipsum. **CH.** at ego illi neque do neque despondeo.

SY. non? quam ob rem? **CH.** quam ob rem? me rogas? homini . . ?

SY. 780

ut lubet.

non ego dicebam in perpetuom ut illam illi dares,

verum ut simulares. **CH.** non meast simulatio;

ita tu istaec tua misceto ne me admisceas.

egon quoi daturu' non sum, ut <ei> despondeam?

SY. credebam. **CH.** minime. **SY.** scite poterat fieri; 785

et ego hoc, quia dudum tu tanto opere iusseras,

<eo> coepi. **CH.** credo. **SY.** ceterum equidem istuc, Chreme,

aequi bonique facio. **CH.** atqui quam maxume

volo te dare operam ut fiat, verum alia via.

SY. fiat, quaeratur aliquid. sed illud quod tibi 790
dixi de argento quod ista debet Bacchidi,
id nunc reddendumst illi: neque tu scilicet
illuc confugies: “quid mea? num mihi datumst?
num iussi? num illa oppignerare filiam
meam me invito potuit?” verum illuc, Chreme, 795
dicunt: “ius summum saepe summast malitia.”
CH. haud faciam. **SY.** immo aliis si licet, tibi non licet:
~omnes te in lauta et bene acta parte putant.~
CH. quin egomet iam ad eam deferam. **SY.** immo filium
iube potui’. **CH.** quam ob rem? **SY.** quia enim in eum suspiciost 800
translata amoris’. **CH.** quid tum? **SY.** quia videbitur
mage veri simile id esse, quom hic illi dabit;
et simul conficiam facilius ego quod volo.
ipse adeo adest: abi, ecfer argentum. **CH.** ecfero.

Clitipho Syrvs

IV.vi

CL. Nullast tam facili’ res quin difficilis siet, 805
quam invitui’ facias. vel me haec d<ea>mbulatio,
quam non laboriosa, ad languorem dedit.
nec quicquam mage nunc metuo quam ne denuo
miser aliquo extrudar hinc, ne accedam ad Bacchidem.
ut te quidem omnes di deae[que] quantumst, Syre, 810
cum istoc invento cumque incepto perduint!
huiu’ modi mihi res semper comminiscere
ubi me excarnufices. **SY.** is tu hinc quo dignus es?
quam paene tua me perdidit protervitas!
CL. vellem hercle factum, ita meritu’ s. **SY.** meritu’? quo modo? 815
ne me istuc ex te prius audisse gaudeo
quam argentum haberes quod daturu’ iam fui.
CL. quid igitur dicam tibi vis? abi<i>sti; mihi
amicam adduxti quam non licitumst tangere.
SY. iam non sum iratu’. sed scin ubi sit nunc tibi 820
tua Bacchis? **CL.** apud nos. **SY.** non. **CL.** ubi ergo? **SY.** apud
Cliniam.

CL. perii. **SY.** bono animo es: iam argentum ad eam deferēs
quod <ei> pollicitu's. **CL.** garris. unde? **SY.** a t<uo> patre.
CL. ludis fortasse me? **SY.** ipsa re experibere.
CL. ne ego sum homo fortunatu': deamo te, Syre. 825
SY. sed pater egreditur. cave quicquam admiratu' sis
qua causa id fiat; obsecundato in loco;
quod imperabit facito; loquitor paucula.

Chremes Clitipho Syrvs

IV.vii

CH. Vbi Clitipho hic est? **SY.** "eccum me" inque. **CL.** eccum hic tibi.

CH. quid r<ei> esset dixti[n] huic? **SY.** dixi pleraque omnia. 830

CH. cape hoc argentum ac defer. **SY.** i: quid stas, lapis?
quin accipis? **CL.** cedo sane. **SY.** sequere hac me ocius.
tu hic nos dum eximus interea opperibere;
nam nil est illic quod moremur diutius. —

CH. minas quidem iam decem habet a me filia, 835
quas hortamentis esse nunc duco datas;
hasce ornamentis consequentur alterae;
porro haec talenta dotis adposcunt duo.
quam multa iniusta ac prava fiunt moribus!
mihi nunc relictis rebus inveniundus est 840
aliquis, labore inventa mea quoi dem bona.

Menedemvs Chremes

IV.viii

ME. Multo omnium nunc me fortunatissimum
factum puto esse quom te, gnate, intellego
resipisse. **CH.** ut errat! **ME.** te ipsum quaerebam, Chreme:
serva, quod in te est, filium, me ac familiam. 845

CH. cedo quid vis faciam? **ME.** invenisti hodie filiam.

CH. quid tum? **ME.** hanc uxorem sibi dari volt Clinia.

CH. quaeso quid tu homini's? **ME.** quid est? **CH.** iamne oblitus es
inter nos quid sit dictum de fallacia,

ut ea via abs te argentum auferretur? **ME.** scio. 850
CH. ea res nunc agitur ipsa. **ME.** quid narras, Chreme?
erravi? actast res? quanta de spe decidi! 851a
immo haec quidem quae apud me est Clitiphonis est
amica: ita aiunt. **CH.** et tu credis omnia.
et illum aiunt velle uxorem ut, quom desponderis,
des qui aurum ac vestem atque alia quae opu' sunt comparet. 855
ME. id est profecto: id amicae dabitur. **CH.** scilicet
daturum. **ME.** [v]ah frustra sum igitur gavisus miser.
quidvis tamen iam malo quam hunc amittere.
quid nunc renuntiem abs te responsum, Chreme,
ne sentiat me sensisse atque aegre ferat? 860
CH. aegre? nimium illi, Menedeme, indulges. **ME.** sine:
inceptumst: perfice hoc mi perpetuo, Chreme.
CH. dic convenisse, egisse te de nuptiis.
ME. dicam. quid deinde? **CH.** me facturum esse omnia,
generum placere; postremo etiam, si voles, 865
desponsam quoque esse dicito. **ME.** em istuc volueram.
CH. tanto ocius te ut poscat et tu, id quod cupis,
quam ocissime ut des. **ME.** cupio. **CH.** ne tu propediem,
ut istanc rem video, istius obsaturabere.
sed ut uti istaec sunt, cautim et paulatim dabis 870
si sapiēs. **ME.** faciam. **CH.** abi intro: vide quid postulet.
ego domi ero siquid me voles. **ME.** sane volo;
nam te scientem faciam quidquid egero.

ACTVS V

Menedemvs Chremes

V.i

ME. Ego me non tam astutum neque ita perspicacem esse id scio;
sed hic adiutor meus et monitor et praemonstrator Chremes 875

hoc mihi praestat: in me quidvis harum rerum convenit
quae sunt dicta in stulto, caudex stipes asinu' plumbeus;
in illum nil potest: exsuperat ei(u)s stultitia haec omnia.

CH. ohe iam desine deos, uxor, gratulando obtundere
t<ua>m esse inventam gnatam, nisi illos ex tuo ingenio iudicas 880
ut nil credas intellegere nisi idem dictumst centiens.

sed interim quid illic iamdudum gnatu' cessat cum Syro?

ME. quos ais homines, Chreme, cessare? **CH.** ehem, Menedeme,
advenis?

dic mihi, Cliniae quae dixi nuntiastin? **ME.** omnia.

CH. quid ait? **ME.** gaudere adeo coepit quasi qui cupiunt nuptias.
885

CH. hahahae. **ME.** quid risisti? **CH.** servi venere in mentem Syri
calliditates. **ME.** itane? **CH.** voltu' quoque hominum fingit scelus.

ME. gnatu' quod se adsimulat laetum, id dicis? **CH.** id. **ME.** idem
istuc mihi

venit in mentem. **CH.** veterator. **ME.** mage, si mage noris, putes
ita rem esse. **CH.** <ai>n tu? **ME.** quin tu ausculta. **CH.** mane; hoc
890

priu' scire expeto,
quid perdideris. nam ubi desponsam nuntiasti filio,
continuo iniecisse verba tibi Dromonem scilicet,
sponsae vestem aurum atque ancillas opus esse: argentum ut dares.
ME. non. **CH.** quid? non? **ME.** non inquam. **CH.** neque ipse gnatu'?
ME.

nil prorsum, Chreme.

magis unum etiam instare ut hodie conficiantur nuptiae. 895

CH. mira narras. quid Syru' meu'? ne is quidem quicquam? **ME.**
nihil.

CH. quam ob rem, nescio. **ME.** equidem miror, qui alia tam plane scias.

sed ille tuom quoque Syrus idem mire finxit filium,
ut ne paullulum quidem subolat esse amicam hanc Cliniae.

CH. quid agit? **ME.** mitto iam osculari atque amplexari: id nil puto.
900

CH. quid est quod amplius simuletur? **ME.** vah. **CH.** quid est? **ME.** audi modo.

est mihi ultimis conclave in aedibus quoddam retro:
huc est intro latu' lectu', vestimentis stratus est.

CH. quid postquam hoc est factum? **ME.** dictum factum huc abiit Clitipho.

CH. solu'? **ME.** solu'. **CH.** timeo. **ME.** Bacchi' consecutast ilico.
905

CH. sola? **ME.** sola. **CH.** perii. **ME.** ubi abiire intro, operuere ostium. **CH.** hem

Clinia haec fieri videbat? **ME.** quidni? mecum una simul.

CH. fili est amica Bacchi': Menedeme, occidi.

ME. quam ob rem? **CH.** decem dierum vix mi est familia.

ME. quid istuc times quod ille operam amico dat suo? 910

CH. immo quod amicae. **ME.** si dat. **CH.** an dubium id tibi est?
quemquamne animo tam com[mun]i esse aut leni putas
qui se vidente amicam patiatur suam . . ? **ME.** ah
quidni? quo verba facilius dentur mihi.

CH. derides merito. mihi nunc ego suscenseo: 915

quot res dedere ubi possem persentiscere,
ni essem lapis! quae vidi! vae misero mihi!
at ne illud haud inultum, si vivo, ferent!

nam iam . . **ME.** non tu te cohibes? non te respicis?
non tibi ego exempli sati' sum? **CH.** prae iracundia, 920

Menedeme, non sum apud me. **ME.** tene istuc loqui!
nonne id flagitiumst te aliis consilium dare,
foris sapere, tibi non posse te auxiliarier?

CH. quid faciam? **ME.** id quod me fecisse aiebas parum.
fac te patrem esse sentiat; fac ut audeat 925
tibi credere omnia, abs te petere et poscere,
nequam aliam quaerat copiam ac te deserat.

CH. immo abeat multo malo quovis gentium
quam hic per flagitium ad inopiam redigat patrem.
nam si illi pergo suppeditare sumptibus, ⁹³⁰
Menedeme, mihi illaec vere ad rastros res redit.
ME. quot incommoditates in hac re capies, nisi caves!
difficilem te esse ostendes et ignosces tamen
post, et id ingratum. **CH.** ah nescis quam doleam. **ME.** ut lubet.
quid hoc quod rogo, ut illa nubat nostro? nisi quid est ⁹³⁵
quod mage vis. **CH.** immo et gener et adfines placent.
ME. quid doti' dicam te dixisse filio?
quid obticuisti? **CH.** dotis? **ME.** ita dico. **CH.** ah. **ME.** Chreme,
nequid vereare, si minu': nil nos dos movet.
CH. duo talenta pro re nostra ego esse decrevi satis; ⁹⁴⁰
sed ita dictu opus est, si me vis salvom esse et rem et filium,
me mea omnia bona doti dixisse illi. **ME.** quam rem agis?
CH. id mirari te simulato et illum hoc rogitato simul
quam ob rem id faciam. **ME.** quin ego vero quam ob rem id facias
nescio.
CH. egone? ut eius animum, qui nunc luxuria et lascivia ⁹⁴⁵
diffluit, retundam redigam, ut quo se vortat nesciat.
ME. quid agi'? **CH.** mitte: sine me in hac re gerere mihi morem.
ME. sino:
itane vis? **CH.** ita. **ME.** fiat. **CH.** ac iam uxorem ut accersat paret.
hic ita ut liberos est aequom dictis confutabitur;
sed Syrum . . **ME.** quid eum? **CH.** egone si vivo adeo exornatum
dabo, ⁹⁵⁰
adeo depexum ut dum vivat meminerit semper mei;
qui sibi me pro deridiculo ac delectamento putat.
non, ita me di ament, auderet facere haec viduae mulieri
quae in me fecit.

Clitipho Menedemvs Chremes Syrvs

V.ii

CL. Itane tandem quaeso, Menedeme? ut pater
tam in brevi spatio omnem de me eiecerit animum patris? ⁹⁵⁵
quodnam ob facinu'? quid ego tantum sceleris admisi miser?

volgo faciunt. **ME.** scio tibi esse hoc graviu' multo ac durius, quoi fit; verum ego haud minus aegre patior, id qui nescio nec rationem capio, nisi quod tibi bene ex animo volo.

CL. hic patrem astare aibas. **ME.** eccum. **CH.** quid me incusas, Clitipho? ⁹⁶⁰

quidquid ego huiu' feci, tibi prospexi et stultitiae tuae. ubi te vidi animo esse omisso et suavia in praesentia quae essent prima habere neque consulere in longitudinem: cepi rationem ut neque egeres neque ut haec posses perdere. ubi quoi decuit primo, tibi non licuit per te mihi dare, ⁹⁶⁵ abii ad proximum tibi qui erat; <ei> commisi et credidi: ibi tuae stultitiae semper erit praesidium, Clitipho, victu' vestitus quo in tectum te receptes. **CL.** ei mihi!

CH. satius est quam te ipso herede haec possidere Bacchidem.

SY. disperii: scelestu' quantas turbas concivi insciens! ⁹⁷⁰

CL. emori cupio. **CH.** priu' quaeso disce quid sit vivere.

ubi scies, si displicebit vita, tum istoc utitor.

SY. ere, licetne? **CH.** loquere. **SY.** at tuto. **CH.** loquere. **SY.** quae istast pravitas

quaeve amentias, quod peccavi ego, id obesse huic? **CH.** ilicet.

ne te admisce: nemo accusat, Syre, te: nec tu aram tibi ⁹⁷⁵

nec precatorem pararis. **SY.** quid agi'? **CH.** nil suspenseo

neque tibi nec tibi; nec vos est aequom quod facio mihi. —

Clitipho Syrvs

V.iii

SY. Abiit? vah, rogasse vellem . . **CL.** quid? **SY.** und' mihi peterem cibum:

ita nos alienavit. tibi iam esse ad sororem intellego.

CL. adeon rem redi<i>sse ut periculum etiam a fame mihi sit, Syre!

⁹⁸⁰

SY. modo liceat vivere, est spes . . **CL.** quae? **SY.** nos esurituros satis.

CL. inrides in re tanta neque me consilio quicquam adiuvas?

SY. immo et ibi nunc sum et usque id egi dudum dum loquitur pater; et quantum ego intellegere possum . . **CL.** quid? **SY.** non aberit

longius.

CL. quid id ergo? **SY.** sic est: non esse horum te arbitror. **CL.** quid istuc, Syre? 985

satin sanus es? **SY.** ego dicam quod mi in mentemst: tu diiudica. dum istis f<ui>sti solu', dum nulla alia delectatio quae propior esset, te indulgebant, tibi dabant; nunc filia postquamst inventa vera, inventast causa qui te expellerent.

CL. est veri simile. **SY.** an tu ob peccatum hoc esse illum iratum putas? 990

CL. non arbitror. **SY.** nunc aliud spectat: matres omnes filiis in peccato adiutrices, auxilio in paterna iniuria solent esse: id non fit. **CL.** verum dici'. quid ergo nunc faciam, Syre?

SY. suspicionem istanc ex illis quaere, rem profer palam.

si non est verum, ad misericordiam ambos adduces cito, 995

aut scibi' quou' [sis]. **CL.** recte suades: faciam. — **SY.** sat recte hoc mihi

in mentem venit; nam quam maxime huic visa haec suspicio erit <vera>, quamque adulescens maxime quam in minima spe situs 997a

erit, tam facillume patri' pacem in leges conficiet suas.

etiam haud scio an uxorem ducat: ac Syro nil gratiae!

quid hoc autem? senex exit foras: ego fugio. adhuc quod factumst,

1000

miror non continuo adripi iusse: ad Menedemum hunc pergam.

<eu>m mihi precatorem paro: seni nostro fide nil habeo.

Sostrata Chremes

V.iv

SO. Profecto nisi caves tu homo, aliquid gnato conficies mali; idque adeo miror, quo modo

tam ineptum quicquam tibi venire in mentem, mi vir, potuerit. 1005

CH. oh pergin mulier esse? nullamne ego rem umquam in vita mea volui quin tu in ea re mi fueris advorsatrix, Sostrata!

at si rogem iam quid est quod peccem aut quam ob rem hoc facias, nescias;

in qua re nunc tam confidenter restas, stulta. **SO.** ego nescio?

CH. immo scis, potius quam quidem redeat ad integrum eadem oratio. 1010

SO. oh

iniquos es qui me tacere de re tanta postules.

CH. non postulo iam: loquere: nihilo minus ego hoc faciam tamen.

SO. facies? **CH.** verum. **SO.** non vides quantum mali ex <ea> re excites?

subditum se suspicatur. **CH.** “subditum” <ai>n tu? **SO.** sic erit, mi vir. **CH.** confitere? **SO.** au te obsecro, istuc inimicis siet. 1015
egon confitear m<eu>m non esse filium, qui sit meus?

CH. quid? metui’ ne non, quom velis, convincas esse illum tuom?

SO. quod filia est inventa? **CH.** non: sed, quo mage credundum siet, id quod consimilest moribus

convincens facile ex te natum; nam tui similest probe; 1020

nam illi nil vitist relictum quin siet itidem tibi;

tum praeterea talem nisi tu nulla pareret filium.

sed ipse egreditur, quam severu’! rem, quom videas, censeas.

Clitipho Sostrata Chremes

V.v

CL. Si umquam ullum f<ui>t tempu’, mater, quom ego voluptati tibi fuerim, dictu’ filiu’ tuo’ vostra voluntate, obsecro 1025

ei(u)s ut memineris atque inopi’ nunc te miserescat mei, quod peto aut quod volo, parentes m<eo>s ut conmonstres mihi.

SO. obsecro, mi gnate, ne istuc in animum inducas tuom

alienum esse te. **CL.** sum. **SO.** miseram me, hoccin quaesisti, obsecro?

ita mihi atque huic sis superstes ut ex me atque ex hoc natus es; 1030
et cave posthac, si me amas, umquam istuc verbum ex te audiam.

CH. at ego, si me metui’, mores cave in te esse istos sentiam.

CL. quos? **CH.** si scire vis, ego dicam: gerro iners fraus helluo ganeo’s damnosu’: crede, et nostrum te esse credito.

CL. non sunt haec parenti’ dicta. **CH.** non, si ex capite sis meo 1035
natus, item ut aiunt Minervam esse ex Iove, <ea> causa magis patiar, Clitipho, flagitiis t<ui>s me infamem fieri.

SO. di istaec prohibeant! **CH.** deos nescio: ego, quod potero, sedulo.

quaeris id quod habes, parentes; quod abest non quaeris, patri
quo modo obsequare et ut serves quod labore invenerit. 1040
non mihi per fallacias adducere ante oculos . . pudet
dicere hac praesente verbum turpe; at te id nullo modo
facere puduit. **CL.** eheu quam nunc totu' displiceo mihi,
quam pudet! neque quod principium incipiam ad placandum scio.

Menedemvs Chremes Sostrata Clitipho

V.vi

ME. Enimvero Chreme<s> nimi' graviter cruciat adolescentulum
1045

nimi'que inhumane: exeo ergo ut pacem conciliem. optume
ipsos video. **CH.** ehem, Menedeme, quor non accersi iubes
filiam et quod doti' dixi firmas? **SO.** mi vir, te obsecro
ne facias. **CL.** pater, obsecro mi ignoscas. **ME.** da veniam, Chreme:
sine te exorem. **CH.** egon mea bona ut dem Bacchidi dono sciens?
1050

non faciam. **ME.** at id nos non sinemu'. **CL.** si me vivom vis, pater,
ignosce. **SO.** age, Chreme mi. **ME.** age quaeso, ne tam offirma te,
Chreme.

CH. quid istic? video non licere ut coeperam hoc pertendere.

ME. facis ut te decet. **CH.** <ea> lege hoc adeo faciam, si facit
quod ego hunc aequom censeo. **CL.** pater, omnia faciam: impera.
1055

CH. uxorem ut ducas. **CL.** pater . . ! **CH.** nil audio. **SO.** ad me
recipio:

faciet. **CH.** nil etiam audio ipsum. **CL.** perii! **SO.** an dubitas,
Clitipho?

CH. immo utrum volt. **SO.** faciet omnia. **ME.** haec dum incipias,
gravia sunt,

dumque ignores; ubi cognori', facilia. **CL.** faciam, pater.

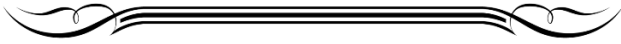
SO. gnate mi, ego pol tibi dabo illam lepidam, quam tu facile ames,
1060

filiam Phanocratae nostri. **CL.** rufamne illam virginem,
caesiam, sparso ore, adunco naso? non possum, pater.

CH. heia ut elegans est! credas animum ibi esse. **SO.** aliam dabo.

CL. immo, quandoquidem ducendast, egomet habeo propemodum
quam volo. **CH.** nunc laudo, gnate. **CL.** Archonidi huius filiam. 1065
SO. perplacet. **CL.** pater, hoc nunc restat. **CH.** quid? **CL.** Syro
ignoscas volo
quae mea causa fecit. **CH.** fiat. **CANTOR.** vos valet et plaudite!

PHORMIO



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PROLOGVS

Postquam poeta vetu' poetam non potest
retrahere a studio et transdere hominem in otium,
maledictis detertere ne scribat parat;
qui ita dictitat, quas ante hic fecit fabulas
tenui esse oratione et scriptura levi: 5
quia nusquam insanum scripsit adolescentulum
cervam videre fugere et sectari canes
et eam plorare, orare ut subveniat sibi.
quod si intellexeret, quom stetit olim nova,
actoris opera mage stetisse quam sua, 10
minu' multo audacter quam nunc laedit laederet
[et mage placerent quas fecisset fabulas]. 11a
nunc siquis est qui hoc dicat aut sic cogitet:
"vetu' si poeta non lacessisset prior,
nullum invenire prologum po[tui]sset novos
quem diceret, nisi haberet cui male diceret," 15
is sibi responsum hoc habeat, in medio omnibus
palmam esse positam qui artem tractent musicam.
ille ad famem hunc a studio studuit reicere:
hic respondere voluit, non lacessere.
benedictis si certasset, audisset bene: 20
quod ab illo adlatumst, sibi esse rellatum putet.
de illo iam finem faciam dicundi mihi,
peccandi quom ipse de se finem non facit.
nunc quid velim animum attendite: adporto novam
Epidicazomenon quam vocant comoediam 25
Graeci, Latini Phormionem nominant
quia primas partis qui aget is erit Phormio
parasitu', per quem res geretur maxime
voluntas vostra si ad poetam accesserit.
date operam, adeste aequo animo per silentium, 30
ne simili utamur fortuna atque usi sumus
quom per tumultum noster grex motus locost:
quem actori' virtus nobis restituit locum

bonitasque vostra adiutans atque aequanimitas.

ACTVS I

Davos

Amicu' summu' meus et popularis Geta 35
heri ad me venit. erat <ei> de ratiuncula
iampridem apud me relicuom pauxillulum
nummorum: id ut conficerem. confeci: adfero.
nam erilem filium eiu' duxisse audio
uxorem: <ei> credo munus hoc conraditur. 40
quam inique comparatumst, i qui minus habent
ut semper aliquid addant ditioribus!
quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo
suom defrudans genium conpersit miser,
id illa univorsum abripiet, haud existumans 45
quanto labore partum. porro autem Geta
ferietur alio munere ubi era pepererit;
porro autem alio ubi erit puero natalis dies;
ubi initiabunt. omne hoc mater auferet:
puer causa erit mittundi. sed videon Getam? 50

Geta Davos

{Ge.} Siquis me quaeret rufu' . . {Da.} praestost, desine. {Ge.} oh
at ego obviam conabar tibi, Dave. {Da.} accipe, em:
lectumst; conveniet numeru' quantum debui.
{Ge.} amo te et non neglexisse habeo gratiam.
{Da.} praesertim ut nunc sunt mores: adeo res redit: 55
siquis quid reddit magna habendast gratia.
sed quid tu es tristis? {Ge.} egone? nescis quo in metu et
quanto in periclo simu'! {Da.} quid istuc est? {Ge.} scies,
modo ut tacere possis. {Da.} abi sis, insciens:
quoi(u)s tu fidem in pecunia perspexeris, 60
verere verba <ei> credere, ubi quid mihi lucrist
te fallere? {Ge.} ergo ausculta. {Da.} hanc operam tibi dico.
{Ge.} seni' nostri, Dave, fratrem maiorem Chremem

nostin? {Da.} quidni? {Ge.} quid? eiu' gnatum Phaedriam?
{Da.} tam quam te. {Ge.} evenit senibus ambobus simul 65
iter illi in Lemnum ut esset, nostro in Ciliciam
ad hospitem antiquom. is senem per epistulas
pellexit modo non montis auri pollicens.
{Da.} quoi tanta erat res et supererat? {Ge.} desinas:
sic est ingenium. {Da.} oh regem me esse oportuit! 70
{Ge.} abeuntes ambo hic tum senes me filiis
relinquont quasi magistrum. {Da.} o Geta, provinciam
cepisti duram. {Ge.} mi usu venit, hoc scio:
memini relinqui me deo irato meo.
coepi advorsari primo: quid verbis opust? 75
seni fideli' dum sum scapulas perdidi.
{Da.} venere in mentem mi istaec: "namque inscitiast
advorsu' stimulum calces." {Ge.} coepi is omnia
facere, obsequi quae vellent. {Da.} scisti uti foro.
{Ge.} noster mali nil quicquam primo; hic Phaedria 80
continuo quandam nactus est puellulam
citharistriam, hanc ardere coepit perdit.
ea serviebat lenoni inpurissimo,
neque quod daretur quicquam; id curarant patres.
restabat aliud nil nisi oculos pascere, 85
sectari, in ludum ducere et reducere.
nos otiosi operam dabamus Phaedriae.
in quo haec discebat ludo, exadvorsum ilico
tonstrina erat quaedam: hic solebamus fere
plerumque eam opperiri dum inde iret domum. 90
interea dum sedemus illi, intervenit
adulescens quidam lacrumans. nos mirarier:
rogamu' quid sit. "numquam aequae" inquit "ac modo
paupertas mihi onu' visumst et miserum et grave.
modo quandam vidi virginem hic vicinia 95
miseram suam matrem lamentari mortuam.
ea sita erat exadvorsum neque illi benivola
neque notu' neque vicinus extra unam aniculam
quisquam aderat qui adiutaret funu': miseritumst.
virgo ipsa facie egregia." quid verbis opust? 100

commorat omnis nos. ibi continuo Antipho
 “voltisne eamu’ visere?” alius “censeo:
 eamu’: duc nos sodes.” imus venimus
 videmu’. virgo pulchra, et quo mage diceret,
 nil aderat adiumenti ad pulchritudinem: 105
 capillu’ passu’, nudu’ pes, ipsa horrida,
 lacrumae, vestitu’ turpis: ut, ni vis boni
 in ipsa inesset forma, haec formam exstingerent.
 ill’ qui illam amabat fidicinam tantummodo
 “satis” inquit “scitast”; noster vero . . {Da.} iam scio: 110
 amare coepit. {Ge.} scin quam? quo evadat vide.
 postridie ad anum recta pergit: obsecrat
 ut sibi eiu’ faciat copiam. illa enim se negat
 neque eum aequom facere ait: illam civem esse Atticam,
 bonam bonis prognatam: si uxorem velit, 115
 lege id licere facere: sin aliter, negat.
 noster quid ageret nescire: et illam ducere
 cupiebat et metuebat absentem patrem.
 {Da.} non, si redisset, <ei> pater veniam daret?
 {Ge.} ille indotatam virginem atque ignobilem 120
 daret illi? numquam faceret. {Da.} quid fit denique?
 {Ge.} quid fiat? est parasitu’ quidam Phormio,
 homo confidens: qui illum di omnes perduint!
 {Da.} quid is fecit? {Ge.} hoc consilium quod dicam dedit:
 “lex est ut orbae, qui sint genere proxumi, 125
 is nubant, et illos ducere eadem haec lex iubet.
 ego te cognatum dicam et tibi scribam dicam;
 paternum amicum me adsimulabo virginis:
 ad iudices veniemu’: qui fuerit pater,
 quae mater, qui cognata tibi sit, omnia haec 130
 confingam, quod erit mihi bonum atque commodum;
 quom tu horum nil refelles vincam scilicet:
 pater aderit: mihi paratae lites: quid mea?
 illa quidem nostra erit.” {Da.} iocularem audaciam!
 {Ge.} persuasit homini: factumst: ventumst: vincimur: 135
 duxit. {Da.} quid narras? {Ge.} hoc quod audis. {Da.} o Geta,
 quid te futurumst? {Ge.} nescio hercle; unum hoc scio,

quod fors feret feremus aequo animo. {Da.} placet:
em istuc virist officium. {Ge.} in me omni' spes mihist.
{Da.} laudo. {Ge.} ad precatorem adeam credo qui mihi 140
sic oret: "nunc amitte quaeso hunc; ceterum
posthac si quicquam, nil precor." tantummodo
non addit: "ubi ego hinc abiero, vel occidito."
{Da.} quid paedagogus ille qui citharistram,
quid r<ei> gerit? {Ge.} sic, tenuiter. {Da.} non multum habet 145
quod det fortasse? {Ge.} immo nil nisi spem meram.
{Da.} pater ei(u)s rediit an non? {Ge.} nondum. {Da.} quid? senem
quoad exspectati' vostrum? {Ge.} non certum scio,
sed epistulam ab eo adlatam esse audivi modo
et ad portitores esse delatam: hanc petam. 150
{Da.} numquid, Geta, aliud me vis? {Ge.} ut bene sit tibi.
puer, heus. nemon hoc prodit? cape, da hoc Dorcio.

Antipho Phaedria

{An.} Adeon rem redisse ut qui mi consultum optume velit esse,
Phaedria, patrem ut extimescam ubi in mentem ei(u)s adventi venit!
quod ni f<ui>ssem incogitans, ita eum exspectarem ut par fuit. 155
{Ph.} quid istuc [est]? {An.} rogitas, qui tam audaci' facinori' mihi
consciis sis?
quod utinam ne Phormioni id suadere in mentem incidisset
neu me cupidum eo inpulisset, quod mihi principiumst mali!
non potitus essem: f<ui>sset tum illos mi aegre aliquot dies,
at non cotidiana cura haec angeret animum, {Ph.} audio. 160
{An.} dum exspecto quam mox veniat qui adimat hanc mi
consuetudinem.
{Ph.} aliis quia defit quod amant aegrest; tibi quia superest dolet:
amore abundas, Antipho.
nam tua quidem hercle certo vita haec expetenda optandaque est.
ita me di bene ament ut mihi liceat tam diu quod amo frui, 165
iam depecisci morte cupio: tu conicito cetera,
quid ego ex hac inopia nunc capiam et quid tu ex ista copia,
ut ne addam quod sine sumptu ingenuam, liberalem nactus es,
quod habes, ita ut voluisti, uxorem sine mala fama palam:

beatu', ni unum desit, animu' qui modeste istaec ferat. 170
quod si tibi res sit cum eo lenone quo mihist tum sentias.
ita plerique ingenio sumus omnes: nostri nosmet paenitet.
{An.} at tu mihi contra nunc videre fortunatus, Phaedria,
quoi de integro est potestas etiam consulendi quid velis:
retinere amare amittere; ego in eum incidi infelix locum 175
ut neque mihi [ei(u)s] sit amittendi nec retinendi copia.
sed quid hoc est? videon ego Getam currentem huc advenire?
is est ipsus. ei, timeo miser quam hic mihi nunc nuntiet rem.

Geta Antipho Phaedria

{Ge.} Nullus es, Geta, nisi iam aliquod tibi consilium celere reperis,
ita nunc inparatum subito tanta te independent mala; 180
quae neque uti devitem scio neque quo modo me inde extraham,
quae si non astu providentur me aut erum pessum dabunt; 181a
nam non potest celari nostra diutius iam audacia.
{An.} quid illic commotus venit?
{Ge.} tum temporis mihi punctum ad hanc rem est: erus adest. {An.}
quid illuc
malist?
{Ge.} quod quom audierit, quod eiu' remedium inveniam
iracundiae? 185
loquarne? incendam; taceam? instigem; purgem me? laterem lavem.
heu me miserum! quom mihi paveo, tum Antipho me excruciat
animi:
ei(u)s me miseret, <ei> nunc timeo, is nunc me retinet: nam absque
eo esset,
recte ego mihi vidissem et senis essem ultus iracundiam:
aliquid convasassem atque hinc me conicerem protinam in pedes. 190
{An.} quam hic fugam aut furtum parat?
{Ge.} sed ubi Antiphonem reperiam, aut qua quaerere insistam via?
{Ph.} te nominat. {An.} nescioquod magnum hoc nuntio exspecto
malum. {Ph.} ah
sanus es? {Ge.} domum ire pergam: ibi plurimumst.
{Ph.} revocemus hominem. {An.} sta ilico. {Ge.} hem 195
sati' pro imperio, quisquis es. {An.} Geta. {Ge.} ipsest quem volui

obviam.

{An.} cedo quid portas, obsecro? atque id, si potes, verbo expedi.

{Ge.} faciam. {An.} eloquere. {Ge.} modo apud portum . . {An.} m<eu>mne?

{Ge.} intellexti. {An.} occidi. {Ph.} hem . .

{An.} quid agam? {Ph.} quid ais? {Ge.} hui(u)s patrem vidisse me et patruom

tuom.

{An.} nam quod ego huic nunc subito exitio remedium inveniam miser? 200

quod si eo m<eae> fortunae redeunt, Phanium, abs te ut distrahar, nullast mihi vita expetenda. {Ge.} ergo istaec quom ita sunt, Antipho,

tanto mage te advigilare aequomst: fortis fortuna adiuvat.

{An.} non sum apud me. {Ge.} atqui opus est nunc quom maxume ut sis, Antipho;

nam si senserit te timidum pater esse, arbitrabitur 205

commeruisse culpam. {Ph.} hoc verumst. {An.} non possum inmutarier.

{Ge.} quid faceres si aliud quid graviu' tibi nunc faciundum foret?

{An.} quom hoc non possum, illud minu' possem. {Ge.} hoc nil est, Phaedria:

ilicet.

quid hic conterimus operam frustra? quin abeo? {Ph.} et quidem ego? {An.}

obsecro,

quid si adsimulo? satinest? {Ge.} garris. {An.} voltum contemplamini: em 210

satine sic est? {Ge.} non. {An.} quid si sic? {Ge.} propemodum.

{An.} quid

sic? {Ge.} sat est:

em istuc serva: et verbum verbo, par pari ut respondeas,

ne te iratu' s<ui>s saevindicis dictis protelet. {An.} scio.

{Ge.} vi coactum te esse invitum. {Ph.} lege, iudicio. {Ge.} tenes?

sed hic quis est senex quem video in ultima platea? ipso est. 215

{An.} non possum adesse. {Ge.} ah quid agis? quo abis Antipho?

mane inquam. {An.} egomet me novi et peccatum meum:

vobis commendo Phanium et vitam meam. —

{Ph.} Geta, quid nunc fiet? {Ge.} tu iam litis audies;

ego plectar pendens nisi quid me fefellerit. 220

sed quod modo hic nos Antiphonem monuimus,

id nosmet ipsos facere oportet, Phaedria.

{Ph.} aufer mi “oportet”: quin tu quid faciam impera.

{Ge.} meministin olim ut fuerit vostra oratio

in re incipiunda ad defendendam noxiam, 225

iustam illam causam facilem vincibilem optumam?

{Ph.} memini. {Ge.} em nunc ipsast opus ea aut, siquid potest,

meliore et callidiore. {Ph.} fiet sedulo.

{Ge.} nunc prior adito tu, ego in insidiis hic ero

succenturiatu’, siquid deficias. {Ph.} age. 230

ACTVS II

Demipho Phaedria Geta

{De.} Itane tandem uxorem duxit Antipho iniussu meo?
nec meum imperium — ac mitto imperium — , non simultatem
meam
revereri saltem! non pudere! o facinus audax, o Geta
monitor! {Ge.} vix tandem. {De.} quid mihi dicent aut quam causam
reperient?
demiror. {Ge.} atqui reperiam: aliud cura. {De.} an hoc dicet mihi:
235

“invitu’ feci. lex coegit”? audio, fateor. {Ge.} places.
{De.} verum scientem, tacitum causam tradere advorsariis,
etiamne id lex coegit? {Ph.} illud durum. {Ge.} ego expediam: sine!
{De.} incertumst quid agam, quia praeter spem atque incredibile hoc
mi
optigit:
ita sum irritatus animum ut nequeam ad cogitandum instituere. 240
quam ob rem omnis, quom secundae res sunt maxume, tum maxume
meditari secum oportet quo pacto advorsam aerumnam ferant,
pericla damna exsilia: peregre rediens semper cogitet
aut fili peccatum aut uxori’ mortem aut morbum filiae
communia esse haec, fieri posse, ut ne quid animo sit novom; 245
quidquid praeter spem eveniat, omne id deputare esse in lucro.
{Ge.} o Phaedria, incredibile[st] quantum erum ante eo sapientia
meditata mihi sunt omnia mea incommoda eru’ si redierit.
molendum esse in pistrino, vapulandum; habendae compedes,
opu’ ruri faciundum, horum nil quicquam accidet animo novom. 250
quidquid praeter spem eveniet, omne id deputabo esse in lucro.
sed quid cessas hominem adire et blande in principio adloqui?
{De.} Phaedriam m<ei> fratri’ video filium mi ire obviam.
{Ph.} mi patruae, salve. {De.} salve; sed ubist Antipho?
{Ph.} salvom venire . . {De.} credo; hoc responde mihi. 255
{Ph.} valet, hic est; sed satin omnia ex sententia?
{De.} vellem quidem. {Ph.} quid istuc est? {De.} rogitas, Phaedria?

bonas me absente hic confecistis nuptias.
 {Ph.} eho an id suscenses nunc illi? {Ge.} artificem probum!
 {De.} egon illi non suscenseam? ipsum gestio 260
 dari mi in conspectum, nunc sua culpa ut sciat
 lenem patrem illum factum me esse acerrimum.
 {Ph.} atqui nil fecit, patruē, quod suscenseas.
 {De.} ecce autem similia omnia! omnes congruunt:
 unum quom noris omnis noris. {Ph.} haud itast. 265
 {De.} hic in noxast, ille ad defendundam causam adest;
 quom illest, hic praestost: tradunt operas mutuas.
 {Ge.} probe horum facta inprudens depinxit senex.
 {De.} nam ni haec ita essent, cum illo haud stares, Phaedria.
 {Ph.} si est, patruē, culpam ut Antipho in se admiserit, 270
 ex qua re minu' r<ei> foret aut famae temperans,
 non causam dico quin quod meritu' sit ferat.
 sed siqui' forte malitia fretus sua
 insidias nostrae fecit adolescentiae
 ac vicit, nostra[n] culpa east an iudicum, 275
 qui saepe propter invidiam adimunt diviti
 aut propter misericordiam addunt pauperi?
 {Ge.} ni nossem causam, crederem vera hunc loqui.
 {De.} an quisquam iudex est qui possit noscere
 tua iusta, ubi tute verbum non respondeas, 280
 ita ut ille fecit? {Ph.} functus adolescentulist
 officium liberali': postquam ad iudices
 ventumst, non potuit cogitata proloqui;
 ita eum tum timidum ibi obstupefecit pudor.
 {Ge.} laudo hunc, sed cesso adire quam primum senem? 285
 ere, salve: salvom te advenisse gaudeo. {De.} oh
 bone custos, salve, columen vero familiae,
 quoi commendavi filium hinc abiens meum.
 {Ge.} iamdudum te omnis nos accusare audio
 inmerito et me omnium horunc inmeritissimo. 290
 nam quid me in hac re facere voluisti tibi?
 servom hominem causam orare leges non sinunt
 neque testimoni dictiost. {De.} mitto omnia;
 do istuc "inprudens timuit adolescens"; sino

“tu servo’s”; verum si cognata est maxume, 295
 non f<ui>t necessum habere; sed id quod lex iubet,
 dotem daret’, quaereret alium virum.
 qua ratione inopem potiu’ ducebat domum?
 {Ge.} non ratio, verum argentum deerat. {De.} sumeret
 alicunde. {Ge.} alicunde? nil est dictu facilius. 300
 {De.} postremo si nullo alio pacto, fenore.
 {Ge.} hui dixti pulchre! siquidem quisquam crederet
 te vivo. {De.} non, non sic futurumst: non potest.
 egon illam cum illo ut patiar nuptam unum diem?
 nil suave meritumst. hominem conmonstrarier 305
 mihi istum volo aut ubi habitat demonstrarier.
 {Ge.} nemp’ Phormionem? {De.} istum patronum mulieris.
 {Ge.} iam faxo hic aderit. {De.} Antipho ubi nunc est? {Ge.} foris.
 {De.} abi, Phaedria, <eu>m require atque huc adduce. {Ph.} eo:
 recta via quidem — illuc. {Ge.} nempe ad Pamphilam. 310
 {De.} ego d<eo>s Penatis hinc salutatum domum
 devortar; inde ibo ad forum atque aliquos mihi
 amicos advocabo ad hanc rem qui adsient,
 ut ne inparatu’ sim si veniat Phormio

Phormio Geta

{Ph.} Itane patris ais adventum veritum hinc abiisse? {Ge.}
 admodum. 315
 {Ph.} Phanium relictam solam? {Ge.} sic. {Ph.} et iratum senem?
 {Ge.} oppido. {Ph.} ad te summa solum, Phormio, rerum redit:
 tute hoc intristi: tibi omnest exedendum: accingere.
 {Ge.} obsecro te. {Ph.} si rogabit . . {Ge.} in te spes est. {Ph.}
 eccere
 quid si reddet? {Ge.} tu inpulisti. {Ph.} sic opinor. {Ge.} subveni.
 320
 {Ph.} cedo senem: iam instructa sunt mi in corde consilia omnia.
 {Ge.} quid ages? {Ph.} quid vis nisi uti maneat Phanium atque ex
 crimine hoc
 Antiphonem eripiam atque in me omnem iram derivem senis?
 {Ge.} o vir forti’s atque amicus. verum hoc saepe, Phormio,

vereor, ne istaec fortitudo in nervom erumpat denique. {Ph.} ah 325
non ita est: factumst periculum, iam pedum visast via.

quot me censes homines iam deverberasse usque ad necem,
hospites, tum civis? quo mage novi, tanto saepius.
cedo dum, enumquam iniuriarum audisti mihi scriptam dicam?
{Ge.} qui istuc? {Ph.} quia non rete accipitri tennitur neque miluo,

330

qui male faciunt nobis: illis qui nil faciunt tennitur,
quia enim in illis fructus est, in illis opera luditur.
aliis aliundest periculum unde aliquid abradi potest:
mihi sciunt nil esse. dices “ducent damnatum domum”:
alere nolunt hominem edacem et sapiunt mea sententia, 335
pro maleficio si beneficium summum nolunt reddere.

{Ge.} non potest sati’ pro merito ab illo tibi referri gratia.

{Ph.} immo enim nemo sati’ pro merito gratiam regi refert.

ten asymbolum venire unctum atque lautum e balineis,
otiosum ab animo, quom ille et cura et sumptu absumitur! 340
dum tibi fit quod placeat, ille ringitur: tu rideas,
prior bibas, prior decumbas; cena dubia apponitur.
{Ge.} quid istuc verbist? {Ph.} ubi tu dubites quid sumas
potissimum.

haec quom rationem ineas quam sint suavia et quam cara sint,
ea qui praebet, non tu hunc habeas plane praesentem deum? 345

{Ge.} senex adest: vide quid agas: prima coitios acerrima.

si <ea>m sustinueris, postilla iam ut lubet ludas licet.

Demipho Hegio Cratinvs Crito Phormio Geta

{De.} Enumquam quoiquam contumeliosius
audisti’ factam iniuriam quam haec est mihi?

adeste quaeso. {Ge.} iratus est. {Ph.} quin tu hoc age: 350
iam ego hunc agitato. pro deum immortalium,

negat Phanium esse hanc sibi cognatam Demipho?

hanc Demipho negat esse cognatam? {Ge.} negat.

{Ph.} neque ei(u)s patrem se scire qui fuerit? {Ge.} negat.

{De.} ipsum esse opinor de quo agebam: sequimini. 355

{Ph.} nec Stilponem ipsum scire qui fuerit? {Ge.} negat.

{Ph.} quia egens relictast misera, ignoratur parens,
neglegitur ipsa: vide avaritia quid facit.

{Ge.} si erum insimulabi' malitiae male audies.

{De.} o audaciam! etiam me ultro accusatum advenit? 360

{Ph.} nam iam adulescenti nil est quod suscenseam,

si illum minu' norat; quippe homo iam grandior,

pauper, quoi opera vita erat, ruri fere

se continebat; ibi agrum de nostro patre

colendum habebat. saepe interea mihi senex 365

narrabat se hunc neglegere cognatum suum:

at quem virum! quem ego viderim in vita optimum.

{Ge.} videas te atque illum ut narras! {Ph.} in' malam crucem?

nam ni ita eum existumassem, numquam tam gravis

ob hanc inimicitias caperem in vostram familiam, 370

quam is aspernatur nunc tam inliberaliter.

{Ge.} pergin ero absenti male loqui, inpurissime?

{Ph.} dignum autem hoc illost. {Ge.} <ai>n tandem, carcer? {De.}

Geta.

{Ge.} bonorum extortor, legum contortor! {De.} Geta.

{Ph.} responde. {Ge.} quis homost? ehem. {De.} tace. {Ge.} absenti

tibi 375

te indignas seque dignas contumelias

numquam cessavit dicere hodie. {De.} desine.

adulescens, primum abs te hoc bona venia peto,

si tibi placere potis est, mi ut respondeas:

quem amicum tuom ais f<ui>sse istum, explana mihi, 380

et qui cognatum me sibi esse diceret.

{Ph.} proinde expiscare quasi non nosses. {De.} nossem? {Ph.} ita.

{De.} ego me nego: tu qui ais redige in memoriam.

{Ph.} eho tu, sobrinum tuom non noras? {De.} enicas.

dic nomen. {Ph.} nomen? maxume. {De.} quid nunc taces? 385

{Ph.} perii hercle, nomen perdidi. {De.} [hem] quid ais? {Ph.}

(Geta,

si meministi id quod olim dictumst, subice.) hem

non dico: quasi non nosses, temptatum advenis.

{De.} ego autem tempto? {Ge.} (Stilpo.) {Ph.} atque adeo quid
mea?

Stilpost. {De.} quem dixti? {Ph.} Stilponem inquam noveras. 390
 {De.} neque ego illum noram nec mihi cognatus fuit
 quisquam istoc nomine. {Ph.} itane? non te horum pudet?
 at si talentum rem reliquisset decem,
 {De.} di tibi malefaciant! {Ph.} primus esses memoriter
 progeniem vostram usque ab avo atque atavo proferens. 395
 {De.} ita ut dicis. ego tum quom advenissem qui mihi
 cognata ea esset dicerem: itidem tu face.
 cedo qui est cognata? {Ge.} eu noster, recte. heus tu, cave.
 {Ph.} dilucide expedivi quibu' me oportuit
 iudicibu': tum id si falsum fuerat, filius 400
 quor non refellit? {De.} filium narras mihi?
 quoi(u)s de stultitia dici ut dignumst non potest.
 {Ph.} at tu qui sapiens es magistratus adi
 iudicium de <ea>dem causa iterum ut reddant tibi,
 quandoquidem solu' regnas et soli licet 405
 hic de <ea>dem causa bis iudicium adipiscier.
 {De.} etsi mihi facta iniuriast, verum tamen
 potius quam litis secter aut quam te audiam,
 itidem ut cognata si sit, id quod lex iubet
 dotis dare, abduce hanc, minas quinque accipe. 410
 {Ph.} hahahae, homo suavi'. {De.} quid est? num iniquom postulo?
 an ne hoc quidem ego adipiscar quod ius publicumst?
 {Ph.} itan tandem, quaeso, itidem ut meretricem ubi abusu' sis,
 mercedem dare lex iubet ei atque amittere?
 an, ut nequid turpe civis in se admitteret 415
 propter egestatem, proxumo iussast dari,
 ut cum uno aetatem degeret? quod tu vetas.
 {De.} ita, proxumo quidem; at nos unde? aut quam ob rem? {Ph.}
 ohe
 "actum" aiunt "ne agas". {De.} non agam? immo haud desinam
 donec perfecero hoc. {Ph.} ineptis. {De.} sine modo. 420
 {Ph.} postremo tecum nil r<ei> nobis, Demipho, est:
 tuos est damnatu' gnatu', non tu; nam tua
 praeterierat iam ducendi aetas. {De.} omnia haec
 illum putato quae ego nunc dico dicere;
 aut quidem cum uxore hac ipsum prohibebo domo. 425

{Ge.} (iratus est.) {Ph.} tu te idem melius feceris.
 {De.} itan es paratu' facere me advorsum omnia,
 infelix? {Ph.} (metuit hic nos, tam etsi sedulo
 dissimulat.) {Ge.} (bene habent tibi principia.) {Ph.} quin quod est
 ferundum fers? t<ui>s dignum factis feceris, 430
 ut amici inter nos simus? {De.} egon tuam expetam
 amicitiam? aut te visum aut auditum velim?
 {Ph.} si concordabi' cum illa, habebi' quae tuam
 senectutem oblectet: respice aetatem tuam.
 {De.} te oblectet, tibi habe. {Ph.} minue vero iram. {De.} hoc age:
 435
 sati' iam verborumst: nisi tu properas mulierem
 abducere, ego illam eiciam. dixi, Phormio.
 {Ph.} si tu illam attigeri' secu' quam dignumst liberam
 dicam tibi inpingam grandem. dixi, Demipho.
 siquid opu' fuerit, heus, domo me. {Ge.} intellego. 440

Demipho Geta Hegio Cratinvs Crito

{De.} Quanta me cura et sollicitudine adfcit
 gnatus, qui me et se hisce inpedivit nuptiis!
 neque mi in conspectum prodit, ut saltem sciam
 quid de hac re dicat quidve sit sententiae.
 abi, vise redieritne iam an nondum domum. 445
 {Ge.} eo. — {De.} videti' quo in loco res haec siet:
 quid ago? dic, Hegio. {He.} ego? Cratinum censeo,
 si tibi videtur. {De.} dic, Cratine. {Cra.} mene vis?
 {De.} te. {Cra.} ego quae in rem t<ua>m sint ea velim facias. mihi
 sic hoc videtur: quod te absente hic filius 450
 egit, restitui in integrum aequomst et bonum,
 et id impetrabi'. dixi. {De.} dic nunc, Hegio.
 {He.} ego sedulo hunc dixisse credo; verum itast,
 quot homines tot sententiae: suo' quoique mos.
 mihi non videtur quod sit factum legibus 455
 rescindi posse; et turpe inceptust. {De.} dic, Crito.
 {Cri.} ego amplius deliberandum censeo:
 res magnast. {Cra.} numquid nos vis? {De.} fecistis probe:

incertior sum multo quam dudum. — {Ge.} negant
redisse. {De.} frater est exspectandus mihi: 460
is quod mihi dederit de hac re consilium, id sequar.
percontatum ibo ad portum, quoad se recipiat. —
{Ge.} at ego Antiphonem quaeram, ut quae acta hic sint sciat.
sed eccum ipsum video in tempore huc se recipere.

ACTVS III

Antipho Geta

{An.} Enimvero, Antipho, multimodis cum istoc animo es vituperandus: 465

itane te hinc abisse et vitam tuam tutandam aliis dedisse!

alios t<ua>m rem credidisti mage quam tete animum advorsuros? nam, utut erant alia, illi certe quae nunc tibi domist consuleres, nequid propter t<ua>m fidem decepta poteretur mali.

quoi(u)s nunc miserae spes opesque sunt in te uno omnes sitae. 470

{Ge.} et quidem, ere, nos iamdudum hic te absentem incusamu' qui abieris.

{An.} te ipsum quaerebam. {Ge.} sed ea causa nihilo mage defecimus.

{An.} loquere obsecro, quonam in loco sunt res et fortunae meae? numquid patri subolet? {Ge.} nil etiam. {An.} ecquid sp<ei> porrost? {Ge.}

nescio. {An.} ah.

{Ge.} nisi Phaedria haud cessavit pro te eniti. {An.} nil fecit novi.

475

{Ge.} tum Phormio itidem in hac re ut in aliis strenuom hominem praebuit.

{An.} quid is fecit? {Ge.} confutavit verbis admodum iratum senem.

{An.} eu Phormio! {Ge.} ego quod potui porro. {An.} mi Geta, omnis vos amo.

{Ge.} sic habent principia sese ut dico: adhuc tranquilla res est, mansurusque patruom pater est dum huc adveniat. {An.} quid eum?

{Ge.} ut 480

aibat,

de ei(u)s consilio sese velle facere quod ad hanc rem attinet.

{An.} quantum metus est mihi videre huc salvom nunc patruom, Geta!

nam per eius unam, ut audio, aut vivam aut moriar sententiam.

{Ge.} Phaedria tibi adest. {An.} ubinam? {Ge.} eccum ab s<ua> palaestra

exit foras.

Phaedria Dorio Antipho Geta

{Ph.} Dorio, 485

audi obsecro . . {Do.} non audio. {Ph.} parumper . . {Do.} quin omitte me.

{Ph.} audi quod dicam. {Do.} at enim taedet iam audire eadem miliens.

{Ph.} at nunc dicam quod lubenter audias. {Do.} loquere, audio.

{Ph.} non queo te exorare ut maneat triduum hoc? quo nunc abis?

{Do.} mirabar si tu mihi quicquam adferres novi. {An.} ei, 490 metuo lenonem nequid . . {Ge.} suo suat capiti. idem ego vereor.

{Ph.} nondum mihi credis? {Do.} hariolare. {Ph.} sin fidem do?

{Do.} fabulae!

{Ph.} feneratum istuc beneficium pulchre tibi dices. {Do.} logi!

{Ph.} crede mi, gaudebi' facto: verum hercle hoc est. {Do.} somnium!

{Ph.} experire: non est longum. {Do.} cantilenam <ea>ndem canis.

495

{Ph.} tu mihi cognatu', tu parens, tu amicu', tu . . {Do.} garri modo.

{Ph.} adeon ingenio esse duro te atque inexorabili

ut neque misericordia neque precibu' molliri queas!

{Do.} adeon te esse incogitantem atque inpudentem, Phaedria, me ut phaleratis ducas dictis et meam ductes gratis! 500

{An.} miseritumst. {Ph.} ei, veris vincor! {Ge.} quam uterquest similis sui!

{Ph.} neque Antipho alia quom occupatus esset sollicitudine, tum hoc esse mihi obiectum malum! {An.} ah quid istuc est autem, Phaedria?

{Ph.} o fortunatissime Antipho. {An.} egone? {Ph.} quoi quod amas domist.

neque cum huius modi umquam [tibi] usu' venit ut conflictares malo. 505

{An.} mihin domist? immo, id quod aiunt, auribu' teneo lupum; nam neque quo pacto a me amittam neque uti retineam scio.

{Do.} ipsum istuc mihi in hoc est. {An.} heia ne parum leno sies.

numquid hic confecit? {Ph.} hicine? quod homo inhumanissimus,
Pamphilam m<ea>m vendidit. {An.} quid? vendidit? {Ge.} ain?
vendidit? 510

{Ph.} vendidit. {Do.} quam indignum facinus, ancillam aere emptam
suo!

{Ph.} nequeo exorare ut me maneat et cum illo ut mutet fidem
triduom hoc, dum id quod est promissum ab amicis argentum aufero.
si non tum dederō, unam praeterea horam ne oppertus sies.

{Do.} optunde. {An.} haud longumst id quod orat: Dorio, exoret
sine. 515

idem hoc tibi, quod boni promeritu' fueris, conduplicaverit.

{Do.} verba istaec sunt. {An.} Pamphilamne hac urbe privari sines?
tum praeterea horunc amorem distrahi poterin pati?

{Do.} neque ego neque tu. {Ph.} di tibi omnes id quod es dignus
duint!

{Do.} ego te compluris advorsum ingenium m<eu>m mensis tuli 520
pollicitantem et nil ferentem, flentem; nunc contra omnia haec
repperi qui det neque lacrumet: da locum melioribus.

{An.} certe hercle, ego si sati' commemini, tibi quidem est olim dies,
quam ad dares huic, praestituta. {Ph.} factum. {Do.} num ego istuc
nego?

{An.} iam ea praeteriit? {Do.} non, verum haec ei — antecessit.

{An.} non 525

pudet

vanitati'? {Do.} minime, dum ob rem. {Ge.} sterculinum! {Ph.}
Dorio,

itane tandem facere oportet? {Do.} sic sum: si placeo, utere.

{An.} sicin hunc decipis? {Do.} immo enimvero, Antipho, hic me
decipit:

nam hic me huiu' modi scibat esse, ego hunc esse aliter credidi:
iste me fefellit, ego isti nihilo sum aliter ac fui. 530

sed utut haec sunt, tamen hoc faciam: cras mane argentum mihi
miles dare se dixit: si mi prior tu attuleri', Phaedria,
mea lege utar, ut potior sit prior ad dandumst. vale.

Phaedria Antipho Geta

{Ph.} Quid faciam? unde ego nunc tam subito huic argentum inveniam miser,

quo minu' nihilost? quod, hic si pote fuisset exorarier 535
triduom hoc, promissum fuerat. {An.} itane hunc patiemur, Geta,
fieri miserum, qui me dudum ut dixi adiuverit comiter?

quin, quom opust, beneficium rursum ei experiemur reddere?

{Ge.} scio equidem hoc esse aequom. {An.} age ergo, solu' servare hunc potes.

{Ge.} quid faciam? {An.} invenias argentum. {Ge.} cupio; sed id unde 540

edoce.

{An.} pater adest hic. {Ge.} scio; sed quid tum? {An.} ah dictum sapienti sat
est.

{Ge.} itane? {An.} ita. {Ge.} sane hercle pulchre suades: etiam tu hinc abis?

non triumpho, ex nuptiis t<ui>s si nil nanciscor mali,
ni etiamnunc me hui(u)s causa quaerere in malo iubeas crucem?

{An.} verum hic dicit. {Ph.} quid? ego vobis, Geta, alienu' sum?

{Ge.} 545

haud puto;

sed parumne est quod omnibus nunc nobis suscenset senex,
ni instigemus etiam ut nullu' locu' relinquatur preci?

{Ph.} alius ab oculis m<ei>s illam in ignotum abducet locum? hem
tum igitur, dum licet dumque adsum, loquimini mecum, Antipho,
contemplamini me. {An.} quam ob rem? aut quidnam facturu's?
cedo. 550

{Ph.} quoquo hinc asportabitur terrarum, certumst persequi
aut perire. {Ge.} di bene vortant quod agas! pedetemptim tamen.

{An.} vide siquid opi' potes adferre huic. {Ge.} "siquid"? quid?

{An.} quaere

obsecro,

nequid plus minusve faxit quod nos post pigeat, Geta.

{Ge.} quaero. — salvos est, ut opinor; verum enim metuo malum.

555

{An.} noli metuere: una tecum bona mala tolerabimus.

{Ge.} quantum opus est tibi argenti, loquere. {Ph.} solae triginta

minae.

{Ge.} triginta? hui percarast, Phaedria. {Ph.} istaec vero vilis est.

{Ge.} age age, inventas reddam. {Ph.} o lepidum! {Ge.} aufer te hinc. {Ph.}

iam opust. {Ge.} iam feres:

sed opus est mihi Phormionem ad hanc rem adiutorem dari. 560

{Ph.} praestost: audacissime oneri' quidvis inpone, ecferet;

solus est homo amico amicus. {Ge.} <ea>mus ergo ad eum ocius.

{An.} numquid est quod opera mea vobis opu' sit? {Ge.} nil; verum abi domum

et illam miseram, quam ego nunc intu' scio esse exanimatam metu, consolare. cessas? {An.} nil est aeque quod faciam lubens. — 565

{Ph.} qua via istuc facies? {Ge.} dicam in itinere: modo te hinc amove.

ACTVS IV

Demipho Chremes

{De.} Quid? qua profectu' causa hinc es Lemnum, Chreme,
adduxtin tecum filiam? {Ch.} non. {De.} quid ita non?
{Ch.} postquam videt me ei(u)s mater esse hic diutius,
simul autem non manebat aetas virginis 570
m<ea>m negligentiam: ipsam cum omni familia
ad me profectam esse aibant. {De.} quid illi tam diu
quaeso igitur commorabare, ubi id audiveras?
{Ch.} pol me detinuit morbus. {De.} unde? aut qui? {Ch.} rogas?
senectus ipsast morbu'. sed venisse eas 575
salvas audivi ex nauta qui illas vexerat.
{De.} quid gnato optigerit me absente audistin, Chreme?
{Ch.} quod quidem me factum consili incertum facit.
nam hanc condicionem siquoi tulero extrario,
quo pacto aut unde mihi sit dicundum ordinest. 580
te mihi fidelem esse aequae atque egomet sum mihi
scibam. ille, si me alienus adfinem volet,
tacebit dum intercedet familiaritas;
sin spreverit me, plus quam opus est scito sciet.
vereorque ne uxor aliqua hoc resciscat mea: 585
quod si fit, ut me excutiam atque egrediar domo
id restat; nam ego meorum solu' sum meus.
{De.} scio ita esse, et istaec mihi res sollicitudinist,
neque defetiscar usque adeo experirier
donec tibi id quod pollicitus sum effecero. 590

Geta Demipho Chremes

{Ge.} Ego hominem callidiorem vidi neminem
quam Phormionem. venio ad hominem ut dicerem
argentum opus esse, et id quo pacto fieret.
vixdum dimidium dixeram, intellexerat:
gaudebat, me laudabat, quaerebat senem, 595

dis gratias agebat tempu' sibi dari
ubi Phaedriae esse ostenderet nihilo minus
amicum sese quam Antiphoni. hominem ad forum
iussi opperiri: eo me esse adducturum senem.
sed eccum ipsum. quis est ulterior? attat Phaedriae 600
pater venit. sed quid pertimui autem belua?
an quia quos fallam pro uno duo sunt mihi dati?
commodius esse opinor duplici spe utier.
petam hinc unde a primo institi: is si dat, sat est;
si ab eo nil fiet, tum hunc adoriar hospitem 605

Antipho Geta Chremes Demipho

{An.} Exspecto quam mox recipiat sese Geta.
sed patruom video cum patre astantem. ei mihi,
quam timeo adventus huius quo inpellat patrem.
{Ge.} adibo hosce: o noster Chreme . . {Ch.} salve, Geta.
{Ge.} venire salvom volup est. {Ch.} credo. {Ge.} quid agitur? 610
multa advenienti, ut fit, nova hic? {Ch.} compluria.
{Ge.} ita. de Antiphone audistin quae facta? {Ch.} omnia.
{Ge.} tun dixeras huic? facinus indignum, Chreme,
sic circumiri! {Ch.} id cum hoc agebam commodum.
{Ge.} nam hercle ego quoque id quidem agitans mecum sedulo 615
inveni, opinor, remedium huic rei. {Ch.} quid, Geta?
{De.} quod remedium? {Ge.} ut abii abs te, fit forte obviam
mihi Phormio. {Ch.} qui Phormio? {De.} is qui istanc . . {Ch.} scio.
{Ge.} visumst mihi ut eiu' temptarem sententiam.
prendo hominem solum: "quor non," inquam "Phormio, 620
vides inter nos sic haec potius cum bona
ut componamus gratia quam cum mala?
erit liberalis est et fugitans litium;
nam ceteri quidem hercle amici omnes modo
uno ore auctores fore ut praecipitem hanc daret." 625
{An.} quid hic coepit aut quo evadet hodie? {Ge.} "an legibus
daturum poenas dices si illam eiecerit?
iam id exploratumst: heia sudabis satis
si cum illo inceptas homine: ea eloquentiast.

verum pone esse victum eum; at tandem tamen 630
 non capitis ei(u)s res agitur sed pecuniae.”
 postquam hominem his verbis sentio mollirier,
 “soli sumu’ nunc hic” inquam: “eho [dic] quid vis dari
 tibi in manum, ut erus his desistat litibus,
 haec hinc facessat, tu molestu’ ne sies?” 635
 {An.} satin illi di sunt propitii? {Ge.} “nam sat scio,
 si tu aliquam partem aequi bonique dixeris,
 ut est ille bonu’ vir, tria non commutabitis
 verba hodie inter vos.” {De.} quis te istaec iussit loqui?
 {Ch.} immo non potuit meliu’ pervenirier 640
 eo quo nos volumus. {An.} occidi! {De.} perge eloqui.
 {Ge.} a primo homo insanibat. {Ch.} cedo quid postulat?
 {Ge.} quid? nimium; quantum libuit. {Ch.} dic. {Ge.} si quis daret
 talentum magnum. {De.} immo malum hercle: ut nil pudet!
 {Ge.} quod dixi adeo ei: “quaeso, quid si filiam 645
 suam unicam locaret? parvi retulit
 non suscepisse: inventast quae dotem petat.”
 ut ad pauca redeam ac mittam illi(u)s ineptias,
 haec denique eiu’ f<ui>t postrema oratio:
 “ego” inquit “[iam] a principio amici filiam, 650
 ita ut aequom fuerat, volui uxorem ducere;
 nam mihi veniebat in mentem ei(u)s incommodum,
 in servitutem pauperem ad ditem dari.
 sed mi opus erat, ut aperte tibi nunc fabuler,
 aliquantulum quae adferret qui dissolverem 655
 quae debeo: et etiamnunc si volt Demipho
 dare quantum ab hac accipio quae sponsast mihi,
 nullam mihi malim quam istanc uxorem dari.”
 {An.} utrum stultitia facere ego hunc an malitia
 dicam, scientem an inprudenter, incertu’ sum. 660
 {De.} quid si animam debet? {Ge.} “ager oppositust pignori ob
 decem minas” inquit. {De.} age age, iam ducat: dabo.
 {Ge.} “aediculae item sunt ob decem alias.” {De.} oiei
 nimiumst. {Ch.} ne clama: <re>petito hasce a me decem.
 {Ge.} “uxori emunda ancillulast; tum pluscula 665
 supellectile opus est; opus est sumptu ad nuptias:

his rebu' pone sane" inquit "decem minas."

{De.} sescentas perinde scribito iam mihi dicas:
nil do. inpuratu' me ille ut etiam inrideat?

{Ch.} quaeso, ego dabo, quiesce: tu modo filium 670
fac ut illam ducat nos quam volumus. {An.} ei mihi
Geta, occidisti me tuis fallaciis.

{Ch.} mea causa eicitur: me hoc est aequom amittere.

{Ge.} "quantum potest me certiore" inquit "face,
si illam dant, hanc ut mittam, ne incertus siem; 675
nam illi mihi dotem iam constituerunt dare."

{Ch.} iam accipiat: illis repudium renuntiet;

hanc ducat. {De.} quae quidem illi res vortat male!

{Ch.} opportune adeo argentum nunc mecum attuli,
fructum quem Lemni uxori' reddunt praedia: 680
ind' sumam; uxori tibi opus esse dixero.

Antipho Geta

{An.} Geta. {Ge.} hem. {An.} quid egisti? {Ge.} emunxi argento
senes.

{An.} satin est id? {Ge.} nescio hercle: tantum iussu' sum.

{An.} eho, verbero, aliud mihi respondes ac rogo?

{Ge.} quid ergo narras? {An.} quid ego narrem? opera tua 685
ad restim miquidem res redit planissime.

ut tequidem omnes di d<eae>que — superi inferi —
malis exemplis perdant! em siquid velis,

huic mandes, quod quidem recte curatum velis.

quid minus utibile f<ui>t quam hoc ulcus tangere 690

aut nominare uxorem? iniectast spes patri

posse illam extrudi. cedo nunc porro: Phormio

dotem si accipiet, uxor ducendast domum:

quid fiet? {Ge.} non enim ducet. {An.} novi. ceterum

quom argentum repetent, nostra causa scilicet 695

in nervom potius ibit. {Ge.} nil est, Antipho,

quin male narrando possit depravarier:

tu id quod bonist excerpi', dici' quod malist.

audi nunc contra: iam si argentum acceperit,

ducendast uxor, ut ais, concedo tibi: 700
spatium quidem tandem apparandi nuptias,
vocandi sacrificandi dabitur paullulum.
interea amici quod polliciti sunt dabunt:
inde iste reddet. {An.} quam ob rem? aut quid dicet? {Ge.} rogas?
“quot res postilla monstra evenerunt mihi! 705
intro iit in aedis ater alienus canis;
anguis per inpluvium decidit de tegulis;
gallina cecinit; interdixit hariolus;
haruspex vetuit; ante brumam autem novi
negoti incipere!” quae causast iustissima. 710
haec fient. {An.} ut modo fiant! {Ge.} fient: me vide.
pater exit: abi, dic esse argentum Phaedriae.

Demipho Chremes Geta

{De.} Quietus esto, inquam: ego curabo nequid verborum duit.
hoc temere numquam amittam ego a me quin mihi testis adhibeam.
quom dem, et quam ob rem dem commemorabo. {Ge.} ut cautust ubi
nil 715
opust!
{Ch.} atque ita opu' factost: et matura, dum lubido eadem haec
manet;
nam si altera illaec magis instabit, fors sit an nos reiciat.
{Ge.} rem ipsam putasti. {De.} duc me ad eum ergo. {Ge.} non
moror. {Ch.} ubi
hoc egeris,
transito ad uxorem meam, ut conveniat hanc priu' quam hinc abit.
dicat <ea>m dare nos Phormioni nuptum, ne suscenseat; 720
et magis esse illum idoneum qui ipsi sit familiarior;
nos nostro officio nil digressos esse: quantum is voluerit,
datum esse doti'. {De.} quid tua, malum, id refert? {Ch.} magni,
Demipho.
non sat[is] est t<uo>m te officium fecisse si non id fama adprobat:
volo ipsiu' quoque voluntate haec fieri, ne se eiectam praedicet. 725
{De.} idem ego istuc facere possum. {Ch.} mulier mulieri mage
convenit.

{De.} rogabo. {Ch.} ubi illas nunc ego reperire possim cogito.

ACTVS V

Sophrona Chremes

{So.} quid agam? quem mi amicum inueniam misera? aut quoi
consilia haec
referam?

aut unde auxilium petam?

nam vereor era ne ob meum suasum indigne iniuria adficiatur: 730
ita patrem adulescenti' facta haec tolerare audio violenter.

{Ch.} nam quae haec anus est exanimata a fratre quae egressast
meo?

{So.} quod ut facerem egestas me inpulit, quom scirem infirmas
nuptias

hasce esse, ut id consulerem, interea vita ut in tuto foret.

{Ch.} certe edepol, nisi me animu' fallit aut parum prospiciunt
oculi, 735

m<eae> nutricem gnatae video. {So.} neque ille investigatur, {Ch.}
quid ago?

{So.} qui est pater eius. {Ch.} adeo, maneo dum haec quae loquitur
mage

cognosco?

{So.} quodsi <eu>m nunc reperire possim, nil est quod verear. {Ch.}
east

ipsa:

conloquar. {So.} quis hic loquitur? {Ch.} Sophrona. {So.} et

m<eu>m nomen

nominat?

{Ch.} respice ad me. {So.} di obsecro vos, estne hic Stilpo? {Ch.}
non. 740

{So.} negas?

{Ch.} concede hinc a foribu' paullum istorsum sodes, Sophrona.

ne me istoc posthac nomine appellassis. {So.} quid? non obsecro es
quem semper te esse dictitasti? {Ch.} st. {So.} quid has metuis
fores?

{Ch.} conclusam hic habeo uxorem saevam. verum istoc de nomine,

eo perperam olim dixi ne vos forte imprudentes foris 745

effutiretis atque id porro aliqua uxor mea rescisceret.

{So.} em istoc pol nos te hic invenire miserae numquam potuimus.

{Ch.} eho dic mihi quid r<ei> tibist cum familia hac unde exis?

ubi illae sunt? {So.} miseram me! {Ch.} hem quid est? vivontne?

{So.} vivit

gnata.

matrem ipsam ex aegritudine hac miseram mors consecutast. 750

{Ch.} male factum. {So.} ego autem, quae essem anus deserta egens ignota,

ut potui nuptum virginem locavi huic adulescenti

harum qui est dominus aedium. {Ch.} Antiphonin? {So.} em isti<c> ipsi.

{Ch.} quid? duasne uxores habet? {So.} au obsecro, unam illequidem hanc solam.

{Ch.} quid illam alteram quae dicitur cognata? {So.} haec ergost.

{Ch.} 755

quid ais?

{So.} composito factumst quo modo hanc amans habere posset

sine dote. {Ch.} di vostram fidem, quam saepe forte temere

eveniunt quae non audeas optare! offendi adveniens

quicum volebam et ut volebam conlocatam amari:

quod nos ambo opere maximo dabamus operam ut fieret, 760

sine nostra cura, maxima sua cura solu' fecit.

{So.} nunc quid opu' facto sit vide: pater adulescenti' venit

<eu>mque animo iniquo hoc oppido ferre aiunt. {Ch.} nil periclist.

sed per d<eo>s atque homines meam esse hanc cave resciscat quisquam.

{So.} nemo e me scibit. {Ch.} sequere me: intus cetera. [audies]. 765

Demipho Geta

{De.} Nostrapte culpa facimus ut malis expediat esse,

dum nimium dici nos bonos studemus et benignos.

ita fugias ne praeter casam, quod aiunt. nonne id sat erat,

accipere ab illo iniuriam? etiam argentumst ultro obiectum,

ut sit qui vivat dum aliud aliquid flagiti conficiat. 770

{Ge.} planissime. {De.} is nunc praemiumst qui recta prava faciunt.
 {Ge.} verissime. {De.} ut stultissime quidem illi rem gesserimus.
 {Ge.} modo ut hoc consilio possiet discedi, ut istam ducat.
 {De.} etiamne id dubiumst? {Ge.} haud scio hercle, ut homost, an
 mutet animum.
 {De.} hem mutet autem? {Ge.} nescio; verum, si forte, dico. 775
 {De.} ita faciam, ut frater censuit, ut uxorem ei(u)s huc adducam,
 cum ista ut loquatur. tu, Geta, abi prae, nuntia hanc venturam. —
 {Ge.} argentum inventumst Phaedriae; de iurgio siletur;
 provisumst ne in praesentia haec hinc abeat: quid nunc porro?
 quid fiet? in eodem luto haesitas; vorsuram solves, 780
 Geta: praesens quod fuerat malum in diem abiit: plagae crescunt,
 nisi prospicis. nunc hinc domum ibo ac Phanium edocebo
 nequid vereatur Phormionem aut ei(u)s orationem.

Demipho Navsistrata

{De.} Agedum, ut soles, Nausistrata, fac illa ut placetur nobis,
 ut sua voluntate id quod est faciendum faciat. {Na.} faciam. 785
 {De.} pariter nunc opera me adiuves ac re dudum opitulata es.
 {Na.} factum volo. ac pol minu' queo viri culpa quam me dignumst.
 {De.} quid autem? {Na.} quia pol m<ei> patris bene parta
 indiligenter
 tutatur; nam ex is praediis talenta argenti bina
 statim capiebat: vir viro quid praestat! {De.} bina quaeso? 790
 {Na.} ac rebu' vilioribus multo tamen duo talenta. {De.} hui.
 {Na.} quid haec videntur? {De.} scilicet. {Na.} virum me natam
 vellem:
 ego ostenderem, {De.} certo scio. {Na.} quo pacto . . {De.} parce
 sodes,
 ut possis cum illa, ne te adulescens mulier defetiget.
 {Na.} faciam ut iubes. sed m<eu>m virum ex te exire video. 795

Navsistrata Chremes Demipho

{Ch.} Ehem Demipho,
 iam illi datumst argentum? {De.} curavi ilico. {Ch.} nollem datum.

ei, video uxorem: paene plus quam sat erat. {De.} quor nolles,
Chreme?

{Ch.} iam recte. {De.} quid tu? ecquid locutu's cum istac quam ob
rem hanc
ducimus?

{Ch.} transegi. {De.} quid ait tandem? {Ch.} abduci non potest.

{De.} qui non
potest?

{Ch.} quia uterque utrique est cordi. {De.} quid istuc nostra? {Ch.}

800

magni. praeterhac

cognatam comperi esse nobis. {De.} quid? deliras. {Ch.} sic erit.

non temere dico: redii mecum in memoriam. {De.} satin sanus es?

{Na.} au obsecro, vide ne in cognatam pecces. {De.} non est. {Ch.}
ne nega:

patri' nomen aliud dictum est: hoc tu errasti. {De.} non norat
patrem?

{Ch.} norat. {De.} quor aliud dixit? {Ch.} numquamne hodie
concedes mihi 805

neque intelleges? {De.} si tu nil narras? {Ch.} perdi'. {Na.} miror
quid hoc
siet.

{De.} equidem hercle nescio. {Ch.} vin scire? at ita me servet
Iuppiter,

ut propior illi quam ego sum ac tu homo nemost. {De.} di vostram
fidem,

eamus ad ipsam: una omnis nos aut scire aut nescire hoc volo. {Ch.}
ah.

{De.} quid est? {Ch.} itan parvam mihi fidem esse apud te? {De.}
vin me 810

credere?

vin sati' quaesitum mi istuc esse? age, fiat. quid illa filia

amici nostri? quid futurumst? {Ch.} recte. {De.} hanc igitur
mittimus?

{Ch.} quidni? {De.} illa maneat? {Ch.} sic. {De.} ire igitur tibi licet,
Nausistrata.

{Na.} sic pol commodius esse in omnis arbitror quam ut coeperas,
manere hanc; nam perliberali' visast, quom vidi, mihi. — 815

{De.} quid istuc negotist? {Ch.} iamne operuit ostium? {De.} iam.

{Ch.} o

Iuppiter,

di nos respiciunt: gnatam inveni nuptam cum t<uo> filio. {De.} hem
quo pacto potuit? {Ch.} non sati' tutus est ad narrandum hic locus.

{De.} at tu intro abi. {Ch.} heus ne filii quidem hoc nostri resciscant
volo.

Antipho

Laetus sum, utut meae res sese habent, fratri optigisse quod volt. 820

quam scitumst ei(u)s modi in animo parare cupiditates

quas, quom res advorsae sient, paullo mederi possis!

hic simul argentum repperit, cura sese expedivit;

ego nullo possum remedio me evolvere ex his turbis

quin, si hoc celetur, in metu, sin patefit, in probro sim. 825

neque me domum nunc reciperem ni mi esset spes ostenta

huiusce habendae. sed ubinam Getam invenire possim, ut

rogem quod tempu' conveniundi patri' me capere iubeat?

Phormio Antipho

{Ph.} Argentum accepi, tradidi lenoni, abduxi mulierem,

curavi propria ut Phaedria poteretur; nam emissast manu. 830

nunc una mihi res etiam restat quae est conficiunda, otium

ab senibus ad potandum ut habeam; nam aliquot hos sumam dies.

{An.} sed Phormiost. quid ais? {Ph.} quid? {An.} quidnam nunc

facturust

Phaedria?

quo pacto satietatem amoris <ai>t se velle absumere?

{Ph.} vicissim partis tuas acturus est. {An.} quas? {Ph.} ut fugitet

835

patrem.

te suas rogavit rursum ut ageres, causam ut pro se diceres;

nam potaturus est apud me. ego me ire senibus Sunium

dicam ad mercatum, ancillulam emptum dudum quam dixit Geta:
ne quom hic non videant me conficere credant argentum suom.
sed ostium concrepuit abs te. {An.} vide quis egreditur. {Ph.}
Getast. 840

Geta Antipho Phormio

{Ge.} O Fortuna, o Fors Fortuna, quantis commoditatibus,
quam subito meo ero Antiphoni ope vostra hunc onerastis diem!
{An.} quidnam hic sibi volt? {Ge.} nosque amicos ei(u)s exonerastis
metu!
sed ego nunc mihi cesso qui non umerum hunc onero pallio
atque hominem propero invenire, ut haec quae contigerint sciat. 845
{An.} num tu intellegi' quid hic narret? {Ph.} num tu? {An.} nil.
{Ph.}
tantundem ego.
{Ge.} ad lenonem hinc ire pergam: ibi nunc sunt. {An.} heus Geta!
{Ge.} em
tibi:
num mirum aut novomst revocari, cursum quom institeris? {An.}
Geta.
{Ge.} pergit hercle. numquam tu odio t<uo> me vinctes. {An.} non
manes?
{Ge.} vapula. {An.} id quidem tibi iam fiet nisi resisti'. verbero. 850
{Ge.} familiariorem oportet esse hunc: minitatur malum.
sed isne est quem quaero an non? ipsust, congregere actutum. {An.}
quid est?
{Ge.} [o] omnium quantumst qui vivont hominum homo
ornatissime!
nam sine controversia ab dis solu' diligere, Antipho.
{An.} ita velim; sed qui istuc credam ita esse mihi dici velim. 855
{Ge.} satine est si te delibutum gaudio reddo? {An.} enicas.
{Ph.} quin tu hinc pollicitationes aufer et quod fers cedo. {Ge.} oh
tu quoque aderas, Phormio? {Ph.} aderam. sed tu cessas. {Ge.}
accipe, em:
ut modo argentum tibi dedimus apud forum, recta domum
sumu' profecti; interea mittit eru' me ad uxorem tuam. 860

{An.} quam ob rem? {Ge.} omitto proloqui; nam nil ad hanc rem est, Antipho.

ubi in gynaeceum ire occipio, puer ad me adcurrit Mida,

pone reprehendit pallio, resupinat: respicio, rogo

quam ob rem retineat me: ait esse vetitum intro ad eram accedere.

“Sophrona modo fratrem huc” inquit “senis introduxit Chremem” 865

<eu>mque nunc esse intu’ cum illis. hoc ubi ego audiui, ad fores
suspenso gradu placide ire perrexī accessi astiti,

animam compressi, aurem admovi: ita animum coepi attendere,

hoc modo sermonem captans. {Ph.} eu Geta! {Ge.} hic

pulcherrimum

facinus audiui: itaque paene hercle exclamavi gaudio. 870

{An.} quod? {Ge.} quodnam arbitrare? {An.} nescio. {Ge.} atqui
mirificissimum:

patruo’ tuos est pater inventu’ Phanio uxori tuae. {An.} hem

quid ais? {Ge.} cum ei(u)s consuevit olim matre in Lemno

clanculum.

{Ph.} somnium! utine haec ignoraret suum patrem? {Ge.} aliquid
credo,

Phormio, esse causae. sed censen me potuisse omnia 875

intellegere extra ostium intu’ quae inter sese ipsi egerint?

{An.} atque ego quoque inaudiui illam fabulam. {Ge.} immo etiam
dabo

quo mage credas: patruos interea inde huc egreditur foras:

haud multo post cum patre idem recipit se intro denuo:

ait uterque tibi potestatem eius adhibendae dari. 880

denique ego sum missu’ te ut requirerem atque adducerem. {An.} em

quin ergo rape me: quid cessas? {Ge.} fecero. {An.} heus Phormio,

vale. {Ph.} vale, Antipho. bene, ita me di ament, factum: gaudeo.

Phormio

Tantam fortunam de inproviso esse his datam!

summa eludendi occasiost mihi nunc senes 885

et Phaedriae curam adimere argentariam,

ne quoiquam s<uo>rum aequalium supplex siet.

nam idem hoc argentum, ita ut datumst, ingratiis

<ei> datum erit: hoc qui cogam re ipsa repperi.
nunc gestu' mihi voltusque est capiendus novos. 890
sed hinc concedam in angiportum hoc proximum,
inde hisce ostendam me, ubi erunt egressi foras.
quo me adsimularam ire ad mercatum, non eo.

Demipho Chremes Phormio

{De.} Dis magnas merito gratias habeo atque ago
quando evenere haec nobis, frater, prospere. 895
quantum potest nunc conveniundus Phormio,
priu' quam dilapidat nostras triginta minas
ut auferamu'. {Ph.} Demiphonem si domist
visam ut quod . . {De.} at nos ad te ibamu', Phormio.
{Ph.} de <ea>dem hac fortasse causa? {De.} ita hercle. {Ph.}
credidi: 900
quid ad me ibati'? {De.} ridiculum. {Ph.} verebamini
ne non id facerem quod recepissem semel?
heus quanta quanta haec mea paupertas est, tamen
adhuc curavi unum hoc quidem, ut mi esset fides.
{Ch.} estne ita ut<i> dixi liberalis? {De.} oppido. 905
{Ph.} idque ad vos venio nuntiatum, Demipho,
paratum me esse: ubi voltis, uxorem date.
nam omnis posthabui mihi res, ita uti par fuit,
postquam id tanto opere vos velle animum advorteram.
{De.} at hic dehortatus est me ne illam tibi darem: 910
“nam qui erit rumor populi” inquit “si id feceris?
olim quom honeste potuit, tum non est data:
<ea>m nunc extrudi turpest.” ferme eadem omnia
quae tute dudum coram me incusaveras.
{Ph.} satis superbe inluditis me. {De.} qui? {Ph.} rogas? 915
quia ne alteram quidem illam potero ducere;
nam quo redibo ore ad eam quam contempserim?
{Ch.} (“tum autem Antiphonem video ab sese amittere
invitum eam” inque.) {De.} tum autem video filium
invitum sane mulierem ab se amittere. 920
sed transi sodes ad forum atque illud mihi

argentum rursum iube rescribi, Phormio.

{Ph.} quodne ego discripsi porro illis quibus debui?

{De.} quid igitur fiet? {Ph.} si vis mi uxorem dare

quam despondisti, ducam; sin est ut velis 925

manere illam apud te, dos hic maneat, Demipho.

nam non est aequum me propter vos decipi,

quom ego vestri honori causa repudium alterae

remiserim, quae doti tantundem dabat.

{De.} in hinc malam rem cum istac magnificentia, 930

fugitive? etiamnunc credi te ignorarier

aut tua facta adeo? {Ph.} irritor. {De.} tune hanc duceres

si tibi daretur? {Ph.} fac periculum. {De.} ut filius

cum illa habitet apud te, hoc vestrum consilium fuit.

{Ph.} quaeso quid narras? {De.} quin tu mi argentum cedo. 935

{Ph.} immo vero uxorem tu cedo. {De.} in ius ambula.

[in ius] {Ph.} enimvero si porro esse odiosi pergitis . .

{De.} quid facies? {Ph.} egone? vos me indotatis modo

patrocinari fortasse arbitramini:

etiam dotatis soleo. {Ch.} quid id nostra? {Ph.} nihil. 940

hic quandam noram quoui(s) vir uxorem {Ch.} hem. {De.} quid est?

{Ph.} Lemni habuit aliam, {Ch.} nullu sum. {Ph.} ex qua filiam

suscepit; et eam clam educat. {Ch.} sepultu sum.

{Ph.} haec adeo ego illi iam denarrabo. {Ch.} obsecro,

ne facias. {Ph.} oh tune is eras? {De.} ut ludos facit! 945

{Ch.} missum te facimu. {Ph.} fabulae! {Ch.} quid vis tibi?

argentum quod habes condonamu te. {Ph.} audio.

quid vos, malum, ergo me sic ludificamini

inepti vestra puerili sententia?

nolo volo; volo nolo rursum; cape cedo; 950

quod dictum indictumst; quod modo erat ratum inritumst.

{Ch.} quo pacto aut unde hic haec rescivit? {De.} nescio;

nisi me dixisse nemini certo scio.

{Ch.} monstri, ita me di ament, simile. {Ph.} inieci scrupulum.

{De.} hem

hicine ut a nobis hoc tantum argenti auferat 955

tam aperte inridens? emori hercle satius est.

animo virili praesentique ut sis para.

vides peccatum tuum esse elatum foras
 neque iam id celare posse te uxorem tuam:
 nunc quod ipsa ex aliis auditura sit, Chreme, 960
 id nosmet indicare placabilius est.
 tum hunc inpuratum poterimus nostro modo
 ulcisci. {Ph.} attat nisi mi prospicio, haereo.
 hi gladiatorio animo ad me adfectant viam.
 {Ch.} at vereor ut placari possit. {De.} bono animo es: 965
 ego redigam vos in gratiam, hoc fretus, Chreme,
 quom e medio excessit unde haec suscepst tibi.
 {Ph.} itan agiti' mecum? satis astute adgredimini.
 non hercle ex re isti(u)s me instigasti, Demipho.
 ain tu? ubi quae lubitum fuerit peregre feceris 970
 neque hui(u)s sis veritu' feminae primariae
 quin novo modo ei faceres contumeliam,
 venias nunc precibu' lautum peccatum tuum?
 hisce ego illam dictis ita tibi incensam dabo
 ut ne restinguas lacrumis si exstillaveris. 975
 {De.} malum quod isti di deaeque omnes duint!
 tantane adfectum quemquam esse hominem audacia!
 non hoc publicitu' scelus hinc asportarier
 in solas terras! {Ch.} in id redactu' sum loci
 ut quid agam cum illo nesciam prorsum. {De.} ego scio: 980
 in ius eamus. {Ph.} in ius? huc, siquid lubet.
 {Ch.} adsequere, retine dum ego huc servos evoco.
 {De.} enim nequeo solus: accurre. {Ph.} una iniuriast
 tecum. {De.} lege agito ergo. {Ph.} alterast tecum, Chreme.
 {Ch.} rape hunc. {Ph.} sic agitis? enimvero vocest opus: 985
 Nausistrata, exi! {Ch.} os opprime inpurum: vide
 quantum valet. {Ph.} Nausistrata! inquam. {De.} non taces?
 {Ph.} taceam? {De.} nisi sequitur, pugnos in ventremingere.
 {Ph.} vel oculum exclude: est ubi vos ulciscar probe.

Navsistrata Chremes Demipho

Phormio

{Na.} Qui nominat me? hem quid istuc turbaest, obsecro, 990

mi vir? {Ph.} ehem quid nunc obstipuisti? {Na.} quis hic homost?
 non mihi respondes? {Ph.} hicine ut tibi respondeat,
 qui hercle ubi sit nescit? {Ch.} cave isti quicquam creduas.
 {Ph.} abi, tange: si non totu' friget, me enica.
 {Ch.} nil est. {Na.} quid ergo? quid istic narrat? {Ph.} iam scies: 995
 ausculta. {Ch.} pergin credere? {Na.} quid ego obsecro
 huic credam, qui nil dixit? {Ph.} delirat miser
 timore. {Na.} non pol temerest quod tu tam times.
 {Ch.} egon timeo? {Ph.} recte sane: quando nil times.
 et hoc nil est quod ego dico, tu narra. {De.} scelus, 1000
 tibi narret? {Ph.} ohe tu, factumst abs te sedulo
 pro fratre. {Na.} mi vir, non mihi narras. {Ch.} at . . {Na.} quid
 "at"?
 {Ch.} non opus est dicto. {Ph.} tibi quidem; at scito huic opust.
 in Lemno {De.} hem quid ais? {Ch.} non taces? {Ph.} clam te {Ch.}
 ei mihi!
 {Ph.} uxorem duxit. {Na.} mi homo, di melius duint! 1005
 {Ph.} sic factumst. {Na.} perii misera! {Ph.} et inde filiam
 suscepit iam unam, dum tu dormis. {Ch.} quid agimus?
 {Na.} pro di inmortales, facinu' miserandum et malum!
 {Ph.} hoc actumst. {Na.} an quicquam hodiest factum indignius?
 qui mi, ubi ad uxores ventumst, tum fiunt senes! 1010
 Demipho, te appello: nam cum hoc ipso distaedet loqui:
 haecin erant itiones crebrae et mansiones diutinae
 Lemni? haecin erat ea quae nostros minuit fructus vilitas?
 {De.} ego, Nausistrata, esse in hac re culpam meritum non nego;
 sed ea qui sit ignoscenda. {Ph.} verba fiunt mortuo. 1015
 {De.} nam neque neglegentia tua neque odio id fecit tuo.
 vinolentu' fere abhinc annos quindecim mulierculam
 <ea>m compressit unde haec natast; neque postilla umquam attigit.
 ea mortem obiit, e medio abiit qui fuit in re hac scrupulus.
 quam ob rem te oro, ut alia facta tua sunt, aequo animo hoc feras.
 1020
 {Na.} quid ego aequo animo? cupio misera in hac re iam defungier;
 sed quid sperem? aetate porro minu' peccaturum putem?
 iam tum erat senex, senectus si verecundos facit.
 an mea forma atque aetas nunc magis expetendast, Demipho?

quid mi hic adfers quam ob rem exspectem aut sperem porro non fore? 1025

{Ph.} exsequias Chremeti quibus est commodum ire, em tempus est. sic dabo: age nunc, Phormionem qui volet lacessito:

“faxo tali sum mactatum atque hic est infortunio.”

redeat sane in gratiam iam: supplici satis est mihi.

habet haec ei quod, dum vivat, usque ad aurem ogganniat. 1030

{Na.} at meo merito credo. quid ego nunc commemorem, Demipho, singulatim qualis ego in hunc fuerim? {De.} novi aequae omnia tecum. {Na.} merito[n] hoc meo videtur factum? {De.} minime gentium.

verum iam, quando accusando fieri infectum non potest,

ignosce: orat confitetur purgat: quid vis amplius? 1035

{Ph.} enimvero priu' quam haec dat veniam, mihi prospiciam et Phaedriae.

heus Nausistrata, priu' quam huic respondes temere, audi. {Na.} quid est?

{Ph.} ego minas triginta per fallaciam ab illoc abstuli:

<ea>s dedi t<uo> gnato: is pro sua amica lenoni dedit.

{Ch.} hem quid ais? {Na.} adeo hoc indignum tibi videtur, filius 1040 homo adulescens si habet unam amicam, tu uxores duas?

nil pudere! quo ore illum obiurgabi'? responde mihi.

{De.} faciet ut voles. {Na.} immo ut meam iam scias sententiam,

neque ego ignosco neque promitto quicquam neque respondeo

priu' quam gnatum videro: ei(u)s iudicio permitto omnia: 1045

quod is iubebit faciam. {Ph.} mulier sapiens es, Nausistrata.

{Na.} sati' tibi<n> est? {Ph.} immo vero pulchre discedo et probe

et praeter spem. {Na.} tu t<uo>m nomen dic quid est. {Ph.} mihin'

Phormio:

vostrae familiae hercle amicus et tuo summu' Phaedriae.

{Na.} Phormio, at ego ecaster posthac tibi quod potero, quae voles

1050

faciamque et dicam. {Ph.} benigne dici'. {Na.} pol meritumst tuom.

{Ph.} vin primum hodie facere quod ego gaudeam, Nausistrata,

et quod t<uo> viro oculi doleant? {Na.} cupio. {Ph.} me ad cenam

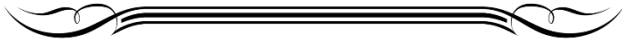
voca.

{Na.} pol vero voco. {De.} <ea>mus intro hinc. {Na.} fiat. sed ubist

Phaedria

iudex noster? {Ph.} iam hic faxo aderit. {Cantor.} vos valetet
plaudite!

EUNUCHUS



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(CANTOR)

PERIOCHA C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS

Sororem falso dictitatum Thaidis
id ipsum ignorans miles advexit Thraso
ipsique donat. erat haec civis Attica.

eidem eunuchum, quem emerat, tradi iubet
Thaidis amator Phaedria ac rus ipse abit
Thrasoni oratus biduum concederet.
ephebus frater Phaedriae puellulam
cum deperiret dono missam Thaidi,
ornatu eunuchi induitur (suadet Parmeno):
introiit, vitiat virginem. sed Atticus
civis repertus frater eius conlocat
vitiatam ephebo; Phaedriam exorat Thraso.

PROLOGVS

Si quisquamst qui placere se studeat bonis
quam plurimis et minime multos laedere,
in is poeta hic nomen profitetur suum.
tum siquis est qui dictum in se inclementius
existumavit esse, sic existumet 5
responsum, non dictum esse, quia laesit prior.
qui bene vortendo et easdem scribendo male
ex Graecis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas,
idem Menandri Phasma nunc nuper dedit,
atque in Thesauro scripsit causam dicere 10
prius unde petitur, aurum qua re sit suum,
quam illic qui petit, unde is sit thesaurus sibi
aut unde in patrium monumentum pervenerit.
de(h)inc ne frustretur ipse se aut sic cogitet
“defunctu’ iam sum, nil est quod dicat mihi”: 15
is ne erret moneo, et desinat lacescere.
habeo alia multa quae nunc condonabitur,
quae proferentur post si perget laedere
ita ut facere instituit. quam nunc acturi sumus
Menandri Eunuchum, postquam aediles emerunt, 20
perfecit sibi ut inspiciundi esset copia.
magistratu’ quom ibi adesset oceptast agi.
exclamat furem, non poetam fabulam
dedisse et nil dedisse verborum tamen:
Colacem esse Naevi, et Plauti veterem fabulam; 25

parasiti personam inde ablatam et militis.
si id est peccatum, peccatum imprudentiast
poetae, non quo furtum facere studuerit.
id ita esse vos iam iudicare poteritis.
Colax Menandrist: in east parasitus Colax 30
et miles gloriosus: <ea>s se non negat
personas transtulisse in Eunuchum suam
ex Graeca; sed eas fabulas factas prius
Latinas scisse sese id vero pernegat.
quod si personis isdem huic uti non licet: 35
qui mage licet currentem servom scribere,
bonas matronas facere, meretrices malas,
parasitum edacem, gloriosum militem,
puerum supponi, falli per servom senem,
amare odisse suspicari? denique 40
nullumst iam dictum quod non dictum sit prius.
qua re aequom est vos cognoscere atque ignoscere
quae veteres factitarunt si faciunt novi.
date operam, cum silentio animum attendite,
ut pernoscati' quid sibi Eunuchus velit. 45

ACTVS I

Phaedria Parmeno

I.i

PH. Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidem
quom accersor ultro? an potius ita me comparem
non perpeti meretricum contumelias?
exclisit; revocat: redeam? non si me obsecret.

PA. siquidem hercle possis, nil prius neque fortius. 50
verum si incipies neque pertendes gnaviter
atque, ubi pati non poteri', quom nemo expetet,
infecta pace ultro ad eam venies indicans
te amare et ferre non posse: actumst, ilicet,
peristi: eludet ubi te victum senserit. 55
proin tu, dum est tempus, etiam atque etiam cogita,
ere: quae res in se neque consilium neque modum
habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.
in amore haec omnia insunt vitia: iniuriae,
suspiciones, inimicitiae, indutiae, 60
bellum, pax rursum: incerta haec si tu postules
ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas
quam si des operam ut cum ratione insanias.
et quod nunc tute tecum iratus cogitas
“egon illam, quae illum, quae me, quae non . . ! sine modo, 65
mori me malim: sentiet qui vir siem”:
haec verba una mehercle falsa lacrimula
quam oculos terendo misere vix vi expresserit,
restringet, et te ultro accusabit, et dabis
ultro supplicium. **PH.** o indignum facinu'! nunc ego 70
et illam scelestam esse et me miserum sentio:
et taedet et amore ardeo, et prudens sciens,
vivos vidensque pereo, nec quid agam scio.
PA. quid agas? nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas
minimo; si nequeas paullulo, at quanti queas; 75
et ne te adflictes. **PH.** itane suades? **PA.** si sapis,

neque praeter quam quas ipse amor molestias
habet addas, et illas quas habet recte feras.
sed eccam ipsa egreditur, nostri fundi calamitas;
nam quod nos capere oportet haec intercipit. 80

Thais Phaedria Parmeno

I.ii

TH. Miseram me, vereor ne illud gravius Phaedria
tulerit neve aliorum atque ego feci acceperit,
quod heri intro missus non est. **PH.** totus, Parmeno,
tremo horreoque, postquam aspexi hanc. **PA.** bono animo es:
accede ad ignem hunc, iam calesces plus satis. 85

TH. quis hic loquitur? ehem tu hic eras, mi Phaedria?
quid hic stabas? quor non recta intro ibas? **PA.** ceterum
de exclusione verbum nullum? **TH.** quid taces?

PH. sane quia vero haec mihi patent semper fores
aut quia sum apud te primus. **TH.** missa istaec face. 90

PH. quid "missa"? o Thais, Thais, utinam esset mihi
pars aequa amoris tecum ac pariter fieret,
ut aut hoc tibi doleret itidem ut mihi dolet
aut ego istuc abs te factum nihili penderem!

TH. ne crucia te obsecro, anime mi, <mi> Phaedria. 95
non pol quo quemquam plus amem aut plus diligam
<eo> feci; sed ita erat res, faciendum fuit.

PA. credo, ut fit, misera prae amore exclusti hunc foras.

TH. sicin agi, Parmeno? age; sed huc qua gratia
te accersi iussi, ausculta. **PH.** fiat. **TH.** dic mihi 100
hoc primum, potin est hic tacere? **PA.** egon? optume.
verum heus tu, hac lege tibi meam adstringo fidem:
quae vera audiui taceo et contineo optume;
sin falsum aut vanum aut finctumst, continuo palamst:
plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo. 105
proin tu, taceri si vis, vera dicito.

TH. Samia mihi mater fuit: ea habitabat Rhodi.

PA. potest taceri hoc. **TH.** ibi tum matri parvolam
puellam dono quidam mercator dedit

ex Attica hinc abreptam. **PH.** civemne? **TH.** arbitror; 110
 certum non scimu': matri' nomen et patris
 dicebat ipsa: patriam et signa cetera
 neque scibat neque per aetatem etiam potis erat.
 mercator hoc addebat: e praedonibus,
 unde emerat, se audisse abreptam e Sunio. 115
 mater ubi accepit, coepit studiose omnia
 docere, educere, ita ut<i> si esset filia.
 sororem plerique esse credebant meam.
 ego cum illo, quocum tum uno rem habebam hospite,
 abii huc: qui mihi reliquit haec quae habeo omnia. 120
PA. utrumque hoc falsumst: effluet. **TH.** qui istuc? **PA.** quia
 neque tu uno eras contenta neque solus dedit;
 nam hic quoque bonam magnamque partem ad te attulit.
TH. itast; sed sine me pervenire quo volo.
 interea miles qui me amare occeperat 125
 in Cariamst profectu'; te interea loci
 cognovi. tute scis postilla quam intumum
 habeam te et mea consilia ut tibi credam omnia.
PH. ne hoc quidem tacebit Parmeno. **PA.** oh dubiumne id est?
TH. hoc agite, amabo. mater mea illic mortuast 130
 nuper; eiu' frater aliquantum ad remst avidior.
 is ubi esse hanc forma videt honesta virginem
 et fidibu' scire, pretium sperans ilico
 producit, vendit. forte fortuna adfuit
 hic meus amicus: emit <ea>m dono mihi 135
 inprudens harum rerum ignaru'que omnium.
 is venit: postquam sensit me tecum quoque
 rem habere, fingit causas ne det sedulo:
 ait, si fidem habeat se iri praepositum tibi
 apud me, ac non id metuat, ne, ubi acceperim, 140
 sese relinquam, velle se illam mihi dare;
 verum id vereri. sed ego quantum suspicor,
 ad virginem animum adiecit. **PH.** etiamne amplius?
TH. nil; nam quaesivi. nunc ego <ea>m, mi Phaedria,
 multae sunt causae quam ob rem cupio abducere: 145
 primum quod soror est dicta; praeterea ut suis

restituam ac reddam. sola sum; habeo hic neminem
neque amicum neque cognatum: quam ob rem, Phaedria,
cupio aliquos parere amicos beneficio meo.

id amabo adiuta me, quo id fiat facilius: 150

sine illum priores partis hosce aliquot dies

apud me habere. nil respondes? **PH.** pessuma,

egon quicquam cum istis factis tibi respondeam?

PA. eu noster, laudo: tandem perdoluit: vir es.

PH. aut ego nescibam quorsum tu ires? “parvola 155

hinc est abrepta; eduxit mater pro sua;

soror dictast; cupio abducere, ut reddam suis”:

nempe omnia haec nunc verba huc redeunt denique:

ego excludor, ille — recipitur. qua gratia?

nisi si illum plus amas quam me et istam nunc times 160

quae advectast ne illum talem praeripiat tibi.

TH. ego[n] id timeo? **PH.** quid te ergo aliud sollicitat? cedo.

num solus ille dona dat? num ubi meam

benignitatem sensisti in te claudier?

nonne ubi mi dixti cupere te ex Aethiopia 165

ancillulam, relictis rebus omnibus

quaesivi? porro eunuchum dixti velle te,

quia solae utuntur is reginae; repperi,

heri minas viginti pro ambobus dedi.

tamen contemptus abs te haec habui in memoria: 170

ob haec facta abs te spernor? **TH.** quid istic, Phaedria?

quamquam illam cupio abducere atque hac re arbitror

id fieri posse maxume, verum tamen

potius quam te inimicum habeam, faciam ut iusseris.

PH. utinam istuc verbum ex animo ac vere diceres 175

“potius quam te inimicum habeam”! si istuc crederem

sincere dici, quidvis possem perpeti.

PA. labascit victus uno verbo quam cito!

TH. ego non ex animo misera dico? quam ioco

rem voluisti a me tandem, quin perfeceris? 180

ego impetrare nequeo hoc abs te, biduom

saltem ut concedas solum. **PH.** siquidem biduom:

verum ne fiant isti viginti dies.

TH. profecto non plus biduom aut . . **PH.** “aut” nil moror.

TH. non fiet: hoc modo sine te exorem. **PH.** scilicet 185
faciundumst quod vis. **TH.** merito te amo, bene facis.

PH. rus ibo: ibi hoc me macerabo biduom.

ita facere certumst: mos gerundust Thaidi.

tu, Parmeno, huc fac illi adducantur. **PA.** maxume.

PH. in hoc biduom, Thais, vale. **TH.** mi Phaedria, 190

et tu. numquid vis aliud? **PH.** egone quid velim?

cum milite istoc praesens absens ut sies;

dies noctesque me ames, me desideres,

me somnies, me exspectes, de me cogites,

me speres, me te oblectes, mecum tota sis: 195

meu’ fac sis postremo animu’ quando ego sum tuos. —

TH. me miseram, fors[it]an hic mihi parvam habeat fidem
atque ex aliarum ingeniis nunc me iudicet.

ego pol, quae mihi sum conscia, hoc certo scio

neque me finxisse falsi quicquam neque meo 200

cordi esse quemquam cariolem hoc Phaedria.

et quidquid huiu’ feci causa virginis

feci; nam me eiu’ fratrem spero propemodum

iam repperisse, adolescentem adeo nobilem;

et is hodie venturum ad me constituit domum. 205

concedam hinc intro atque exspectabo dum venit.

ACTVS II

Phaedria Parmeno

II.i

PH. Fac, ita ut iussi, deducantur isti. **PA.** faciam. **PH.** at diligenter. **PA.** fiet. **PH.** at mature. **PA.** fiet. **PH.** satine hoc mandatumst tibi? **PA.** ah

rogitare, quasi difficile sit!

utinam tam aliquid invenire facile possis, Phaedria, 210

quam hoc peribit. **PH.** ego quoque una pereo, quod mist carius; ne istuc tam iniquo patiari animo. **PA.** minime: qui effectum dabo. sed numquid aliud imperas?

PH. munu' nostrum ornato verbis, quod poteris, et istum aemulum, quod poteris, ab ea pellito. 215

PA. memini, tam etsi nullu' moneas. **PH.** ego rus ibo atque ibi manebo.

PA. censeo. **PH.** sed heus tu. **PA.** quid vis? **PH.** censen posse me obfirmare et

perpeti ne redeam interea? **PA.** tene? non hercle arbitror; nam aut iam revortere aut mox noctu te adiget horsum insomnia.

PH. opu' faciam, ut defetiger usque, ingratiis ut dormiam. 220

PA. vigilabi' lassus: hoc plus facies. **PH.** abi, nil dicis, Parmeno. eiciunda hercle haec est mollities animi; nimi' me indulgeo.

tandem non ego illam caream, si sit opu', vel totum triduum? **PA.** hui univorsum triduum? vide quid agas. **PH.** stat sententia. —

PA. di boni, quid hoc morbist? adeon homines inmutarier 225 ex amore ut non cognoscas <eu>ndem esse! hoc nemo fuit minus ineptu', mage severu' quisquam nec mage continens.

sed quis hic est qui huc pergit? attat hi(c)quidem est parasitus Gnatho militis: ducit secum una virginem dono huic. papae

facie honesta! mirum ni ego me turpiter hodie hic dabo 230

cum m<eo> decrepito hoc eunucho. haec superat ipsam Thaidem.

Gnatho Parmeno

II.ii

GN. Di immortales, homini homo quid praestat? stulto intellegens quid inter est? hoc adeo ex hac re venit in mentem mihi: conveni hodie adveniens quendam m<ei> loci hinc atque ordinis, hominem haud inpurum, itidem patria qui abligurrierat bona: 235 video sentum squalidum aegrum, pannis annisque obsitum. “oh quid istuc” inquam “ornatist?” “quoniam miser quod habui perdididi, em

quo redactu’ sum. omnes noti me atque amici deserunt.” hic ego illum contempsi prae me: “quid homo” inquam “ignavissime?

itan parasti te ut spes nulla relicua in te s<ie>t tibi? 240 simul consilium cum re amisti? viden me ex <eo>dem ortum loco? qui color nitor vestitu’, quae habitudost corporis! omnia habeo neque quicquam habeo; nil quom est, nil deficit tamen.” “at ego infelix neque ridiculus esse neque plagas pati possum.” “quid? tu his rebus credi’ fieri? tota erras via. 245 olim isti f<ui>t generi quondam quaestus apud saeculum prius: hoc novomst aucupium; ego adeo hanc primus inveni viam. est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt nec sunt: hos consector; hisce ego non paro me ut rideant, sed eis ultro adrideo et eorum ingenia admiror simul. 250 quidquid dicunt laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque; negat quis: nego; ait: aio; postremo imperavi egomet mihi omnia adsentari. is quaestu’ nunc est multo uberrimus.”

PA. scitum hercle hominem! hic homines prorsum ex stultis insanos facit.

GN. dum haec loquimur, interea loci ad macellum ubi advenimus, 255 concurrunt laeti mi obviam cuppedenarii omnes, cetarii lanii coqui fartores piscatores, quibus et re salva et perdita profueram et prosum saepe: salutant, ad cenam vocant, adventum gratulantur. ille ubi miser famelicus videt mi esse tantum honorem et 260 tam facile victum quaerere, ibi homo coepit me obsecrare ut sibi liceret discere id de me: sectari iussi, si potis est, tamquam philosophorum habent disciplinae ex ipsis vocabula, parasiti ita ut Gnathonici vocentur.

PA. viden otium et cibi' quid facit alienu'? **GN.** sed ego cesso 265
ad Thaidem hanc deducere et rogare ad cenam ut veniat?

sed Parmenonem ante ostium Thaini' tristem video,
rivali' servom: salva res[es]t. nimirum hic homines frigent.
nebulonem hunc certumst ludere. **PA.** hisce hoc munere arbitrantur
suam Thaidem esse. **GN.** plurima salute Parmenonem 270
summum suom inperitit Gnatho. quid agitur? **PA.** statur. **GN.** video.
num quid nam hic quod nolis vides? **PA.** te. **GN.** credo; at numquid
aliud?

PA. qui dum? **GN.** quia tristi's. **PA.** nil quidem. **GN.** ne sis; sed quid
videtur

hoc tibi mancupium? **PA.** non malum hercle. **GN.** uro hominem. **PA.**
ut

falsus animist!

GN. quam hoc munu' gratum Thaidi arbitrare esse? **PA.** hoc nunc
dicis 275

eiectos hinc nos: omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudost.

GN. sex ego te totos, Parmeno, hos mensis quietum reddam
ne sursum d<eo>rsum cursites neve usque ad lucem vigiles.
ecquid beo te? **PA.** men? papae. **GN.** sic soleo amicos. **PA.** laudo.

GN. detineo te: fortasse tu profectus alio fueras. 280

PA. nusquam. **GN.** tum tu igitur paullulum da mi operae: fac ut
admittar

ad illam. **PA.** age modo, i: nunc tibi patent fores hae quia istam
ducis.

GN. numquem evocari hinc vis foras? **PA.** sine biduom hoc
praetereat:

qui mihi nunc uno digitulo fores aperis fortunatus,
ne tu istas faxo calcibus saepe insultabi' frustra. 285

GN. etiamnunc tu hic stas, Parmeno? eho numnam hic relictu's
custos,

nequis forte internuntius clam a milite ad istam curset?

PA. facete dictum: mira vero militi qui placeat? —

sed video erilem filium minorem huc advenire.

miror quid ex Piraeo abierit; nam ibi custos publice est nunc. 290
non temere est; et properans venit: nescioquid circumspectat.

Chaerea Parmeno

II.iii

CH. Occidi!

neque virgost usquam neque ego, qui illam e conspectu amisi meo.
ubi quaeram, ubi investigem, quem perconter, quam insistam viam
incertu' sum. una haec spes est: ubi ubi est, diu celari non potest. 295
o faciem pulchram! deleo omnis de(h)inc ex animo mulieres:
taedet cotidianarum harum formarum. **PA.** ecce autem alterum!
nescioquid de amore loquitur: o infortunatum senem!
hic vero est qui si occeperit,
ludum iocumque dices f<ui>sse illum alterum, 300
praeut huius rabies quae dabit.

CH. ut illum di d<eae>que senium perdant qui me hodie remoratus
est;

meque adeo qui <ei> restiterim; tum autem qui illum flocci fecerim.
sed eccum Parmenonem. salve. **PA.** quid tu's tristi'? quidve's
alacris?

unde is? **CH.** egone? nescio hercle, 305

neque unde eam neque quorsum eam: ita prorsus sum oblitus mei.

PA. qui quaeso? **CH.** amo. **PA.** hem. **CH.** nunc, Parmeno, ostendes
te qui vir sies.

scis te mihi saepe pollicitum esse "Chaerea, aliquid inveni
modo quod ames: in ea re utilitatem ego faciam ut cognoscas meam",
quom in cellulam ad te patri' penum omnem congerebam
clanculum. 310

PA. age, inepte. **CH.** hoc hercle factumst. fac sis nunc promissa
adpareant,

si adeo digna res[es]t ubi tu nervos intendas tuos.

haud simili' virgost virginum nostrarum, quas matres student
demissis umeris esse, vincto pectore, ut gracilae sient.

siquaest habitior paullo pugilem esse aiunt, deducunt cibum: 315
tam etsi bonast natura, reddunt curatura iunceas:

itaque ergo amantur. **PA.** quid tua istaec? **CH.** nova figura oris. **PA.**
papae.

CH. color veru', corpu' solidum et suci plenum. **PA.** anni? **CH.**
anni? sedecim.

PA. flos ipse. **CH.** <ipsam> hanc tu mihi vel vi vel clam vel precario
fac tradas: mea nil refert dum potiar modo. 320

PA. quid? virgo quoiast? **CH.** nescio hercle. **PA.** undest? **CH.**
tantundem.

PA. ubi habitat?

CH. ne id quidem. **PA.** ubi vidisti? **CH.** in via. **PA.** qua ratione eam
amisti?

CH. id equidem adveniens mecum stomachabar modo,
nec quemquam ego esse hominem arbitror quoi mage bonae
felicitates omnes advorsae sient. 325

quid hoc est sceleri? perii. **PA.** quid factumst? **CH.** rogas?
patris cognatum atque aequalem Archidemidem
nostin? **PA.** quidni? **CH.** is, dum hanc sequor, fit mi obviam.

PA. incommode hercle. **CH.** immo enimvero infeliciter;
nam incommoda alia sunt dicenda, Parmeno. 330

illum liquet mihi deierare his mensibus

sex septem prorsum non vidisse proxumis,

nisi nunc quom minime vellem minimeque opu' fuit.

eho nonne hoc monstri similest? quid ais? **PA.** maxume.

CH. continuo occurrit ad me, quam longe quidem, 335

incurvo' tremulu' labiis demissis gemens:

"heus heus tibi dico, Chaerea" inquit. restiti.

"scin quid ego te volebam?" "dic." "cras est mihi

iudicium." "quid tum?" "ut diligenter nunties

patri, advocatu' mane mi esse ut meminerit." 340

dum haec dicit abiit hora. rogo numquid velit.

"recte" inquit. abeo. quom huc respicio ad virginem,

illa se[se] interea commodum huc advorterat

in hanc nostram plateam. **PA.** mirum ni hanc dicit, modo

huic quae datast dono. **CH.** huc quom advenio nulla erat. 345

PA. comites secuti scilicet sunt virginem?

CH. verum: parasitu' cum ancilla. **PA.** ipsast: ilicet.

desine; iam conclamatumst. **CH.** alias res agis.

PA. istuc ago equidem. **CH.** nostin quae sit, dic mihi, aut

vidistin? **PA.** vidi novi scio quo abducta sit. 350

CH. eho Parmeno mi, nostin? [**PA.** novi. **CH.**] et scis ubi siet?

PA. huc deductast ad meretricem Thaidem: <ei> dono datast.

CH. quis is est tam potens cum tanto munere hoc? **PA.** miles Thraso, Phaedriae rivali'. **CH.** duras fratri' partis praedicas.

PA. immo enim si scias quod donum huic dono contra conparet, 355 [tum] magis id dicas. **CH.** quodnam quaeso hercle? **PA.** eunuchum.

CH.

illumne obsecro

inhonestum hominem, quem mercatus est heri, senem mulierem?

PA. istunc ipsum. **CH.** homo quatietur certe cum dono foras.

sed istam Thaidem non scivi nobis vicinam. **PA.** haud diust.

CH. perii, numquamne etiam me illam vidisse! eho dum dic mihi:

360

estne, ut fertur, forma? **PA.** sane. **CH.** at nil ad nostram hanc? **PA.** alia rest.

CH. obsecro hercle, Parmeno, fac ut potiar. **PA.** faciam sedulo ac dabo operam, adiuvabo: numquid me aliud? **CH.** quo nunc is? **PA.** domum,

ut mancupia haec, ita ut<i> iussit frater, ducam ad Thaidem.

CH. o fortunatum istum eunuchum quiquidem in hanc detur domum! 365

PA. quid ita? **CH.** rogitas? summa forma semper conservam domi videbit conloquetur aderit una in unis aedibus,

cibum non numquam capiet cum ea, interdum propter dormiet.

PA. quid si nunc tute fortunatu' fias? **CH.** qua re, Parmeno?

responde. **PA.** capias tu illi(u)s vestem. **CH.** vestem? quid tum postea? 370

PA. pro illo te ducam. **CH.** audio. **PA.** te esse illum dicam. **CH.** intellego.

PA. tu illis fruiare commodis quibu' tu illum dicebas modo:

cibum una capias, adsis tangas ludas propter dormias;

quandoquidem illarum neque te quisquam novit neque scit qui sies.

praeterea forma et aetas ipsast facile ut pro eunucho probes. 375

CH. dixti pulchre: numquam vidi meliu' consilium dari.

age eamus intro nunciam: orna me abduc duc quantum potest.

PA. quid agi'? iocabar equidem. **CH.** garris. **PA.** perii, quid ego egi miser!

quo trudi'? perculeris iam tu me. tibi equidem dico, mane.

CH. eamu'. **PA.** pergin? **CH.** certumst. **PA.** vide ne nimium

calidum 380

hoc sit modo.

CH. non est profecto: sine. **PA.** at enim istaec in me cudetur faba.

CH. ah.

PA. flagitium facimus. **CH.** an id flagitiumst si in domum
meretriciam

deducar et illis crucibu', quae nos nostramque adulescentiam
habent despiciatam et quae nos semper omnibus cruciant modis,
nunc referam gratiam atque eas itidem fallam, ut ab is fallimur? 385
an potius haec patri aequomst fieri ut a me ludatur dolis?

quod qui rescierint, culpent; illud merito factum omnes putent.

PA. quid istic? si certumst facere, facias; verum ne post conferas
culpam in me. **CH.** non faciam. **PA.** iubesne? **CH.** iubeam? cogo
atque impero:

numquam defugiam auctoritatem. sequere. **PA.** di vortant bene! 390

ACTVS III

Thraso Gnatho Parmeno

III.i

TH. Magnas vero agere gratias Thais mihi?

GN. ingentis. **TH.** <ai>n tu, laetast? **GN.** non tam ipso quidem dono quam abs te datum esse: id vero serio

triumphat. **PA.** hoc proviso ut, ubi tempus siet, deducam. sed eccum militem. **TH.** est istuc datum 395 profecto ut grata mihi sint quae facio omnia.

GN. advorti hercle animum. **TH.** vel rex semper maxumas mihi agebat quidquid feceram: aliis non item.

GN. labore alieno magno partam gloriam verbis saepe in se transmovet qui habet salem; 400

quod in test. **TH.** habes. **GN.** rex te ergo in oculis . . **TH.** scilicet.

GN. gestare. **TH.** vero: credere omnem exercitum, consilia. **GN.** mirum. **TH.** tum sicubi eum satietas

hominum aut negoti siquando odium ceperat, requiescere ubi volebat, quasi . . nostin? **GN.** scio: 405

quasi ubi illam expueret miseriam ex animo. **TH.** tenes. tum me convivam solum abducebat sibi. **GN.** hui

regem elegantem narras. **TH.** immo sic homost:

perpaucorum hominum. **GN.** immo nullorum arbitror, si tecum vivit. **TH.** invidere omnes mihi, 410

mordere clanculum: ego non flocci pendere:

illi invidere misere; verum unus tamen

inpense, elephantis quem Indicis praefecerat.

is ubi molestus magis est, “quaeso” inquam “Strato, eon es ferox quia habes imperium in beluas?” 415

GN. pulchre mehercle dictum et sapienter. papae iugularas hominem. quid ille? **TH.** mutus ilico.

GN. quidni esset? **PA.** di vostram fidem, hominem perditum miserumque et illum sacrilegum! **TH.** quid illud, Gnatho, quo pacto Rhodium tetigerim in convivio, 420 numquam tibi dixi? **GN.** numquam; sed narra obsecro.

(plus miliens audivi.) **TH.** una in convivio
erat hic, quem dico, Rhodius adolescentulus.
forte habui scortum: coepit ad id adludere
et me inridere. “quid ais” inquam homini “inpu- 425
lepu’ tute’s, pulpamentum quaeris?” **GN.** hahahae.
TH. quid est? **GN.** facete lepide laute nil supra.
tuomne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetu’ credidi.
TH. audieras? **GN.** saepe, et fertur in primis. **TH.** meumst.
GN. dolet dictum imprudenti adolescenti et libero. 430
PA. at te di perdant! **GN.** quid ille quaeso? **TH.** perditus:
risu omnes qui aderant emoriri. denique
metuebant omnes iam me. **GN.** haud iniuria.
TH. sed heus tu, purgon ego me de istac Thaidi,
quod eam me amare suspicatast? **GN.** nil minus. 435
immo auge mage suspicionem. **TH.** quor? **GN.** rogas?
scin, si quando illa mentionem Phaedriae
facit aut si laudat, te ut male urat? **TH.** sentio.
GN. id ut ne fiat haec res solast remedio:
ubi nominabit Phaedriam, tu Pamphilam 440
continuo; siquando illa dicet “Phaedriam
intro mittamu’ comissatum,” Pamphilam
cantatum provocemu’; si laudabit haec
illiu’ formam, tu huiu’ contra. denique
par pro pari referto quod eam mordeat. 445
TH. siquidem me amaret, tum istuc prodesset, Gnatho.
GN. quando illud quod tu das exspectat atque amat,
iamdudum te amat, iamdudum illi facile fit
quod doleat; metuit semper quem ipsa nunc capit
fructum nequando iratu’ tu alio conferas. 450
TH. bene dixi, ac mihi istuc non in mentem venerat.
GN. ridiculum; non enim cogitaras. ceterum
idem hoc tute meliu’ quanto invenisses, Thraso!

Thais Thraso Gnatho Parmeno Pythias

III.ii

TH. Audire vocem visa sum modo militis.

atque eccum. salve, mi Thraso. **THR.** o Thais mea, 455
 m<eu>m savium, quid agitur? ecquid nos amas
 de fidicina istac? **PA.** quam venuste! quod dedit
 principium adveniens! **TH.** plurimum merito tuo.
GN. eamus ergo ad cenam. quid stas? **PA.** em alterum:
 ex homine hunc natum dicas? **TH.** ubi vis, non moror. 460
PA. adibo atque adsimulabo quasi nunc exeam.
 ituran, Thais, quopiam es? **TH.** ehem Parmeno:
 bene fecisti; hodie itura . . **PA.** quo? **TH.** quid, hunc non vides?
PA. video et me taedet. ubi vis, dona adsunt tibi
 a Phaedria. **THR.** quid stamu'? quor non imus hinc? 465
PA. quaeso hercle ut liceat, pace quod fiat tua,
 dare huic quae volumu', convenire et conloqui.
THR. perpulchra credo dona aut nostri similia.
PA. res indicabit. heus iubete istos foras
 exire, quos iussi, ocus. procede tu huc: 470
 ex Aethiopiast usque haec. **THR.** hic sunt tres minae.
GN. vix. **PA.** ubi tu es, Dore? accede huc. em eunuchum tibi,
 quam liberali facie, quam aetate integra!
TH. ita me di ament, honestust. **PA.** quid tu ais, Gnatho?
 numquid habes quod contemnas? quid tu autem, Thraso? 475
 tacent: sati' laudant. fac periculum in litteris,
 fac in palaestra, in musicis: quae liberum
 scire aequomst adulescentem, sollertem dabo.
THR. ego illum eunuchum, si opu' siet, vel sobrius . .
PA. atque haec qui misit non sibi soli postulat 480
 te vivere et sua causa excludi ceteros,
 neque pugnās narrat neque cicatrices suas
 ostentat neque tibi obstat, quod quidam facit;
 verum ubi molestum non erit, ubi tu voles,
 ubi tempu' tibi erit, sat habet si tum recipitur. 485
THR. adparet servom hunc esse domini pauperis
 miserique. **GN.** nam hercle nemo posset, sat scio,
 qui haberet qui pararet alium, hunc perpeti.
PA. tace tu, quem te ego esse infra infimos omnis puto
 homines; nam qui huic animum adsentari induxeris, 490
 e flamma petere te cibum posse arbitror.

THR. iamne imus? **TH.** hos prius intro ducam et quae volo simul imperabo: poste continuo exeo.

THR. ego hinc abeo: tu istanc opperire. **PA.** haud convenit una ire cum amica imperatorem in via. 495

THR. quid tibi ego multa dicam? domini similis es.

GN. hahahae. **THR.** quid rides? **GN.** istuc quod dixti modo; et illud de Rhodio dictum quom in mentem venit.

sed Thais exit. **THR.** abi prae, curre, ut sint domi

parata. **GN.** fiat. — **TH.** diligenter, Pythias, 500

fac cures, si Chremes hoc forte advenerit,

ut ores primum ut maneat; si id non commodumst,

ut redeat; si id non poterit, ad me adducito.

PY. ita faciam. **TH.** quid? quid aliud volui dicere?

ehem curate istam diligenter virginem: 505

domi adsiti' facite. **THR.** eamu'. **TH.** vos me sequimini.

Chremes Pythias

III.iii

CH. Profecto quanto mage magisque cogito,
nimirum dabit haec Thai' mihi magnum malum:
ita me ab ea astute video labefactarier,
iam tum quom primum iussit me ad se accersier. 510
roget quis "quid [rei] tibi cum illa?" ne noram quidem.
ubi veni, causam ut ibi manerem repperit:

<ai> rem divinam fecisse [se] et rem seriam

velle agere mecum. iam tum erat suspicio

dolo malo haec fieri omnia. ipsa accumbere 515

mecum, mihi sese dare, sermonem quaerere.

ubi friget, huc evasit, quam pridem pater

mihi et mater mortui essent. dico, iamdiu.

rus Sunii ecquod habeam et quam longe a mari.

credo <ei> placere hoc: sperat se a me avellere. 520

postremo, ecqua inde parva periisset soror;

ecquis cum ea una; quid habuisset quom perit;

ecquis eam posset noscere. haec quor quaeritet?

nisi si illa forte quae olim periit parvola

soror, hanc se intendit esse, ut est audacia. 525
 verum ea si vivit annos natast sedecim,
 non maior: Thai' quam ego sum maiusculast.
 misit porro orare ut venirem serio.
 aut dicat quid volt aut molesta ne siet:
 non hercle veniam tertio. heus heus, ecquis hic? 530
 ego sum Chremes. **PY.** o capitulum lepidissimum!
CH. dico ego mi insidias fieri? **PY.** Thais maxumo
 te orabat opere ut cras redires. **CH.** rus eo.
PY. fac amabo. **CH.** non possum, inquam. **PY.** at tu apud nos hic
 mane
 dum redeat ipsa. **CH.** nil minus. **PY.** quor, mi Chremes? 535
CH. malam rem hinc ibi'? **PY.** si istuc ita certumst tibi,
 amabo ut illuc transeas ubi illast. **CH.** eo.
PY. abi, Dorias, cito hunc deduce ad militem.

Antipho

III.iv

AN. Heri aliquot adolescentuli coiimus in Piraeo
 in hunc diem, ut de symbolis essemu'. Chaeream <ei> r<ei> 540
 praefecimus; dati anuli; locu' tempu' constitutumst.
 praeteriit tempu': quo in loco dictumst parati nil est;
 homo ipse nusquamst neque scio quid dicam aut quid coniectem.
 nunc mi hoc negoti ceteri dedere ut illum quaeram
 idque adeo visam si domist. quisnam hinc ab Thaide exit? 545
 is est an non est? ipsus est. quid hoc hominist? qui hic ornatust?
 quid illud malist? nequeo satis mirari neque conicere;
 nisi, quidquid est, procul hinc lubet priu' quid sit sciscitari.

Chaerea Antipho

III.v

CH. Numquis hic est? nemost. numquis hinc me sequitur? nemo
 homost.
 iamne erumpere hoc licet mi gaudium? pro Iuppiter, 550
 nunc est profecto interfici quom perpeti me possum,

ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita aegritudine aliqua.
sed neminemne curiosum intervenire nunc mihi
qui me sequatur quoquo eam, rogitando obtundat enicet
quid gestiam aut quid laetu' sim, quo pergam, unde emergam, ubi
siem 555

vestitum hunc nanctu', quid mi quaeram, sanu' sim anne insaniam!

AN. adibo atque ab eo gratiam hanc, quam video velle, inibo.
Chaerea, quid est quod sic gestis? quid sibi hic vestitu' quaerit?
quid est quod laetus es? quid tibi vis? satine sanu's? quid me
adspectas?

quid taces? **CH.** o festu' dies hominis! amice, salve: 560

nemost hominum quem ego nunc magis cuperem videre quam te.

AN. narra istuc quaeso quid sit. **CH.** immo ego te obsecro hercle ut
audias.

nostin hanc quam amat frater? **AN.** novi: nempe, opinor, Thaidem.

CH. istam ipsam. **AN.** sic commemineram. **CH.** quaedam hodie est
<ei> dono data

virgo: quid ego eiu' tibi nunc faciem praedicem aut laudem,
Antipho, 565

quom ipsum me noris quam elegans formarum spectator siem?
in hac commotu' sum. **AN.** <ai>n tu? **CH.** primam dices, scio, si
videris.

quid multa verba? amare coepi. forte fortuna domi
erat quidam eunuchu' quem mercatu' fuerat frater Thaidi,
neque is deductus etiamdum ad eam. submonuit me Parmeno 570
ibi servo' quod ego arripui. **AN.** quid id est? **CH.** tacitu' citius
audies:

ut vestem cum illo mutem et pro illo iubeam me illoc ducier.

AN. pro eunuchon? **CH.** sic est. **AN.** quid ex ea re tandem ut caperes
commodi?

CH. rogas? viderem audirem essem una quacum cupiebam, Antipho.
num parva causa aut prava ratio? traditus sum mulieri. 575

illa ilico ubi me accepit, laeta vero ad se abducit domum;
commendat virginem. **AN.** quoi? tibine? **CH.** mihi. **AN.** satis tuto
tamen?

CH. edicit ne vir quisquam ad eam adeat et mihi ne abscedam
imperat;

in interiore parti ut maneam solu' cum sola. adnuo
terram intuens modeste. **AN.** miser. **CH.** "ego" inquit "ad cenam
hinc eo." 580

abducit secum ancillas: paucae quae circum illam essent manent
noviciae puellae. continuo haec adornant ut lavet.
adhortor properent. dum adparatur, virgo in conclavi sedet
suspectans tabulam quandam pictam: ibi inerat pictura haec, Iovem
quo pacto Danaae misisse aiunt quondam in gremium imbrem
aureum. 585

egomet quoque id spectare coepi, et quia consimilem luserat
iam olim ille ludum, inpendio magis animu' gaudebat mihi,
deum sese in hominem convortisse atque in alienas tegulas
venisse clanculum per inpluvium fucum factum mulieri.
at quem deum! "qui templa caeli summa sonitu concutit." 590
ego homuncio hoc non facerem? ego illud vero ita feci — ac lubens.
dum haec mecum reputo, accersitur lavatum interea virgo:
iit lavit rediit; deinde eam in lecto illae conlocarunt.
sto exspectans siquid mi imperent. venit una, "heus tu" inquit "Dore,
cape hoc flabellum, ventulum huic sic facito, dum lavamur; 595
ubi nos laverimu', si voles, lavato." accipio tristis.

AN. tum equidem istuc os tuom inpudens videre nimium vellem,
qui esset status, flabellum tenere te asinum tantum.

CH. vix elocutast hoc, foras simul omnes proruont se,
abeunt lavatum, perstrepunt, ita ut fit domini ubi absunt. 600
interea somnu' virginem opprimit. ego limis specto
sic per flabellum clanculum; simul alia circumspecto,
satin explorata sint. video esse. pessulum ostio obdo.

AN. quid tum? **CH.** quid "quid tum," fatue? **AN.** fateor. **CH.** an ego
occasionem

mi ostentam, tantam, tam brevem, tam optatam, tam insperatam 605
amitterem? tum pol ego is essem vero qui simulabar.

AN. sane hercle ut dici'. sed interim de symbolis quid actumst?

CH. paratumst. **AN.** frugi es: ubi? domin? **CH.** immo apud libertum
Discum.

AN. perlongest, sed tanto ocius properemu': muta vestem.

CH. ubi mutem? perii; nam domo exsulo nunc: metuo fratrem 610
ne intus sit; porro autem pater ne rure redierit iam.

AN. eamus ad me, ibi proximumst ubi mutes. **CH.** recte dicis.
eamus; et de istac simul, quo pacto porro possim
potiri, consilium volo capere una tecum. **AN.** fiat.

ACTVS IV

Dorias

IV.i

Ita me di ament, quantum ego illum vidi, non nil timeo misera, 615
nequam ille hodie insanu' turbam faciat aut vim Thaidi.
nam postquam iste advenit Chremes adulescens, frater virginis,
militem rogat ut illum admitti iubeat: ill' continuo irasci,
neque negare audere; Thai' porro instare ut hominem invitet.
id faciebat retinendi illi(u)s causa, quia illa quae cupiebat 620
de sorore ei(u)s indicare ad eam rem tempu' non erat.
invitat tristi': mansit. ibi illa cum illo sermonem ilico;
miles vero sibi putare adductum ante oculos aemulum;
voluit facere contra huic aegre: "heus" inquit "puer<e>, Pamphilam
accerse ut delectet hic nos." illa [exclamat] "minime gentium: 625
in convivium illam?" miles tendere: inde ad iurgium.
interea aurum sibi clam mulier demit, dat mi ut auferam.
hoc est signi: ubi primum poterit, se illinc subducet scio.

Phaedria <Dorias>

IV.ii

Dum rus eo, coepi egomet mecum inter vias,
ita ut fit ubi quid in animost molestiae, 630
aliam rem ex alia cogitare et ea omnia in
peiorem partem. quid opust verbis? dum haec puto,
praeterii inprudens villam. longe iam abieram
quom sensi: redeo rursum, male me vero habens.
ubi ad ipsum veni devorticulum, constitui: 635
occepi mecum cogitare "hem biduom hic
manendumst soli sine illa? quid tum postea?
nil est. quid nil? si non tangendi copias,
eho ne videndi quidem erit? si illud non licet,
saltem hoc licebit. certe extrema linea 640
amare haud nil est." villam praetereo sciens.

sed quid hoc quod timida subito egreditur Pythias?

Pythias Dorias Phaedria

IV.iii

PY. Vbi ego illum scelerosum misera atque inpium inveniam? aut ubi quaeram?

hoccin tam audax facinu' facere esse ausum! **PH.** perii: hoc quid sit vereor.

PY. quin etiam insuper scelu', postquam ludificatust virginem, 645 vestem omnem miserae discidit, tum ipsam capillo conscidit.

PH. hem. **PY.** qui nunc si detur mihi, ut ego unguibus facile illi in oculos involem venefico!

PH. nescioquid profecto absente nobis turbatumst domi. adibo. quid istuc? quid festinas? aut quem quaeri', Pythias? 650

PY. ehem Phaedria, egon? quem quaeram? in' hinc quo dignu's cum donis tuis

tam lepidis? **PH.** quid istuc est rei?

PY. rogas me? eunuchum quem dedisti nobis quas turbas dedit! virginem quam erae dono dederat miles, vitiavit. **PH.** quid ais?

PY. perii. **PH.** temulenta's. **PY.** utinam sic sint qui mihi male volunt! 655

DO. au obsecro, mea Pythias, quod istuc nam monstrum fuit?

PH. insanis: qui istuc facere eunuchu' potuit? **PY.** ego illum nescio qui fuerit; hoc quod fecit, res ipsa indicat.

virgo ipsa lacrumat neque, quom rogites, quid sit audet dicere.

ille autem bonu' vir nusquam apparet. etiam hoc misera suspicor, 660 aliquid domo abeuntem abstulisse. **PH.** nequeo mirari satis

quo ille abire ignavo' possit longius, nisi si domum

forte ad nos rediit. **PY.** vise amabo num sit. **PH.** iam faxo scies. —

DO. perii, obsecro! tam infandum facinu', mea tu, ne audivi quidem.

PY. at pol ego amatores audieram mulierum esse <eo>s maxumos,

665

sed nil potesse; verum miserae non in mentem venerat;

nam illum aliquo conclusissem neque illi commisissem virginem.

Phaedria Dorvs Pythias Dorias

IV.iv

PH. Exi foras, sceleste. at etiam restitas,
fugitive? prodi, male conciliate. **DO(RVS).** obsecro. **PH.** oh
illud vide, os ut sibi distorsit carnufex! 670

quid huc tibi reditios? quid vestis mutatio?
quid narras? paullum si cessassem, Pythias,
domi non offendissem, ita iam ornatat fugam.

PY. haben hominem, amabo? **PH.** quidni habeam? **PY.** o factum
bene.

DOR(IAS). istuc pol vero bene. **PY.** ubist? **PH.** rogitas? non vides?
675

PY. videam? obsecro quem? **PH.** hunc scilicet. **PY.** quis hic est
homo?

PH. qui ad vos deductus hodiest. **PY.** hunc oculis suis
nostrarum numquam quisquam vidit, Phaedria.

PH. non vidit? **PY.** an tu hunc credidisti esse, obsecro,
ad nos deductum? **PH.** namque alium habui neminem. **PY.** au 680
ne comparandus hi(c)quidem ad illumst: ille erat
honestae facie et liberali. **PH.** ita visus est
dudum, quia varia veste exornatus fuit.
nunc tibi videtur foedu', quia illam non habet.

PY. tace obsecro: quasi vero paullum intersiet. 685
ad nos deductus hodiest adulescentulus,
quem tu videre vero velles, Phaedria.
hic est vietu' vetu' veterinosus senex,
colore mustelino. **PH.** hem quae haec est fabula?

<eo> rediges me ut quid egerim egomet nesciam? 690
eho tu, emin ego te? **DO.** emisti. **PY.** iube mi denuo
respondeat. **PH.** roga. **PY.** venisti hodie ad nos? negat.
at ille alter venit annos natu' sedecim,

quem secum adduxit Parmeno. **PH.** agetum hoc mi expedi
primum: istam quam habes unde habes vestem? taces? 695
monstrum homini', non dicturu's? **DO.** venit Chaerea.

PH. fraterne? **DO.** ita. **PH.** quando? **DO.** hodie. **PH.** quam dudum?
DO. modo.

PH. quicum? **DO.** cum Parmenone. **PH.** norasne <eu>m prius?

DO. non. [nec quis esset umquam audieram dicier.]

PH. unde igitur fratrem m<eu>m esse scibas? **DO.** Parmeno 700
dicebat <eu>m esse. is dedit mi hanc. **PH.** occidi.

DO. m<ea>m ipse induit: post una ambo abierunt foras.

PY. iam sati' credi' sobriam esse me et nil mentitam tibi?

iam sati' certumst virginem vitiatam esse? **PH.** age nunc, belua,
credis huic quod dicat? **PY.** quid isti credam? res ipsa indicat. 705

PH. concede istuc paullulum: audin? etiam [nunc] paullulum: sat est.
dic dum hoc rursum: Chaerea t<ua>m vestem detraxit tibi?

DO. factum. **PH.** et east indutu'? **DO.** factum. **PH.** et pro te huc
deductust?

DO. ita.

PH. Iuppiter magne, o scelestum atque audacem hominem! **PY.** vae
mihi:

etiam [nunc] non credes indignis nos esse inrisas modis? 710

PH. mirum ni tu credas quod iste dicat. quid agam nescio.

heus negato rursum. possumne ego hodie ex te exsculpere
verum? vidistine fratrem Chaeream? **DO.** non. **PH.** non potest
sine malo fateri, video: sequere hac. modo ait modo negat.

ora me. **DO.** obsecro te vero, Phaedria. **PH.** i intro nunciam. 715

DO. oiei. **PH.** alio pacto honeste quomodo hinc abeam nescio.
actumst, siquidem tu me hic etiam, nebulo, ludificabere. —

PY. Parmenoni' tam scio esse hanc tech<i>nam quam me vivere.

DOR. sic est. **PY.** inveniam pol hodie parem ubi referam gratiam.
sed nunc quid faciundum censes, Dorias? **DOR.** de istac rogas 720
virgine? **PY.** ita, utrum taceam an praedicemne? **DOR.** tu pol, si
sapis,

quod scis nescis neque de eunucho neque de vitio virginis.

hac re et te omni turba evolves et illi gratum feceris.

id modo dic, abisse Dorum. **PY.** ita faciam. **DOR.** sed videon
Chremen?

Thai' iam aderit. **PY.** quid ita? **DOR.** quia, quom inde abeo, iam tum
occeperat 725

turba inter eos. **PY.** tu aufer aurum hoc. ego scibo ex hoc quid siet.

Chremes Pythias

IV.v

CH. Attat data hercle verba mihi sunt: vicit vinum quod bibi.
at dum accubabam quam videbar mi esse pulchre sobrius!
postquam surrexi neque pes neque mens sati' suum officium facit.

PY. Chreme. **CH.** quis est? ehem Pythias: vah quanto nunc
formosior 730

videre mihi quam dudum! **PY.** certe tuquidem pol multo hilarior.

CH. verbum hercle hoc verum erit "sine Cerere et Libero friget
Venus".

sed Thai' multo ante venit? **PY.** anne abiit iam a milite?

CH. iamdudum, aetatem. lites factae sunt inter eos maxumae.

PY. nil dixit tu ut sequerere sese? **CH.** nil, nisi abiens mi innuit. 735

PY. eho nonne id sat erat? **CH.** at nescibam id dicere illam, nisi quia
correxerit miles, quod intellexi minu'; nam me extrusit foras.

sed eccam ipsam: miror ubi ego huic antevorterim.

Thais Chremes Pythias

IV.vi

TH. Credo equidem illum iam adfuturum esse, ut illam [a me]
eripiat: sine veniat.

atqui si illam digito attigerit uno, oculi ilico ecfodientur. 740

usque adeo ego illi(u)s ferre possum ineptiam et magnifica verba,
verba dum sint; verum enim si ad rem conferentur, vapulabit.

CH. Thais, ego iamdudum hic adsum. **TH.** o mi Chreme, te ipsum
exspectabam.

scin tu turbam hanc propter te esse factam? et adeo ad te attinere
hanc

omnem rem? **CH.** ad me? quia? quasi istuc . . **TH.** quia, dum tibi
sororem studeo 745

reddere ac restituere, haec atque hui(u)smodi sum multa passa.

CH. ubi east? **TH.** domi apud me. **CH.** hem. **TH.** quid est?

educta ita uti teque illaque dignumst. **CH.** quid ais? **TH.** id quod res
est.

hanc tibi dono do neque repeto pro illa quicquam abs te preti.

CH. et habetur et referetur, Thais, ita uti merita's gratia. 750

TH. at enim cave ne priu' quam hanc a me accipias amittas, Chreme;
nam haec east quam miles a me vi nunc ereptum venit.

abi tu, cistellam, Pythias, domo effer cum monumentis.

CH. viden tu illum, Thais, . . **PY.** ubi sitast? **TH.** inISCO: odiosa cessas.

CH. militem secum ad te quantas copias adducere? 755

attat . . **TH.** num formidulosus obsecro es, mi homo? **CH.** apage sis: egon formidulosus? nemost hominum qui vivat minus.

TH. atqui ita opust. **CH.** ah metuo qualem tu me esse hominem existumes.

TH. immo hoc cogitato: quicum res tibist peregrinus est, minu' potens quam tu, minu' notu', minus amicorum hic habens. 760

CH. scio istuc. sed tu quod cavere possis stultum admittere est.

malo ego nos prospicere quam hunc ulcisci accepta iniuria.

tu abi atque obsera ostium intu', dum ego hinc transcurro ad forum:

volo ego adesse hic advocatos nobis in turba hac. **TH.** mane.

CH. meliust. **TH.** mane. **CH.** omitte: iam adero. **TH.** nil opus est istis, Chreme. 765

hoc modo dic, sororem illam t<ua>m esse et te parvam virginem amisisse, nunc cognosse. signa ostende. **PY.** adsunt. **TH.** cape.

si vim faciet, in ius ducito hominem: intellextin? **CH.** probe.

TH. fac animo haec praesenti dicas. **CH.** faciam. **TH.** attolle pallium.

perii, huic ipsist opu' patrono, quem defensorem paro. 770

Thraso Gnatho Sanga Chremes Thais

IV.vii

THR. Hancin ego ut contumeliam tam insignem in me accipiam, Gnatho?

mori me satiust. Simalio, Donax, Syrisce, sequimini.

primum aedis expugnabo. **GN.** recte. **THR.** virginem eripiam. **GN.** probe.

THR. male mulcabo ipsam. **GN.** pulchre. **THR.** in medium huc agmen cum

vecti, Donax;

tu, Simalio, in sinistrum cornum; tu, Syrisce, in dexterum. 775

cedo alios: ubi centuriost Sanga et manipulus furum? **SA.** eccum adest.

THR. quid ignave? peniculon pugnare, qui istum huc portes, cogitas?

SA. egon? imperatoris virtutem noveram et vim militum; sine sanguine hoc non posse fieri: qui abstergerem volnera?

THR. ubi alii? **GN.** qui malum “alii”? solu’ Sannio servat domi. 780

THR. tu hosce instrue; ego hic ero post principia: inde omnibus signum dabo.

GN. illuc est sapere: ut hosce instruxit, ipsu’ sibi cavit loco.

THR. idem hoc iam Pyrru’ factitavit. **CH.** viden tu, Thais, quam hic rem agit?

nimirum consilium illud rectumst de occludendis aedibus.

TH. sane quod tibi nunc vir videatur esse hic, nebulo magnus est: 785
ne metuas. **THR.** quid videtur? **GN.** fundam tibi nunc nimi’ vellem dari,

ut tu illos procul hinc ex occulto caederes: facerent fugam.

THR. sed eccam Thaidem ipsam video. **GN.** quam mox inruimus?

THR. mane:

omnia prius experiri quam armis sapientem decet.

qui scis an quae iubeam sine vi faciat? **GN.** di vostram fidem, 790
quantist sapere! numquam accedo quin abs te abeam doctior.

THR. Thai’, primum hoc mihi responde: quom tibi do istam virginem,

dixtin hos dies mihi soli dare te? **TH.** quid tum postea?

THR. rogitas? quae mi ante oculos coram amatorem adduxti tuom . .

TH. quid cum illoc agas? **THR.** et cum eo clam te subduxti mihi?

795

TH. lubuit. **THR.** Pamphilam ergo huc redde, nisi vi mavis eripi.

CH. tibi illam reddat aut tu eam tangas, omnium . . ? **GN.** ah quid agis? tace.

THR. quid tu tibi vis? ego non tangam meam? **CH.** tuam autem, furcifer?

GN. cave sis: nescis quoi maledicas nunc viro. **CH.** non tu hinc abis?
scin tu ut tibi res se habeat? si quicquam hodie hic turbae coeperis,

800

faciam ut hui(u)s loci di<ei>que meique semper memineris.

GN. miseret t<ui> me qui hunc tantum hominem facias inimicum tibi.

CH. diminuam ego caput tuum hodie, nisi abis. **GN.** <ai>n vero, canis?

sicin agis? **THR.** quis tu homo es? quid tibi vis? quid cum illa r<ei> tibist?

CH. scibi': principio <ea>m esse dico liberam. **THR.** hem. **CH.** 805
civem Atticam. **THR.** hui.

CH. m<ea>m sororem. **THR.** os durum. **CH.** miles, nunc adeo edico tibi

ne vim facias ullam in illam. Thais, ego eo ad Sophronam nutricem, ut eam adducam et signa ostendam haec. **THR.** tun me prohibeas

meam ne tangam? **CH.** prohibebo inquam. **GN.** audin tu? hic furti se adligat:

sat[is] hoc tibist. **THR.** idem hoc tu [ais], Thai'? **TH.** quaere qui respondeat. — 810

THR. quid nunc agimu'? **GN.** quin redeamu': iam haec tibi aderit supplicans

ultro. **THR.** credin? **GN.** immo certe: novi ingenium mulierum: nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro. **THR.** bene putas.

GN. iam dimitto exercitum? **THR.** ubi vis. **GN.** Sanga, ita ut fortis decet

milites, domi focique fac vicissim ut memineris. 815

SA. iamdudum animus est in patinis. **GN.** frugi es. **THR.** vos me hac sequimini.

ACTVS V

Thais Pythias

V.i

TH. Pergin, scelestā, mecum perplexe loqui?

“scio nescio abiit audiui, ego non adfui.”

non tu istuc mihi dictura aperte es quidquid est?

virgo conscissa veste lacrumans opticet; 820

eunuchus abiit: quam ob rem? [aut] quid factumst? taces?

PY. quid tibi ego dicam misera? illum eunuchum negant

fuisse. **TH.** quis fuit igitur? **PY.** iste Chaerea.

TH. qui Chaerea? **PY.** iste ephebu' frater Phaedriae.

TH. quid ais, venefica? **PY.** atqui certe comperi. 825

TH. quid is obsecro ad nos? quam ob rem adductust? **PY.** nescio;

nisi amasse credo Pamphilam. **TH.** hem misera occidi,

infelix, siquidem tu istaec vera praedicās.

num id lacrumat virgo? **PY.** id opinor. **TH.** quid ais, sacrilega?

istucine interminata sum hinc abiens tibi? 830

PY. quid facerem? ita ut tu iusti, soli creditast.

TH. scelestā, ovem lupo commisisti. dispudet

sic mihi data esse verba. quid illuc hominis est?

PY. era mea, tace tace obsecro, salvae sumus:

habemus hominem ipsum. **TH.** ubi is est? **PY.** em ad sinist<e>ram.

835

viden? **TH.** video. **PY.** comprehendi iube, quantum potest.

TH. quid illo faciemus, stulta? **PY.** quid facias, rogas?

vide amabo, si non, quom aspicias, os inpudens

videtur! non est? tum quae ei(u)s confidentiast!

Chaerea Thais Pythias

V.ii

CH. Apud Antiphonem uterque, mater et pater, 840

quasi dedita opera domi erant, ut nullo modo

intro ire possem quin viderent me. interim

dum ante ostium sto, notu' mihi quidam obviam
venit. ubi vidi, ego me in pedes quantum queo
in angiportum quoddam desertum, inde item 845
in aliud, inde in aliud: ita miserrimus
fui fugitando nequi' me cognosceret.

sed estne haec Thai' quam video? ipsast. haereo
quid faciam. quid mea autem? quid faciet mihi?

TH. adeamu'. bone vir Dore, salve: dic mihi, 850
aufugistin? **CH.** era, factum. **TH.** satine id tibi placet?

CH. non. **TH.** credin te inpune habiturum? **CH.** unam hanc noxiam
amitte: si aliam admisero umquam, occidito.

TH. num m<ea>m saevitiam veritus es? **CH.** non. **TH.** quid igitur?

CH. hanc metui ne me criminaretur tibi. 855

TH. quid feceras? **CH.** paullum quiddam. **PY.** eho "paullum",
inpudens?

an paullum hoc esse tibi videtur, virginem
vitiare civem? **CH.** conservam esse credidi.

PY. conservam! vix me contineo quin involem in
capillum, monstrum: etiam ultro derisum advenit. 860

TH. abin hinc, insana? **PY.** quid ita? vero debeam,
credo, isti quicquam furcifero si id fecerim;
praesertim quom se servom fateatur tuom.

TH. missa haec faciamu'. non te dignum, Chaerea,
fecisti; nam si ego digna hac contumelia 865

sum maxume, at tu indignu' qui faceres tamen.

neque edepol quid nunc consili capiam scio
de virgine istac: ita conturbasti mihi

rationes omnis, ut eam non possim suis

ita ut aequom fuerat atque ut studui tradere, 870

ut solidum parerem hoc mi beneficium, Chaerea.

CH. at nunc de(h)inc spero aeternam inter nos gratiam
fore, Thai'. saepe ex hui(u)smodi re quapiam et
malo principio magna familiaritas

conflatast. quid si hoc quispiam voluit deus? 875

TH. equidem pol in eam partem accipioque et volo.

CH. immo ita quaeso. unum hoc scito, contumeliae
me non fecisse causa, sed amoris. **TH.** scio,

et pol propterea mage nunc ignosco tibi.
non adeo inhumano ingenio sum, Chaerea, 880
neque ita inperita ut quid amor valeat nesciam.
CH. te quoque iam, Thais, ita me di bene ament, amo.
PY. tum pol tibi ab istoc, era, cavendum intellego.
CH. non ausim. **PY.** nil tibi quicquam credo. **TH.** desinas.
CH. nunc ego te in hac re mi oro ut adiutrix sies, 885
ego me tuae commendo et committo fide[i],
te mihi patronam capio, Thai', te obsecro:
emoriari si non hanc uxorem duxero.
TH. tamen si pater . . ? **CH.** quid? ah volet, certo scio,
civis modo haec sit. **TH.** paullulum opperirier 890
si vis, iam frater ipse hic aderit virginis;
nutricem accersitum iit quae illam aluit parvolam:
in cognoscendo tute ipse aderi', Chaerea.
CH. ego vero maneo. **TH.** vin interea, dum venit,
domi opperiamur potiu' quam hic ante ostium? 895
CH. immo percupio. **PY.** quam tu rem actura obsecro es?
TH. nam quid ita? **PY.** rogitas? hunc tu in aedis cogitas
recipere posthac? **TH.** quor non? **PY.** crede hoc m<eae> fide[i],
dabit hic pugnam aliquam denuo. **TH.** au tace obsecro.
PY. parum perspexisse ei(u)s videre audaciam. 900
CH. non faciam, Pythias. **PY.** non credo, Chaerea,
nisi si commissum non erit. **CH.** quin, Pythias,
tu me servato. **PY.** neque pol servandum tibi
quicquam dare ausim neque te servare: apage te.
TH. adest optume ipse frater. **CH.** perii hercle: obsecro 905
abeamus intro, Thais: nolo me in via
cum hac veste videat. **TH.** quam ob rem tandem? an quia pudet?
CH. id ipsum. **PY.** id ipsum? virgo vero! **TH.** i prae, sequor.
tu istic mane ut Chremem intro ducas, Pythias.

Pythias Chremes Sophrona

V.iii

PY. Quid, quid venire in mentem nunc possit mihi, 910
quidnam qui referam sacrilego illi gratiam

qui hunc suppos<i>vit nobis? **CH.** move vero ocus
te nutrix. **SO.** moveo. **CH.** video, sed nil promotes.
PY. iamne ostendisti signa nutrici? **CH.** omnia.
PY. amabo, quid ait? cognoscitne? **CH.** ac memoriter. 915
PY. probe edepol narras; nam illi faveo virgini.
ite intro: iamdudum era vos exspectat domi. —
virum bonum eccum Parmenonem incedere
video: vide ut otiosus it! si dis placet,
spero me habere qui hunc meo excruciem modo. 920
ibo intro de cognitione ut certum sciam:
post exhibo atque hunc perterrebo sacrilegum.

Parmeno Pythias

V.iv

PA. Reviso quidnam Chaerea hic rerum gerat.
quod si astu rem tractavit, di vostram fidem,
quantam et quam veram laudem capiet Parmeno! 925
nam ut mittam quod ei amorem difficillimum et
carissimum, a meretrice avara virginem
quam amabat, eam confeci sine molestia
sine sumptu et sine dispendio: tum hoc alterum,
id verost quod ego mi puto palmarium, 930
me repperisse quo modo adolescentulus
meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere
mature, ut quom cognorit perpetuo oderit.
quae dum foris sunt nil videtur mundius,
nec mage compositum quicquam nec magis elegans 935
quae cum amatore quom cenant ligurriunt.
harum videre inluviam sordes inopiam,
quam inhonestae solae sint domi atque avidae cibi,
quo pacto ex iure hesterno panem atrum vorent,
nosse omnia haec salus est adolescentulis. 940
PY. ego pol te pro istis dictis et factis, scelus,
ulciscar, ut ne inpune in nos inluseris.
pro deum fidem, facinu' foedum! o infelicem adolescentulum!
o scelestum Parmenonem, qui istum huc adduxit! **PA.** quid est?

PY. miseret me: itaque ut ne viderem, misera huc ecfugi foras. 945
quae futura exempla dicunt in illum indigna! **PA.** o Iuppiter,
quae illaec turbast? numnam ego perii? adibo. quid istuc, Pythias?
quid ais? in quem exempla fient? **PY.** rogitas, audacissime?
perdidisti istum quem adduxti pro eunucho adulescentulum,
dum studes dare verba nobis. **PA.** quid ita? aut quid factumst? cedo.
950

PY. dicam: virginem istam, Thaidi hodie quae dono datast,
scis eam hinc civem esse? et fratrem ei(u)s [esse] adprime nobilem?

PA. nescio. **PY.** atqui sic inventast: eam istic vitiavit miser.
ille ubi id rescivit factum frater violentissimus

PA. quidnam fecit? **PY.** conligavit primum eum miseris modis. 955

PA. hem 955a

conligavit? **PY.** atque quidem orante ut ne id faceret Thaide.

PA. quid ais? **PY.** nunc minatur porro sese id quod moechis solet:
quod ego numquam vidi fieri neque velim. **PA.** qua audacia
tantum facinus audet? **PY.** quid ita “tantum”? **PA.** an non tibi hoc
maximumst?

quis homo pro moecheo umquam vidit in domo meretricia 960

prendi quemquam? **PY.** nescio. **PA.** at ne hoc nesciatis, Pythias:

dico edico vobis nostrum esse illum erilem filium. **PY.** hem

obsecro, an is est? **PA.** nequam in illum Thai’ vim fieri sinat!

atque adeo autem quor non egomet intro eo? **PY.** vide, Parmeno,

quid agas, ne neque illi prosis et tu pereas; nam hoc putant 965

quidquid factumst ex te esse ortum. **PA.** quid igitur faciam miser?

quidve incipiam? ecce autem video rure redeuntem senem.

dicam huic an non? ei dicam hercle; etsi mihi magnum malum

scio paratum; sed necessest huic ut subveniat. **PY.** sapis.

ego abeo intro: tu isti narra omne[m] ordine[m] ut factum siet. 970

Senex Parmeno

V.v

SE. Ex m<eo> propinquo rure hoc capio commodi:

neque agri neque urbis odium me umquam percipit.

ubi satias coepit fieri commuto locum.

sed estne ille noster Parmeno? et certe ipsus est.

quem praestolare, Parmeno, hic ante ostium? 975

PA. quis homost? ehem salvom te advenire, ere, gaudeo.

SE. quem praestolare? **PA.** perii: lingua haeret metu. **SE.** hem quid est? quid trepidas? satine salve? dic mihi.

PA. ere, primum te arbitrari [id] quod res est velim: quidquid huius factumst, culpa non factumst mea. 980

SE. quid? **PA.** recte sane interrogasti: oportuit rem praenarrasse me. emit quendam Phaedria eunuchum quem dono huic daret. **SE.** quoi? **PA.** Thaidi.

SE. emit? perii hercle. quanti? **PA.** viginti minis.

SE. actumst. **PA.** tum quandam fidicinam amat hic Chaerea. 985

SE. hem quid? amat? an scit ill' iam quid meretrix siet? an in astu venit? aliud ex alio malum!

PA. ere, ne me spectes: me impulsore haec non facit.

SE. omitte de te dicere. ego te, furcifer, si vivo . . ! sed istuc quidquid est primum expedi. 990

PA. is pro illo eunucho ad Thaidem hanc deductus est.

SE. pro eunuchon? **PA.** sic est. hunc pro moechno postea comprehendere intus et constrinxere. **SE.** occidi.

PA. audaciam meretricum spectas. **SE.** numquid est aliud mali damnive quod non dixeris 995

relicuom? **PA.** tantumst. **SE.** cesso huc intro rumpere? —

PA. non dubiumst quin mi magnum ex hac re sit malum; nisi, quia necessu' fuit hoc facere, id gaudeo propter me hisce aliquid esse eventurum mali.

nam iamdiu aliquam causam quaerebat senex 1000

quam ob rem insigne aliquid faceret is: nunc repperit.

Pythias Parmeno

V.vi

PY. Numquam edepol quicquam iamdiu quod mage vellem evenire mi evenit quam quod modo senex intro ad nos venit errans. mihi solae ridiculo fuit quae quid timeret scibam.

PA. quid hoc autemst? **PY.** nunc id prodeo ut conveniam Parmenonem. 1005

sed ubi obsecro est? **PA.** me quaerit haec. **PY.** atque eccum video:

adibo.

PA. quid est, inepta? quid tibi vis? quid rides? pergin? **PY.** perii: defessa iam sum misera te ridendo. **PA.** quid ita? **PY.** rogitas? numquam pol hominem stultioremi vidi nec videbo. ah non possum sati' narrare quos ludos praebueris intus 1010
[de sene quem fecisti ingredi pulsantem ut<i>i</i> senes solent]. 1010a
at etiam primo callidum et disertum credidi hominem.
quid? ilicone credere ea quae dixi oportuit te?
an paenitebat flagiti, te auctore quod fecisset
adulescens, ni miserum insuper etiam patri indicares?
nam quid illi credis animi tum fuisse, ubi vestem vidit 1015
illam esse eum indutum pater? quid est? iam scis te perisse?
PA. ehem quid dixti, pessuma? an mentita es? etiam rides?
itan lepidum tibi visumst, scelus, nos inridere? **PY.** nimium.
PA. siquidem istuc inpune habueris . . ! **PY.** verum? **PA.** reddam
hercle. **PY.** credo:
sed in diem istuc, Parmeno, est fortasse quod minare. 1020
tu iam pendebi' qui stultum adulescentulum nobilitas
flagitiis et eundem indicas: uterque in te exempla edent.
PA. nullus sum. **PY.** hic pro illo munere tibi honos est habitus: abeo.
PA. egomet meo indicio miser quasi sores hodie perii.

Gnatho Thraso Parmeno

V.vii

GN. Quid nunc? qua spe aut quo consilio huc imu'? quid coeptas, Thraso? 1025
TH. egone? ut Thaidi me dedam et faciam quod iubeat. **GN.** quid est?
TH. qui minu' quam Hercules servivit Omphalae? **GN.** exemplum placet.
(utinam tibi conmitigari videam sandalio caput!)
sed fores crepuerunt ab ea. **TH.** perii: quid hoc autemst mali?
hunc ego numquam videram etiam: quidnam hic properans prosilit?
1030

Chaerea Parmeno Gnatho Thraso V.viii

CH. O populares, ecqui' me hodie vivit fortunatior?
nemo hercle quisquam; nam in me plane di potestatem suam
omnem ostendere quoi tam subito tot congruerint commoda.

PA. quid hic laetus est? **CH.** o Parmeno mi, o m<ea>rum voluptatum
omnium

inventor inceptor perfector, scis me in quibu' sim gaudiis? 1035
scis Pamphilam m<ea>m inventam civem? **PA.** audivi. **CH.** scis
sponsam mihi?

PA. bene, ita me di ament, factum. **GN.** audin tu, hic quid ait? **CH.**
tum

autem Phaedriae

m<eo> fratri gaudeo esse amorem omnem in tranquillo: unast
domus;

Thais patri se commendavit, in clientelam et fidem
nobis dedit se. **PA.** fratris igitur Thai' totast? **CH.** scilicet. 1040

PA. iam hoc aliud est quod gaudeamu': miles pelletur foras.

CH. tu frater ubi ubi est fac quam primum haec audiat. **PA.** visam
domum. —

TH. numquid, Gnatho, tu dubitas quin ego nunc perpetuo perierim?

GN. sine dubio opinor. **CH.** quid commemorem primum aut laudem
maxume?

illumne qui mihi dedit consilium ut facerem, an me qui id ausu' sim
1045

incipere, an fortunam conlaudem quae gubernatrix fuit,
quae tot res tantas tam opportune in unum conclusit diem,
an m<ei> patris festivitatem et facilitatem? o Iuppiter,
serva obsecro haec bona nobis!

Phaedria Chaerea Thraso Gnatho

V.ix

PH. Di vostram fidem, incredibilia

Parmeno modo quae narravit. sed ubist frater? **CH.** praesto adest.

1050

PH. gaudeo. **CH.** sati' credo. nil est Thaide hac, frater, tua
digniu' quod ametur: ita nostrae omnist fautrix familiae. **PH.** hui
mihi illam laudas? **TH.** perii, quanto minu' sp<ei> 'st tanto magis

amo.

obsecro, Gnatho, in te spes est. **GN.** quid vis faciam? **TH.** perfice hoc

precibu' pretio ut haeream in parte aliqua tandem apud Thaidem. 1055

GN. difficilest. **TH.** siquid conlubitum, novi te. hoc si feceris, quodvis donum praemium a me optato: id optatum auferes.

GN. itane? **TH.** sic erit. **GN.** si efficio hoc, postulo ut mihi tua domus te praesente absente pateat, invocato ut sit locus

semper. **TH.** do fidem futurum. **GN.** adcingar. **PH.** quem ego hic audio? 1060

o Thraso. **TH.** salvete. **PH.** tu fortasse quae facta hic sient nescis. **TH.** scio. **PH.** quor te ergo in his ego conspicio regionibus?

TH. vobis fretu'. **PH.** scin quam fretu'? miles, edico tibi, si te in platea offendero hac post umquam, quod dicas mihi "alium quaerebam, iter hac habui": periisti. **GN.** heia haud sic decet.

1065

PH. dictumst. **TH.** non cognosco vestrum tam superbum . . **PH.** sic ago.

GN. prius audite paucis: quod quom dixero, si placuerit, facitote. **CH.** audiamu'. **GN.** tu concede paullum istuc, Thraso.

principio ego vos ambos credere hoc mihi vehementer velim,

me huius quidquid facio id facere maxime causa mea; 1070

verum si idem vobis prodest, vos non facere inscitiast.

PH. quid id est? **GN.** militem rivalem ego recipiundum censeo. **PH.** hem

recipiundum? **GN.** cogita modo: tu hercle cum illa, Phaedria, ut lubenter vivis (etenim bene lubenter victitas),

quod des paullumst et necessest multum accipere Thaidem. 1075

ut tuo amoris suppeditare possit sine sumptu tuo ad

omnia haec, magis opportunu' nec magis ex usu tuo

nemost. principio et habet quod det et dat nemo largius.

fatuos est, insulsu' tardu', stertit noctes et dies:

neque istum metuas ne amet mulier: facile pellas ubi velis. 1080

CH. quid agimus? **GN.** praeterea hoc etiam, quod ego vel primum puto,

accipit homo nemo melius prorsu' neque prolixius.

CH. mirum ni illoc homine quoquo pacto opust. **PH.** idem ego

arbitror.

GN. recte facitis. unum etiam hoc vos oro, ut me in vostrum gregem recipiati': sati' diu hoc iam saxum vorso. **PH.** recipimus. 1085

CH. ac lubenter. **GN.** at ego pro istoc, Phaedria et tu Chaerea, hunc comedendum vobis propino et deridendum. **CH.** placet.

PH. dignus est. **GN.** Thraso, ubi vis accede. **TH.** obsecro te, quid agimus?

GN. quid? isti te ignorabant: postquam is mores ostendi tuos et conlaudavi secundum facta et virtutes tuas, 1090

impetravi. **TH.** bene fecisti: gratiam habeo maxumam.

numquam etiam fui usquam quin me omnes amarent plurimum.

GN. dixin ego in hoc esse vobis Atticam elegantiam?

PH. nil praeter promissum est. ite hac. **CANTOR.** vos valete et plaudite!

ADELPHOE



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C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS PERIOCHA

Duos cum haberet Demea adolescentulos,
dat Micioni fratri adoptandum Aeschinum,
sed Ctesiphonem retinet. hunc citharistriae
lepore captum sub duro ac tristi patre
frater celabat Aeschinus; famam rei,
amorem in sese transferebat; denique
fidicinam lenoni eripit. uitiauerat
idem Aeschinus ciuem Atticam pauperculam
fidemque dederat hanc sibi uxorem fore.
Demea iurgare, grauiter ferre; mox tamen,
ut ueritas patefacta est, ducit Aeschinus
uitiatam, potitur Ctesipho citharistriam.

PERSONAE

MICIO SENEX
DEMEA SENEX
SANNIO LENO
AESCHINVS ADVLESCENS
BACCHIS MERETRIX
PARMENO SERVOS
SYRVS SERVOS
CTESIPHO ADVLESCENS
SOSTRATA MATRONA
CANTHARA ANVS
GETA SERVOS
HEGIO SENEX
PAMPHILA VIRGO
DROMO PVER.

PROLOGVS

Postquam poeta sensit scripturam suam
ab iniquis obseruari et aduersarios

rapere in peiorem partem quam acturi sumus,

* * * * *

indicio de se ipse erit, uos eritis iudices,

laudin an uitio duci id factum oporteat.

Synapthnescontes Diphili comoedias:

eam Commorientes Plautus fecit fabulam.

in Graeca adulescens est, qui lenoni ieripit

meretricem in prima tabula: eum Plautus locum

reliquit integrum. eum nunc hic sumpsit sibi

in Adelphos, uerbum de uerbo expressum extulit.

eam nos acturi sumus nouam: pernoscite

furtumne factum existumetis an locum

reprehensum, qui praeteritus neclegentiast.

nam quod isti dicunt maliuoli, homines nobilis

hunc adiutare adsidueque una scribere:

quod illi maledictum uehemens esse existumant,

eam laudem hic ducit maxumam, quom illis placet,

qui uobis uniuersis et populo placent,

quorum opera in bello, in otio, in negotio

suo quisque tempore usust sine superbia.

dehinc ne exspectetis argumentum fabulae:

senes qui primi uenient, ei partem aperient,

in agendo partem ostendent. facite aequanimitas

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poetae ad scribendum augeat industriam.

ADELPHOE

MICIO

SENEX

Storax! non rediit hac nocte a cena Aeschinus
neque seruolorum quisquam, qui aduersum ierant.
profecto hoc uere dicunt: si absis uspiam
atque ibi si cesses, euenire ea satius est,
quae in te uxor dicit et quae in animo cogitat
irata, quam illa quae parentes propitii.
uxor, si cesses, aut te amare cogitat
aut helluari aut potare atque animo obsequi
et tibi bene esse, soli sibi quom sit male.
ego quia non rediit filius quae cogito!
quibus nunc sollicitor rebus! ne aut ille alserit
aut uspiam ceciderit ac praefregerit
aliquid. uah, quemquamne hominem in animum stituere
parare quod sit carius quam ipse est sibi!
atque ex me hic natus non est, sed fratre ex meo.
dissimili is studiost iam inde ab adulescentia.
ego hanc clementem uitam urbanam atque otium
secutus sum et, quod fortunatum isti putant,
uxorem numquam habui. ille contra haec omnia:
ruri agere uitam, semper parce ac duriter
se habere, uxorem duxit, nati filii
duo: inde ego hunc maiorem adoptaui mihi:
eduxi a paruolo, habui, amaui pro meo;
in eo me oblecto: solum id est carum mihi.

ille lit item contra me habeat facio sedulo:
do, praetermitto, non necesse habeo omnia
pro meo iure agere: postremo, alii clanculum
patres quae faciunt, quae fert adulescentia,
ea ne me celet consuefecit filium.
nam qui mentiri aut fallere insuerit patrem

hau dubie tanto magis audebit ceteros.
pudore et liberalitate liberos
retinere satius esse credo quam metu.
haec fratri mecum non conueniunt neque placent
uenit ad me saepe clamans quid agis, Micio?
quor perdis adolescentem nobis? quor amat?
quor potat? quor tu his rebus sumptum suggeris
uestitu nimio indulges? nimium ineptus es.
nimium ipsest durus praeter aequomque et bonum,
o et errat longe mea quidem sententia,
qui imperium credat grauius esse aut stabilius
ui quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adiungitur.
mea sic est ratio et sic animum induco meum
malo coactus qui suom officium facit,
dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper cauet:
si sperat fore clam, rursum ad ingenium redit.
ille quem beneficio adiungas ex animo facit,
studet par referre, praesens absensque idem erit.
hoc patriumst, potius consuefacere filium
sua sponte recte facere quam alieno metu:
hoc pater ac dominus interest. hoc qui nequit,
fateatur nescire imperare liberis.
sed estne hic ipse, de quo agebam? et certe is
nescio quid tristem uideo: credo iam, ut solet
iurgabit. saluom te aduenire, Demea,
gaudemus.

DEMEA MICIO
SENES DUO

DE. Ehem opportune: te ipsum quaerito.
MI. Quid tristis es? DE. Rogas me, ubi nobis Aeschinus
sic est, quid tristis ego sim? MI. Dixin hoc fore?
quid is fecit? DE. Quid ille fecerit? quem neque pudet
quicquam nec metuit quemquam neque legem putat
tenere se ullam. nam illa quae antehac facta sunt
omitto: modo quid dissignauit! MI. Quidnam id est?

DE. Fores ecfregit atque in aedis inruit
alienas: ipsum dominum atque omnem familiam
mulcauit usque ad mortem: eripuit mulierem
quam amabat. clamant omnes indignissime
factum esse. hoc aduenienti quot mihi, Micio,
dixere! in orest omni populo. denique,
si conferendum exemplumst, non fratrem re;
uidet operam dare, ruri esse parcum ac sobrium?
nullum huius simile factum. haec quom illi, Micio,
dico, tibi dico: tu illum corrumpi sinis.

MI. Homine inperito numquam quicquam iniustiust,
qui nisi quod ipse fecit nil rectum putat.

DE. Quorsum istuc? MI. Quia tu, Demea, haec male iudicas.
non est flagitium, mihi crede, adulescentulum
scortari, neque potare: non est: neque fores
ecfringere. haec si ne,que ego neque tu fecimus,
non siit egestas facere nos: tu nunc tibi
id laudi ducis, quod tunc fecisti inopia.
iniuriumst: nam si esset unde id fieret,
faceremus. et tu illum tuom, si esses homo
sineres nunc facere, dum per aetatem licet,

potius quam, ubi te exspectatum eiecisset foras,
alieniore aetate post faceret tamen.

DE. Pro Iuppiter! tu, homo, adigis me ad insaniam.
non est flagitium facere haec adulescentulum? MI. Ah,
ausculta, ne me optundas de hac re saepius.
tuom filium dedisti adoptandum mihi:
is meus est factus: siquid peccat, Demea,
mihi peccat: ego illi maxumam partem fero.
scortatur, potat, olet unguenta? de meo;
fores ecfregit? restituentur; discidit
uestem? resarcietur. est dis gratia,
et est unde haec fiant, et adhuc non molesta sunt.
postremo aut desine aut cedo quemuis arbitrum:
te plura. in hac re peccare ostendam. DE. Ei mihi!
pater esse disce ab illis qui uere sciunt.

MI. Natura tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.
DE. Tun consiliis? quicquam.. MI. Ah, si pergis, abiero.
DE. Sicine agis? MI. An ego totiens de eadem re audiam?
DE. Curaest mihi. MI. Et mihi curaest. uerum, Demea,
so curemus aequam uterque partem: tu alterum,
ego item alterum. nam curare ambos propemodum
repscere illum est quem dedisti. DE. Ah, Micio!
MI. Mihi sic uidetur. DE. Quid istic? tibi si istuc placet,
profundat perdat pereat! nihil ad me attinet.
iam si uerbum unum posthac . . MI. Rursum, Demea,
irascere? DE. An non credis? repeton quem dedi?
aegrest; alienus non sum; si obsto .. em desino.
unum uis curem? curo. et est dis gratia,
quom ita lit uolo esse est; tuos iste ipse sentiet

posterius . . nolo in illum grauius dicere. —
MI. Nec nil neque omnia haec sunt quae dicit; tamen
non nil molesta haec sunt mihi; sed ostendere
me aegre pati illi nolui. nam itast homo:
quom placo, aduorsor sedulo et deterreo,
tamen uix humane patitur; uerum si augeam
aut etiam adiutor sim eius iracundiae,
insaniam profecto cum illo. etsi Aeschinus
non nullam in hac re nobis facit iniuriam.
quam hic non amauit meretricem? aut quoi non dedit
aliquid? postremo nuper (credo iam omnium
taedebat) dixit uelle uxorem ducere.
sperabam iam deferuisse adulescentiam:
gaudebam. ecce autem de integro! nisi quidquid est
uolo scire atque hominem conuenire, si apud forumst.

SANNIO BACCHIS AESCERNVS
LENO MERETRIX ADVLESCENS

PARMENO
SERVOS

SA. Obsecro, populares, ferte misero atque innocenti auxilium:
subuenite inopi. AE. Otiose nunciam ilico hic consiste.
quid respectas? nil periclist: numquam, dum ego adero, hic te tanget.
SA. Ego istam inuitis omnibus. AE. Quamquamst scelestus, non
committet hodie umquam iterum ut uapulet.
SA. Aesehine, audi, ne te ignarum fuisse dicas meorum morum,
leno ego sum. AE. Scio. SA. At ita, ut usquam fuit fide quisquam
optuma.
tu quod te posterius purges, hanc iniuriam mihi nolle

factam esse, huius non faciam. crede hoc, ego meum ius persequar:
neque tu uerbis solues umquam, quod mihi re male feceris.
noui ego uostra haec nollem factum: ius iurandum iniuria hae
te esse indignum dabitur, quom ego indignis sim acceptus modis.
AE. Abi prae strenue ac fores aperi. SA. Ceterum hoc nihili facis?
AE. f intro nunciam tu. SA. Enim non sinam. AE. Accede illuc,
Parmeno:
nimium istoc abisti: hic propter hunc adsiste: em sic uolo.
caue nunciam oculos a meis quoquam oculis demoueas tuos,
ne mora sit, si innuerim, quin pugnus continuo in mala haereat.
SA. Istuc uolo ego me ipsum experiri. AE. Em serua: omitte
mulierem!
SA. O indignum facinus! AE Nisi caues, geminabit. SA. Ei misero
mihi!
AE. Non innueram; uerum in istam partem potius peccato tamen.
i nunciam — SA. Quid hoc rei est? regnumne, Aesehine, hic tu
possides?
AE. Si possiderem, ornatus esses ex tuis uirtutibus.
SA. Quid tibi rei mecumst? AE. Nil SA. Quid? nostin qui sim? AE.
Non desidero.
SA. Tetigin tui quicquam? AE. Si attigisses, ferres infortunium.
SA. Qui tibi meam magis licet habere, pro qua ego argentum dedi?
responde. AE. Ante aedes non fecisse erit melius hic conuitium:
nam si molestus pergis esse, iam intro abripiere atque ibi
usque ad necem operiere loris. SA. Loris liber? AE. Sic erit.
SA. O hominem inpurum! hicin libertatem aiunt esse aequam
omnibus?

AE. Si satis iam debacchatus es, leno, audi si uis nunciam.

SA. Egon autem debacchatus sum an tu? AE. Mitte ista atque ad rem redi.

SA. Quam rem? quo redeam? AE. Iamne me uis dicere id quod ad te attinet?

SA. Cupio, aequi modo aliquid. AE. Vah, leno iniqua me non uolt loqui!

SA. Leno sum, pernicies communis, fateor, adulescentium, periurus, pestis: tamen tibi a me nulla ortast iniuria.

AE. Nam hercle etiam hoc restat. SA. Illuc quaeso redi, quo coepisti, Aeschine.

AE. Minis uiginti tu illam emisti (quae res tibi uortat male):

argenti tantum dabitur. SA. Quid? si ego tibi illam nolo uendere,

coges me? AE. Minume. SA. Namque id metui. AE. Neque uendundam censeo,

quae liberast: nam ego liberali illam adsero causa manu.

nunc uide, utrum uis? argentum accipere an causam meditari tuam?

delibera hoc, dum ego redeo, leno. — SA. Pro supreme Iuppiter, minume miror qui insanire occipiunt ex iniuria.

domi me arripuit, uerberauit: me inuito abduxit meam.

ob malefacta haec tantidem emptam postulat sibi tradier.

uerum enim quando bene promeruit, fiat: suom ius postulat.

age iam cupio, si modo argentum reddat. sed ego hoc hariolor:

ubi me dixero dare tanti, testis faciet ilico,

so uendidisse me, de argento somnium: mox: cras redi.

id quoque, si modo reddat, possum ferre, quamquam iniuriumst.

uerum cogito id quod res est: quando eum quaestum occeperis, accipiunda et mussitanda iniuria adulescentiumst.

sed nemo dabit: frustra ego mecum hanc rationem deputo.

SYRVS SANNIO

SERVOS LENO

SY. Tace, egomet conueniam ipsum: cupide accipiat iam faxo ac bene

dicat secum etiam esse actum. quid istuc, Sannio, est quod te audio

nescio quid concertasse cum ero? SA. Numquam uidi iniquius certationem comparatam, quam quae hodie inter nos fuit: ego uapulando, ille uerberando, usque ambo defessimus.

SY. Tua culpa. SA. Quid facerem? SY. Adulescenti morem gestum oportuit.

SA. Qui potui melius, qui hodie usque os praebui? SY. Age, scis quid loquar?

pecuniam in loco negligere maxumum interdumst lucrum. SA. Hui!

SY: Metuisti, si nunc de tuo iure concessisses paululum, o adulescenti esses morigeratus, hominum homo stultissime, ne non tibi istuc faeneraret. SA. Ego spem pretio non emo.

SY. Numquam rem facies: abi, inescare nescis homines, Sannio.

SA. Credo istuc melius esse: uerum ego numquam adeo astutus fui, quin quidquid possem mallet auferre potius in praesentia.

SY. Noui tuom animum: quasi tanti umquam tibi sint uiginti minae dum huic obsequare. praeterea autem te a;unt proficisci Cyprum, SA. Hem!

SY. coemisse hinc quae illuc ueheres multa, nauem conductam: hoc scio,

animus tibi pendet. ubi illim ut spero redieris, tum tu hoc ages.

SA. Nusquam pedem. perii hercle: hac illi spe hoc inceperunt. SY. Timet:

inieci scrupulum homini. SA. O scelera: illud uide,

ut in ipso articulo oppressit. emptae mulieres

complures et item hinc alia quae porto Cyprum.

nisi eo ad mercatum uenio, damnum maxumumst.

nunc si hoc omitto ac tum agam ubi illinc rediero,

nihil est; refrixerit res: nunc demum uenis?

quor passus? ubi eras? ut sit satius perdere

quam hic nunc manere tam diu aut tum persequi.

SY. Iamne enumerasti id quod ad te rediturum putes?

SA. Hocine illo dignumst? hocine incipere Aeschinum, per oppressionem ut hanc mi eripere postulet!

SY. Labascit. unum hoc habeo: uide si satis placet: potius quam uenias in periculum, Sannio, seruesne an perdas totum, diuiduom face.

minas decem conradet alicunde. SA. Ei mihi,
etiam de sorte nunc uenio in dubium miser?
pudet nihil? omnis dentis labefecit mihi,
praeterea colaphis tuber est totum caput:
etiam insuper defrudet? nusquam abeo. SY. Vt lubet:
numquid uis quin abeam? SA. Immo hercle hoc quaeso, Syre
utut haec sunt facta, potius quam lites sequar
meum mihi reddatur, saltem quanti emptast. Syre,
scio te antehac non esse usum amicitia mea:
memorem me dices esse et gratum. SY. Sedulo
faciam. sed Ctesiphonem uideo: laetus est
de amica. SA. Quid quod te oro? SY. Paulisper mane.

CTESIPHO SANNIO SYRVS
ADVLESCENS LENO SERVOS

CT. Abs quiuis homine, quomst opus, beneficium accipere gaudeas:
uerum enim uero id demum iuuat, si quem aequomst facere is bene
facit.

o frater frater, quid ego nunc te laudem? satis certo scio:
numquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam, id uirtus quin superet tua.
itaque unam hanc rem me habere praeter alios praecipuam arbitror
fratrem homini nemini esse primarum artium magis principem.
SY. O Ctesipho. CT. O Syre, Aeschinus ubist? SY. Ellum, te
exspectat domi. CT. Hem.

SY. Quid est? CT. Quid sit? opera illius, Syre, nunc uiuo: festiuom
caput,
qui quom omnis res sibi post putarit esse prae meo commodo,
maledicta, famam, meum laborem et peccatum in se transtulit;
nil pote supra. sed quid foris crepuit? SY. Mane mane ipse exit foras.

AESCHINVS CTESIPEO SYRVS SANNIO
ADVLESCENTES DVO SERVOS LENO

AE. Vbi est ille sacrilegus? SA. Me quaerit. numquidnam ecfert?
occi:

nil uideo. AE. Ehem opportune: te ipsum quaero. quid fit, Ctesipho?

in tutost omnis res: omitte uero tristitiem tuam.

CT. Ego illam hercle facile omitto, quiquidem te habeam fratrem: o mi Aeschine,

o mi germane! ah uereor coram in os te laudare amplius,
ne id adsentandi magis quam quo habeam gratum facere existumes.

AE. Age inepte, quasi nunc non norimus nos inter nos, Ctesipho.
sed hoc mihi dolet, nos sero rescisse et rem paene in eum locum
redisce, ut si omnes cuperent tibi nil possent auxiliari.

o CT. Pudebat. AE. Ah, stultitias istaec, non pudor: tam ob
paruolam

rem paene e patria! turpe dictu. deos quaeso ut istaec prohibeant.

CT. Peccaui. AE. Quid ait t;andem nobis Sannio? SY. Iam mitis est.

AE. Ego ad forum ibo, ut hunc absoluiam: tu i intro ad illam,
Ctesipho.

SA. Syre, insta. SY. Eamus: namque hic properat in Cyprum. SA.
Non tam quidem

quam uis: et iam maneo otiosus hic. SY. Reddetur: ne time.

SA. At ut omne reddat. SY. Omne reddet: tace modo ac sequere hac.

SA. Sequor. —

CT. Heus heus, Syre. SY. Em, quid est? CT. Obsecro te hercle,
hominem istum inpurissimum

quam primum absoluitote, ue, si magis irritatus siet,
aliqua hoc permanet ad patrem atque ego tum perpetuo perierim.

SY. Non fiet, bono animo es: tu cum illa te oblecta intus interim
et lectulos iube sterni nobis et parari cetera.

ego iam transacta re conuortam me domum cum opsonio.

CT. Ita, quaeso: quando hoc bene successit, hilare hunc sumamus
diem.

SOSTRATA CANTHARA

MATRONA ANVS

SO. Obsecro, mea nutrix, quid nunc fiet? CA. Quid fiat rogas?
recte edepol, spero. SO. Modo dolores, mea tu, occipiunt primulum.

CA. Iam nunc times? quasi numquam adfueris, numquam tute
pepereris!

SO. Heu me miseram! habeo neminem,

solae sumus: Geta autem hic non adest, qui arcessat Aeschinum.
CA. Pol is quidem iam hic aderit: nam numquam unum intermittit diem,
quin semper ueniat. SO. Solus mearum miseriarumst remedium.
CA. E re nata melius fieri hau potuit quam factumst, era,
quando uitium oblatumst, quod ad illum attinet potissimum,
talem, tali ingenio atque animo, natum ex tanta familia.
SO. Ita pol res est ut dicis: saluos nobis deos quaeso ut siet.

GETA SOSTRATA CANTHARA SERVOS MATRONA ANVS

GE. Nunc illud est, quom, si omnia omnes sua consilia conferant
atque huic malo salutem quaerant, auxili nihil adferant,
quod mihique eraeque filiaeque erilist. uae misero mihi!
tot res repente circumuallant se, unde emergi non potest:
uis egestas iniustitia solitudo infamia.
hocine saeculum! o scelera, o genera sacrilega, o hominem inpium,
SO. Me miseram, quidnam est quod sic uideo timidum et
properantem Getam?
GE. quem neque fides neque ius iurandum neque illum misericordia
repressit neque reflexit neque quod partus instabat prope,

o quoi miserae indigne per uim uitium optulerat. SO. Non intellego
satis quae loquitur. CA. Propius obsecro accedamus, Sostrata. GE.
Ah
me miserum! uix compos sum animi, ita ardeo iracundia.
nihil est quod malim quam illam totam familiam dari mi obuiam,
ut ego hanc iram in eos euomam omnem, dum aegritudo haec est
recens. satis mi id habeam supplici.
seni animam primum exstinguerem ipsi, qui illud produxit scelus:
tum autem Syrum impulsorem, uah, quibus illum lacerarem modis!
sublimen medium arriperem et capite pronum in terra statuerem, ut
cerebro dispergat uiam.
ao adulescenti ipsi eriperem oculos posthac praecipitem darem.
ceteros ruerem agerem raperem tunderem et prosternerem.
sed cesso eram hoc malo inpertire propere? SO. Reuocemus. Geta!

GE. Hem,
quisquis es, sine me. SO. Ego sum Sostrata. GE. Vbi east? te ipsam
quaerito,
te ex:peto: oppido opportune te optulisti mi obuiam.
era . . SO. Quid est? quid trepidas? GE. Ei mihi. CA. Quid festinas,
mi Geta?
animam recipe. GE. Prorsus SO. Quid istuc prorsus ergost? GE.
periimus.
SO. Eloquere ergo, te obsecro, quid actumst? GE. Iam SO. Quid iam,
Geta?
GE . Aeschinus SO. Quid is ergo? GE. alienus est ab nostra familia.
SO. Hem,
perii. qua re? GE. Amare occepit aliam. SO. Vae miserae mihi!
GE. Neque id occulte fert, a lenone ipsus eripuit palam.
SO. Satin hoc certumst? GE. Certum: hisce oculis egomet uidi,
Sostrata. SO. Ah
me miseram! quid iam credas? aut quoi credas? nostrumne
Aeschinum!
nostram omnium uitam, in quo nostrae spes opesque omnes sitae!
qui se sine hac iurabat unum numquam uicturum diem!
qui se in sui gremio positurum puerum dicebat patris!
ita obsecraturum, ut liceret hanc sibi uxorem ducere!
GE. Era, lacrimas mitte ac potius quod ad hanc rem opus est porro
prospice:
patiamurne an narremus quoipiam? CA. Au au, mi homo, sanum es?
an hoc proferendum tibi uidetur usquam? GE. Miquidem non placet.
iam primum illum alieno animo a nobis esse res ipsa indicat.
nunc si hoc palam proferimus, ille infitias ibit, sat scio:
tua fama et gnatae uita in dubium ueniet. tum si maxime
fateatur, quom amet aliam, non est utile hanc illi dari.
quapropter quoquo pacto tacitost opus. SO. Ah minime gentium:
non faciam. GE. Quid ages? SO. Proferam. CA. Hem, mea Sostrata,
uide quam rem agas.
SO. Peiore res loco non potis est esse quam in quo nunc sitast.
primum indotatast: tum praeterea, quae secunda ei dos erat,
periit: nuptum pro uirgine dari non potest. hoc relicuomst:
si infitias ibit, testis mecum est anulus quem amiserat.

postremo quando ego conscia mihi sum, a me culpam esse hanc
procul,
neque pretium neque rem ullam intercessisse illa aut me indignam,
Geta,
experiar. GE. Quid istic? cedo, ut melius dicis. SO. Tu quantum potis
abi atque Hegioni cognato huius rem enarrato omnem ordine:
nam is nostro Simulo fuit summus et nos coluit maxume.
GE. Nam hercle alius nemo respicit nos. SO. Propera tu, mea
Canthara,
curre, obstetricem arcesse, ut quom opus sit ne in mora nobis siet.

DEMEA SYRVS
SENEX SERVOS

DE. Disperii: Ctesiphonem audiui filium
una adfuisse in raptione cum Aeschino.
id misero restat mihi mali, si illum potest,
qui aliquoi reist etiam, eum ad nequitiam adducere.
ubi ego illum quaeram? credo abductum in ganeum
aliquo: persuasit ille inpurus, sat scio.
sed eccum Syrum ire uideo: iam hinc scibo ubi siet.
atqui hercle hic de grege illost: si me senserit
eum quaeritare, numquam dicet carnufex.
o non ostendam id me uelle. SY. Omnem rem modo seni
quo pacto haberet ordine enarrauimus.
nil quicquam uidi laetius. DE. Pro Iuppiter,
hominis stultitiam! SY. Conlaudauit filium;
mihi, qui id dedissem consilium, egit gratias.
DE. Disrumpor. SY. Argentum adnumerauit ilico;
dedit praeterea in sumptum dimidium minae:
id distributum sanest ex sententia. DE. Em
huic mandes, siquid recte curatum uelis!
SY. Ehem Demea, haud aspex:eram te; quid agitur?
DE. Quid agatur? uostram nequeo mirari satis
rationem. SY. Est hercle inepta, ne dicam dolo,
absurda. piscis ceteros purga, Dromo;
gongrum istum maximum in aqua sinito ludere

tantisper; ubi ego rediero, exossabitur;
prius nolo. DE. Haecin flagitia! SY. Miquidem non placent,
et clamo saepe. salsamenta haec, Stephanio,
fac macerentur pulcre. DE. Di uostram fidem!
utrum studione id sibi habet an laudi putat
fore, si perdiderit gnatum? uae misero mihi!
uidere uideor iam diem illum, quom hinc egens
profugiet aliquo militatum. SY. O Demea,
istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modost
uidere, sed etiam illa quae futura sunt
prospicere. DE. Quid? istaec iam penes uos psaltriat?
SY. Ellam intus. DE. Eho, an domist habiturus? SY. Credo, ut est
dementia. DE. Haecin fieri! SY. Inepta lenitas
patris et facilitas praua. DE. Fratris me quidem
pudet pigetque. SY. Nimium inter uos, Demea,
(non quia ades praesens dico hoc) pernimum interest.
tu quantusquantus mi nisi sapientia es,
ille somnium. sineres uero illum tu tuom
facere haec? DE. Sinerem illum? an non sex totis mensibus
prius olfecissem, quam ille quicquam coeperet?
SY. Vigilantiam tuam tu mihi narras? DE. Sic siet

modo ut nunc est, quaeso. SY. Vt suom quisque esse uolt, itast.
DE. Quid eum? uidistin hodie? SY. Tuomne filium?
abigam hunc rus. iam dudum aliquid ruri agere arbitror.
DE. Satin scis ibi esse? SY. Oh, quem egomet produxi. DE.
Optumest:
metui ne haereret hic. SY. Atque iratum admodum.
DE. Quid autem? SY. Adortus iurgios fratrem apud forum
de psaltria ista. DE. Ain uero? SY. Vah, nil reticuit.
nam ut numerabatur forte argentum, interuenit
homo de inproiso: coepit clamare Aeschine,
haecin flagitia facere te! haec temittere
indigna genere nostro! DE. Oh, lacrumo gaudio.
SY. Non tu hoc argentum perdis, sed uitam tuam.
DE. Saluos sit spero: est similis maiorum suom. SY. Hui!
DE. Syre, praeceptorum plenust istorum ille. SY. Phy!

domi habuit unde disceret. DE. Fit sedulo:
nil praetermitto: consuefacio: denique
inspicere tamquam in speculum in uitas omnium
iubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
hoc facito. SY. Recte sane. DE. Hoc fugito. SY. Callide.
DE. Hoc laudist. SY. Istaec res est. DE. Hoc uitio datur.
SY. Probissume. DE. Porro autem .. SY. Non hercle otiumst
nunc mi auscultandi. piscis ex sententia
nactus sum: ei mihi ne corrumpantur cautiost:
nam id nobis tam flagitiumst quam illa, Demea,
non facere uobis, quae modo dixti: et quod quo
conseruis ad eundem istunc praecipio modum:
hoc salustum, hoc adustum, hoc lautumst parum:
illud recte: iterum sic memento. sedulo
moneo, quae possum pro mea sapientia:

postremo tamquam in speculum in patinas, Demea,
inspicere iubeo et moneo quid facto usus sit.
inepta haec esse, nos quae facimus, sentio;
uerum quid facias? ut homost. ita morem geras.
numquid uis? DE. Mentem uobis meliorem dari.
SY. Tu rus hinc ibis? DE. Recta. SY. Nam quid tu hic agas?
ubi siquid bene praecipias, nemo optemperet. —
DE. Ego uero hinc abeo, quando is, quam ob rem huc ueneram,
rus abiit: illum curo unum, ille ad me attinet.
quando ita uolt frater, de istoc ipse uiderit.
sed quis illic est, quem uideo procul? estne Hegio
tribulis noster? si satis cerno, is est hercle: uah,
homo amicus nobis iam inde a puero (o di boni,
ne illius modi iam magna nobis ciuium
penuriast) homo antiqua uirtute ac fide.
haud cito mali quid ortum ex hoc sit publice.
quam gaudeo, ubi etiam huius generis reliquias
restare uideo! ah, uiuere etiam nunc lubet.
opperiar hominem hic, ut salutem et conloquar.

HEGIO DEMEA GETA PAMPHILIA

SENES DVO SERVOS VIRGO

HE. Pro di immortales, facinus indignum, Geta,
quod narras t GE. Sic est factum. HE. EX illan familia
tam inliberale esse ortum facinus! o Aeschine,
pol haud paternum istuc dedisti. DE. Videlicet
de psaltria hae audiuit: id illi nunc dolet
alieno. at pater? is nihili pendit: ei mihi,
utinam hic prope adesset alicubi atque audiret haec!
HE. Nisi facient quae illos aequomst, haud sic auferent.

GE. In te spes omnis, Hegio, nobis sitast:
te solum habemus, tu es patronus, tu pater:
tibi moriens ille nos commendauit senex:
si deseris tu, periimus. HE. Caue dixeris:
neque faciam neque me satis posse arbitror.
DE. Adibo. saluere Hegionem plurimum
iubeo. HE. Oh, te quaerebam ipsum: salue, Demea.
DE. Quid autem? HE. Maior filius tuos Aeschinus,
quem adoptandum dedisti fratri, ueque boni
neque liberalis functus officiumst uiri.
DE. Quid istuc est? HE. Nostrum amicum uoras Simulum
aequalem? DE. Quid ni? HE. Filiam eius uirginem
uitiauit. DE. Hem! HE. Mane: nondum audisti, Demea,
quod est grauissimum. DE. An quicquam etiam est amplius?
HE. Vero amplius: nam hoc quidem ferundum aliquo modost:
amor persuasit, nox uinum adulescentia:
humanumst. ubi scit factum, ad matrem uirginis
uenit ipsus ultro lacrumans orans obsecrans
fidem dans, iurans se illam ducturum domum.
ignotumst, tacitumst, creditumst. uirgo ex eo
compressu grauidast facta (hic mensis decumus est).
ille bonus uir nobis psaltriam, si dis placet,
parauit quicum uiuat, illam deserit.
DE. Pro certon tu istaec dicis? HE. Mater uirginis
in mediost, ipsa uirgo, res ipsa, hic Geta
praeterea, ut captust seruolorum, non malus

neque iners: alit illas, solus omnem familiam
sustentat: hunc abduce, uinci, quaere rem.

GE. Immo hercle extorque, nisi ita factumst, Demea;
postremo non negabit: coram ipsum cedo.

DE. Pudet: nec quid agam nec quid huic respondeam
scio. PA. (intus) Me miseram, differor doloribus.

Iuno Lucina, fer opem: serua me obsecro. HE. Hem,
numnam illa quaeso parturit? GE. Certe, Hegio.

HE. Em illaec fidem nunc uostram inplorat, Demea:
quod ilis uos cogit, id uoluntate inpetret.

haec primum ut fiant deos quaeso ut uobis decet.

sin aliter animus uoster est, ego, Demea,

summa ui defendam hanc atque illum mortuom.

cognatus mihi erat: una a pueris paruolis

sumus educti: una semper militiae et domi

fuius: paupertatem una pertulimus grauem.

quapropter nitar faciam experiar, denique

animam relinquam potius quam illas deseram.

quid mihi respondes? DE. Fratrem conueniam, Hegio.

HE. Sed, Demea, hoc tu facito cum animo cogites:

quam uos facillume agitis, quam estis maxume

potentes dites fortunati nobiles,

tam maxume uos aequa aequo animo noscere

oportet, si uos uoltis perhiberi probos.

DE. Redito. fient quae fieri aequomst omnia.

HE. Decet te facere. Geta, duc me intro ad Sostratam. —

DE. Non me indicente haec fiunt: utinam hic sit modo

defunctum! uerum nimia illaec licentia

profecto euadet in aliquod magnum malum.

ibo ac requiram fratrem, ut in eum haec euomam.

HEGIO

SENEX

Bono animo fac sis, Sostrata, et istam quod potis
fac consolere. ego Micionem, si apud forumst,
conueniam atque ut res gestast narrabo ordine:

si est, is facturus ut sit officium suum,
faciat: sin aliter de hac re est eius sententia,
respondeat mi, ut quid agam quam primum sciam.

CTESIPHO SYRVS
ADVLESCENS SERVOS

CT. Ain patrem hinc abisse rus? SY. Iam dudum. CT. Dic sodes. SY.
Apud uillamst

nunc quom maxume operis aliquid facere credo CT. Vtinam quidem!
quod cum salute eius fiat, ita se defetigarit uelim,
ut triduo hoc perpetuo prorsum e lecto nequeat surgere.

SY Ita fiat, et istoc siqui potis est rectius. CT. Ita: nam hunc diem
misere nimis cupio, ut coepi, perpetuom m laetitia degere.
et illud rus nulla alia causa tam male odi, nisi quia propest: quod si
abesset longius,

prius nox oppressisset illi, quam huc reuorti posset iterum.

nunc ubi me illi non uidebit, iam huc recurret. sat scio

rogitabit me, ubi fuerim: ego hoc te toto non uidi die:

quid dicam? SY. Nilne in mentemst? CT. Numquam quicquam. SY.
Tanto nequior.

cluens amicus hospes nemost uobis? CT. Sunt: quid postea?

SY. Hisce opera ut data sit. CT. Quae non data sit? non potest fieri.

SY. Potest.

CT. Interdius: sed si hic pernocto, causae quid dicam, Syre?

SY. Vah, quam uellem etiam noctu amicis operam mos esset dari!

quin tu otiosus esto: ego illius sensum pulcre calleo.

quom feruit maxume, tam placidum quam ouem reddo CT. Quo
modo?

SY. Laudari per te audit lubenter: facio te apud illum deum:

uirtutes narro. CT. Meas? SY. Tuas: homini ilico lacrumae cadunt

quasi puero gaudio. em tibi autem! CT. Quidnam est? SY. Lupus in
fabula.

CT. Pater est? SY. Is est ipsus. CT. Syre, quid agimus? SY. Fuge
modo intro, ego uidero.

CT. Siquid rogabit, nusquam tu me: audistin? SY. Potin ut desinas?

DEMEA CTESIPHO SYRVS
SENEX ADVLESCENS SERVOS

DE. Ne ego homo sum infelix: fratrem nusquam inuenio gentium:
praeterea autem, dum illum quaero, a uilla mercennarium
uidi: is filium negat esse ruri: nec quid agam scio.

CT. Syre! SY. Quid est? CT. Men quaerit? SY. Verum.

CT. Perii. SY. Quin tu animo bono es.

DE. Quid hoc malum infelicitatis! nequeo satis decernere
nisi me credo huic esse natum rei, ferundis miseriis.

primus sentio mala nostra: primus rescisco omnia:

primus porro obnuntio: aegre solus, siquid fit, fero.

SY. Rideo hunc: primum ait se scire: is solus nescit omnia.

DE. nunc redeo: si forte frater redierit uiso. CT. Syre,

obsecro, uide ne ille huc prorsus se inruat. SY. Etiam taces?

ego cauebo. CT. Numquam hercle hodie ego istuc committam tibi:

nam me iam in cellam aliquam cum illa concludam: id tutissimumst.

SY. Age, tamen ego hunc amouebo. DE. Sed eccum sceleratum
Syrum.

SY. Non hercle hic qui uolt durare quisquam, si sic fit, potest.

scire equidem uolo, quot mihi sint domini: quae haec est miseria!

DE. Quid ille gannit? quid uolt? quid ais, bone uir? est frater domi?

SY. Quid malum bone uir mihi narras? equidem perii. DE. Quid tibi
est?

SY. Rogitas? Ctesipho me pugnis miserum et istam psaltriam
usque occidit. DE. Hem, quid narras? SY. Em uide ut discidit
labrum.

DE. Quam ob rem? SY. Me impulsore hanc emptam esse ait. DE.
Non tu eum rus hinc modo

produxe aibas? SY. Factum: uerum uenit post insaniens:

nil pepercit. non puduisse uerberare hominem senem!

quem ego modo puerum tantillum inmanibus gestauis meis.

DE. Laudo: Ctesipho, patrissas: abi, uirum te iudico.

SY. Laudas? ne ille continebit posthac, si sapiet, manus.

DE. Fortiter. SY. Perquam, quia miseram mulierem et me seruolum,

qui referire non audebam, uicit: hui, perfortiter.

DE. Non potuit melius. idem quod ego sensit, te esse huic rei caput.

sed estne frater intus? SY. Non est. DE. Vbi illum inueniam cogito.

SY. Scio ubi sit, uerum hodie numquam monstrabo. DE. Hem, quid ais? SY. Ita.

DE. Dimminuetur tibi quidem iam cerebrum. SY. At nomen nescio illius hominis, sed locum noui ubi sit. DE. Dic ergo locum.

SY. Nostin porticum apud macellum hac deorsum? DE. Quid ni nouerim?

SY. Praeterito recta platea sursum hanc: ubi eo ueneris,

cliuos deorsum uorsum est: istac praecipitato; postea

est ad hanc manum sacellum: ibi angiportum propter est,

DE. Quanam? SY. Illi ubi etiam caprificus magna est. DE. Noui. SY.

Hac pergito.

DE. Id quidem angiportum non est peruium. SY. Verum hercle: uah, censen hominem me esse? erraui: in porticum rursum redi:

sane hac multo propius ibis et minor est erratio.

scin Cratini huius ditis aedes? DE. Scio. SY. Vbi eas praeterieris,

ad sinistram hac recta platea; ubi ad Dianae ueneris,

ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam uenias, apud ipsum lacum

est pistrilla, ei exaduorsum fabrica: ibist. DE. Quid ibi facit?

SY. Lectulos illi salignis pedibus faciundos dedit.

DE. Vbi potetis uos? bene sane. sed cesso ad eum pergere. —

SY. I sane: ego te exercebo hodie, ut dignus es, silicernium.

Aeschinus otiose cessat; prandium corrumpitur;

Ctesipho autem in amorest totus. ego iam prospiciam mihi:

nam iam abibo atque unum quidquid, quod quidem erit bellissimum, carpam et cyathos sorbilans paulatim hunc producam diem.

MICIO HEGIO

SENES DVO

MI. Ego in hac re nil reperio, quam ob rem lauder tanto opere, Hegio.

Meum officium facio: quod peccatum a nobis ortumst corrigo.

nisi si me in illo credidisti esse hominum numero, qui ita putant,

sibi fieri iniuriam ultro, si quam fecere ipsi expostules,
et ultro accusant. id quia a me non est factum, agis gratias?

HE. Ah, minime: numquam te aliter atque es esse animum induxi
meum.

sed quaeso, Micio, Vt mecum una eas ad matrem uirginis
atque istaec eadem mihi quae dixti tute dicas mulieri:

suspitionem hanc propter fratrem esse: eius esse illam psaltriam.

nam et illi iam releuabis animum, quae dolore ac miseria

tabescit, et tuom officium fueris functus. sed si aliter putas,

egomet narrabo quae mihi dixti. MI. Immo ego ibo. HE. Bene facis:
omnes, quibus res sunt minus secundae, magis sunt nescio quo modo
suspiciosi: ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis:

propter suam inpotentiam se semper credunt ludier.

quapropter te ipsum purgare ipsi coram placabilius est.

MI. Et recte et uerum dicis. HE. Sequere me ergo

hac intro. MI. Maxime.

AESCHINVS

ADVLESCENS

Discrucior animi: hocin mihi mali de inprouiso obici
tantum ut neque quid ego de me faciam nec quid agam certum siet!
membra mihi metu debilia sunt: animus timore oh stipuit: pectori
consistere

nil consili quit. quo modo hac me expediam turba? tanta nunc

suspitio de me incidit: uah, neque ea inmerito: Sostrata

credit mihi me psaltriam emissee hanc: id anus mi indicium fecit.

nam ut hinc forte ea ad obstetricem erat missa, ubi eam uidi, ilico

accedo: rogito, Pamphila quid agat, iam partus adsiet

eone obstetricem arcessat. illa exclamat abi, abi iam, Aeschine:

satis diu dedisti uerba, sat adhuc tua nos frustratast fides.

“hem, quid istuc obsecro” inquam “est?” ualeas, habeas illam quae
placet.

sensi ilico id illas suspicari: sed me reprehendi tamen,

nequid de fratre garrulae illi dicerem ac fieret palam.

nunc quid faciam? dicam fratris esse hanc? quod minimest opus

usquam ecerri. age mitto: fieri potis est ut nequa exeat.

ipsum id metuo ut credant: tot concurrunt ueri similia:
egomet rapui ipse, egomet solui argentum, ad me abductast domum.
haec adeo mea culpa fieri fateor. non me hanc rem patri,

utut erat gesta, indicasse! exorassem ut eam ducerem.
cessatum usque adhuc est: nunc porro, Aeschine, expergiscere!
nunc hoc primumst: ad illas ibo, ut purgem me. accedam ad fores.
perii: horresco semper, ubi pultare hasce occipio miser.
heus heus! Aeschinus sum ego. aperite aliquis actutum ostium.
prodit nescio quis: concedam huc.

MICIO AESCHINVS SENEX ADVLESCENS

MI. Ita uti dixi, Sostrata,
facite: ego Aeschinum conueniam, ut quo modo acta haec sint sciat.
sed quis ostium hoc pultauit? AE. Pater hercle est, perii. MI.
Aeschine,
AE. Quid huic hic negotist? MI. tune has pepulisti fores?
tacet. quor non ludo hunc aliquantisper? melius est,
quandoquidem hoc numquam mi ipse uoluit credere.
nil mihi respondes? AE. Non equidem istas, quod sciam.
MI. Ita? nam mirabar, quid hic negoti esset tibi.
erubuit: salua res est. AE. Die sodes, pater,
o tibi uero quid istic est re;? MI. Nil mihi quidem.
amicus quidam me a foro abduxit modo
huc aduocatum sibi. AE. Quid? MI. Ego dicam tibi.
habitant hic quaedam mulieres pauperculae:
ut opinor eas non nosse te, et certo scio:
neque enim diu huc migrarunt. AE. Quid tum postea?
MI. Virgo est cum matre. AE. Perge. MI. Haec uirgo orbast patre:
hic meus amicus illi generest proxumus:
huic leges cogunt nubere hanc. AE. Perii. MI. Quid est?
AE. Nil: recte: perge. MI. Is uenit ut secum auehat:
nam habitat Mileti. AE. Hem, uirginem ut secum auehat?
MI. Sic est. AE. Miletum usque obsecro? MI. Ita. AE. Animo malest.
quid ipsae? quid aiunt? MI. Quid illas censes? nihil enim.

commentast mater esse ex alieno uiro

nescio quo puerum natum: neque eum nominat:

priorem esse illum, non oportere huic dari.

AE. Eho, nonne haec iusta tibi uidentur poscier?

MI. Non. AE. Obsecro non? an illam hinc abducet, pater?

MI. Quid illam ni abducatur? AE. Factum a uobis duriter

inmisericorditerque atque etiam, si est, pater,

dicendum magis aperte, inliberaliter.

MI. Quam ob rem? AE. Rogas me? quid illi tandem creditis

fore animi misero, quicum ea consuevit prius

(qui infelix hauscio an illam misere nunc amet),

quom hanc sibi uidebit praesens praesenti eripi

abduci ab oculis? facinus indignum, pater!

MI. Qua ratione istuc? quis despondit? quis dedit?

quoi quando nupsit? auctor his rebus quis est?

quor duxit alienam? AE. An sedere oportuit

domi uirginem tam grandem, dum cognatus huc

illim ueniret exspectantem? haec, mi pater,

te dicere aequom fuit et id defendere.

MI. Ridiculum: aduersumne illum causam dicerem,

quoi ueneram aduocatus? sed quid ista, Aeschine

nostra? aut quid nobis cum illis? abeamus. quid est?

quid lacrimas? AE. Pater, obsecro, ausculta. MI. Aeschine, audiui

omnia

et scio: nam te amo: quo magis quae agis curae sunt mihi.

AE. Ita uelim me promerentem ames dum uiuas, mi pater,

ut me hoc delictum admisisse in me, id mihi uehementer dolet

et me tui pudet. MI. Credo hercle: nam ingenium noui tuom

liberale; sed uereor ne indiligens nimium sies.

in qua ciuitate tandem te arbitrare uiuere?

uirginem uitasti, quam te ius non fuerat tangere.

iam id peccatum primum magnum, magnam, at humanum tamen:

fecere alii saepe item boni. at postquam euenit, cedo

numquid circumspexti? aut numquid tute prospexti tibi,

quid fieret? qua fieret? si te ipsum mihi puduit proloqui,

qua resciscerem? haec dum dubitas, menses abierunt decem.

prodidisti et te ex illam miseram et gnatum, quod quidem in te fuit.

quid? credebas dormienti haec tibi confecturos deos?
et illam sine tua opera in cubiculum iri deductum domum?
nolim ceterarum rerum te socordem eodem modo.
bono animo es, duces uxorem hanc. AE. Hem! MI. Bono, inquam,
animo es. AE. Pater
obsecro, num ludis nunc tu me? MI. Ego te? quam ob rem? AE.
Nescio:
quia tam misere hoc esse cupio uerum, eo uereor magis.
MI. Abi domum ac deos comprecare, ut uxorem arcessas: abi.
AE. Quid? eam uxorem? MI. Eam. AE. Iam? MI. iam
quantum potis. AE. Di me, pater,
omnes oderint, ni magis te quam oculos nunc ego amo meos.
MI. Quid? quam illam? AE. Aeque. MI. Perbenigne. AE. Quid? ille
ubist Milesius?
MI. Periiit, abiit, nauem ascendit; sed quor cessas? AE. Abi, pater,
tu potius deos comprecare: nam tibi eos certo scio,
quo uir melior multo es quam ego, optemperaturos magis.
MI. Ego eo intro, ut quae opus sunt parentur: tu fac ut dixi, si sapis.

AE. Quid hoc est negoti? hoc est patrem esse aut hoc est filium esse?
si frater aut sodalis esset, qui magis morem gereret?
hic non amandus? hicine non gestandus in sinust? hem:
itaque adeo magnam mi inicit sua commoditate curam,
ne imprudens faciam forte quod nolit; sciens cauabo.
sed cesso ire intro, ne morae meis nuptiis egomet sim?

DEMEA
SENEX

Defessus sum ambulando: ut, Syre, te cum tua
monstratione magnus perdat Iuppiter!
perreptaui usque omne oppidum: ad portam, ad lacum,
quo non? neque illi ulla fabrica erat nec fratrem homo
uidisse se aibat quisquam. nunc uero domi
certum obsidere est usque donec redierit.

MICIO DEMEA

SENES DVO

MI. Ibo, illis dicam nullam esse in nobis moram

DE. Sed eccum ipsum. te iam dudum quaero, Micio.

MI. Quidnam? DE. Fero alia flagitia ad te ingentia

boni illius adulescentis. MI. Ecce autem DE. Noua

capitalia. MI. Ohe iam! DE. Nescis qui uir sit. MI. Scio.

DE. O stulte, tu de psaltria me somnias

agere: hoc peccatum in uirginemst ciuem. MI. Scio.

DE. Eho, scis et patere? MI. Quid ni patiar? DE. Dic mihi,

non clamas? non insanis? MI. Non. DE. Malim quidem.

puer natust. MI. Di bene uortant! DE. Virgo nihil habet.

MI. Audiui. DE. Et ducenda indotatast. MI. Scilicet.

DE. Quid nunc futurumst? MI. Id enim quod res ipsa fert:

illinc huc transferetur uirgo. DE. O Iuppiter,

istocin pacto oportet? MI. Quid faciam amplius?

DE. Quid facias? si non eapse re tibi istuc dolet,

simulare certe. est hominis. MI. Quin iam uirginem

despondi, res compositast, fiunt nuptiae,

dempsi metum omnem: haec magis sunt hominis. DE. Ceterum

placet tibi factum, Micio? MI. Non, si queam

mutare. nunc quom non queo, aequo animo fero.

ita uitast hominum, quasi quom ludas tesseriis:

si illud quod maxume opus est iactu non cadit,

illud quod cecidit forte, id arte ut corrigas.

DE. Corrector! nempe tua arte uiginti minae

pro psaltria periere: quae quantum potest

aliquo abiciundast, si non pretio, gratiis.

eque est neque illam sane studeo uendere.

DE. Quid igitur facies? MI. Domi erit. DE. Pro diuom fidem,

meretrix et mater familias una in domo?

MI. Quor non? DE. Sanum te credis esse? MI. Equidem arbitror.

DE. Ita me di ament, ut tuam ego uideo ineptiam,

facturum credo, ut habeas quicum cantites.

MI. Quor non? DE. Et noua nupta eadem haec discet. MI. Scilicet.

DE. Tu inter eas restim ductans saltabis. MI. Probe.

DE. Probe? MI. Et tu nobiscum una, si opus sit. DE. Ei mihi!

non te haec pudent? MI. Iam uero omitte, Demea,
tuam istanc iracundiam atque ita uti decet
hilarum ac lubentem fac te gnati in nuptiis.
ego hos conuenio: post huc redeo. — DE. O Iuppiter,
hancin uitam! hoscin mores! hanc dementia! —
uxor sine dote ueniet, intus psaltrias,
domus sumptuosa, adulescens luxu perditus,
senex delirans. ipsa si cupiat Salus,
seruare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.

SYRVS DEMEA SERVOS SENEX

SY. Edepol, Syrisce, te curasti molliter
lauteque munus administrasti tuom.
abi. sed postquam intus sum omnium rerum satur,
prodambulare hic lubitumst. DE. Illud sis uide:
exemplum disciplinae eccum. SY. Ecce autem hic adest
senex noster. quid fit? quid tu es tristis? DE. Oh, scelus!
SY. Ohe iam: tu uerba fundes hic sapientia?
DE. Tu si meus esses.. SY. Dis quidem esses, Demea,
ac tuam rem constabilisses. DE. Exemplo omnibus
curarem ut esses. SY. Quam ob rem? quid feci? DE. Rogas?
in ipsa turba atque in peccato maxumo,
quod uix sedatum satis est, potasti, scelus,
quasi re bene gesta. SY. Sane nollem huc exitum.

DROMO DEMEA SYRVS PVER SENEX SERVOS

DR. Heus Syre, rogat te Ctesipho ut redeas. SY. Abi. —
DE. Quid Ctesiphonem hic narrat? SY. Nil. DE. Eho, carnufex,
est Ctesipho intus? SY. Non est. DE. Quor hic nominat?
SY. Est alius quidam, parasitaster paululus:
nostin? DE. Iam scibo. SY. Quid agis? quo abis? DE. Mitte me.
SY. Noli inquam. DE. Non manum abstines, mastigia?
an tibi iam mauis cerebrum dispergam hic? — SY. Abit.

edepol comissatorem haud sane commodum,
praesertim Ctesiphoni! quid ego nunc agam?
nisi, dum hae silescent turbae, interea in angulum
aliquo abeam atque edormiscam hoc uilli. sic agam.

MICIO DEMEA
SENES DVO

MI. Parata a nobis sunt, ita ut dixi, Sostrata:
ubi uis.. quisnam a me pepulit tam grauiter fores?
DE. Ei mihi, quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem aut querar?
o caelum, o terra, o maria Neptuni! MI. Em tibi,
resciuit omnem rem: id nunc clamat. scilicet,
paratae lites: succurrendumst. DE. Eccum adest
communis corruptela nostrum liberum.
MI. Tandem reprime iracundiam atque ad te redi.
DE. Repressi, redii, mitto maledicta omnia:
rem ipsam putemus. dictum hoc inter nos fuit
(ex te adeost ortum), ne tu curares meum
neue ego tuom? responde, factumst? MI. Non nego.
DE. Quor nunc apud te potat? quor recipis meum?
quor emis amicam, Micio? numqui minus
mihi idem ius tecum ipse aequomst quod mecumst tibi?
quando ego tuom non curo, ne cura meum.
MI. Non aequom dicis. DE. Non? MI. Nam uetus uerbum hoc
quidemst,
communia esse amicorum inter se omnia.
DE. Facete: nunc demum istaec nata oratiost.
MI. Ausculta paucis, nisi molestumst, Demea.
principio, si id te mordet, sumptus filii
quos faciunt, quaeso hoc facito tecum cogites:
tu illos duo olim pro re tollebas tua
quod satis putabas tua bona ambobus fore,
et me tum uxorem credidisti scilicet
ducturum: eandem illam rationem antiquam optine:
conserua, parce, quaere, fac quam plurimum
illis relinquas, gloriam tu istanc tibi.

mea, quae praeter spem euenere, utantur sine.
de summa nil decedet: quod hinc accesserit,
id de lucro putato esse omne. haec si uoles
in animo uere cogitare, Demea,
et mihi et tibi et illis dempseris molestiam.

DE. Mitto rem: consuetudinem ipsorum.. MI. Mane:

scio: istuc ibam. multa in homine, Demea,
signa insunt, quibus ex coniectura facile fit,
duo quom idem f:aciunt, saepe ut possis dicere
`hoc licet inpune facere huic, illi non licet',
non quo dissimilis res sit, sed quo is qui facit.
quae ego inesse in illis uideo, ut confidam fore
ita ut uolumus. uideo sapere, intellegere, in loco
uereri, inter se amare. siris liberum
ingenium atque animum: quo uis illos tu die
redducas. at enim metuas, ne ab re sint tamen
omissiores paulo. o noster Demea
ad omnia alia aetate sapimus rectius;

solum unum hoc uiti senectus adfert hominibus:
attentiores sumus ad rem omnes, quam sat est:
quod illos sat aetas acuet. DE. Ne nimium modo
bonae tuae istae nos rationes, Micio,

et tuos iste animus aequos subuortat! MI. Tace:
non fiet. mitte iam istaec: da te hodie mihi:

exporge frontem. DE. Scilicet ita tempus fert,
faciundumst. ceterum ego rus cras cum filio
cum primo luci ibo hinc. MI. De nocte, censeo:
hodie modo hilarum fac te. DE. Et istam psaltriam
una illuc mecum hinc abstraham. MI. Pugnaueris
eo pacto prorsum illi adligaris filium.

modo facito ut illam serues. DE. Ego istuc uidero:
atque ibi fauillae plena, fumi ac pollinis
coquendo sit faxo et molendo; praeterhac
meridie ipso faciam ut stipulam conligat;
tam excoctam reddam atque atram quam carbost. MI. Placet:
nunc mihi uidere sapere. atque equidem filium
tum etiam si nolit cogam ut. cum illa una cubet.

DE. Derides? fortunatus, qui isto animo sies.
ego sentio.. MI. Ah, pergisne? DE. Iam iam desino.
MI. I ergo intro, et quoi rei est, ei rei hunc sumamus diem.

DEMEA
SENEX

Numquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad uitam fuit,
quin res aetas usus semper aliquid adportet noui,
aliquid moneat: ut illa quae te scisse credas nescias,
et quae tibi putaris primat in experiundo ut repudies.
quod nunc mi euenit: nam ego uitam duram, quam uixi usque adhuc,
prope iam excurso spatio omitto. id quam ob rem? re eapse repperi
facilitate nihil esse homini melius neque clementia.
id esse uerum ex me atque ex fratre quouiuis facilest noscere.
suam ille semper egit uitam in otio, in conuiuiis,
clemens, placidus, nulli laedere os, adridere omnibus:
sibi uixit, sibi sumptum fecit: omnes bene dicunt, amant.
ego ille agrestis saeuos tristis parcus truculentus tenax
duxi uxorem: quam ibi miseriam uidi! nati filii:
alia cura heia autem, dum studeo illis ut quam plurimum
facirem, contriui in quaerundo uitam atque aetatem meam:
nunc exacta aetate hoc fructi pro labore ab eis fero,
odium; ille alter sine labore patria potitur commoda.
illum amant, me fugitant; illi credunt consilia omnia,
illum diligunt, apud illum sunt ambo, ego desertus sum;
illum ut uiuat optant, meam autem mortem exspectant scilicet.
ita eos meo labore eductos maxumo hic fecit suos
paulo sumptu: ego miseriam omnem capio, hic potitur gaudia.
age age nunc porro experiamur contra ecquid ego possiem
blande dicere aut benigne facere, quando hoc prouocat.
ego quoque a meis me amari et magni pendi postulo.
si id fit dando atque obsequendo, non posteriores feram.
derit? id mea minime re fert, qui sum natu maxumus.

SYRVS DEMEA
SERVOS SENEX

SY. Heus Demea, rogat pater ne abeas longius.

DE. Quis homo? o Syre noster, salue: quid fit? quid agitur?

SY. Recte. DE. Optumest: iam nunc haec tria primum addidi praeter naturam: `o noster, quid fit? quid agitur?'

seruom haud inliberalem praebes te, et tibi

iubens bene faxim. SY. Gratiam habeo. DE. Atqui, Syre, hoc uerumst, et re eapse experiere propediem.

GETA DEMEA

SERVOS SENEX

GE. Era, ego huc ad hos prouiso, quam mox uirginem arcessant. sed eccum Demeam. saluos sies.

DE. O — qui uocare? GE. Geta. DE. Geta, hominem maxumi preti te esse hodie iudicaui animo meo:

nam is mihi profectost seruos spectatus satis,

quoi dominus curaest, ita uti tibi sensi, Geta,

et tibi ob eam rem, siquid usus uenerit,

lubens bene faxim. meditor esse adfabilis,

et bene procedit. GE. Bonus es, quom haec existumas.

DE. Paulatim plebem primulum facio meam.

AESCHINUS DEMEA SYRVS GETA

ADVLESCENS SENEX SERVI DVO

AE. Occidunt mequidem, dum nimis sanctas nuptias student facere: in adparando consumunt diem.

DE. Quid agitur, Aeschine? AE. Ehem, pater mi, tu hic eras?

DE. Tuos hercle uero et animo et natura pater

qui te amat plus quam hosce oculos. sed quor non domum

uxorem arcessis? AE. Cupio; uerum hoc mihi moraest:

tibicina et hymenaeum qui cantent. DE. Eho,

uin tu huic seni auscultare? AE. Quid? DE. Missa haec face

hymenaeum turbam lampadas tibicinas,

atque hanc in horto maceriam iube dirui

quantum potest: hac transfer, unam fac domum:

transduc et matrem et familiam omnem ad nos. AE. Placet,

pater lepidissime. DE. Euge, iam lepidus uocor.
fratri aedes fient peruiae, turbam domum
adducet, sumptu amittet multa: quid mea?
ego lepidus in eo gratiam. iube nunciam
dinumeret ille Babylo uiginti minas.
SYRE, cessas ire ac facere? SY. Quid eoo? DE. Dirue.
tu illas abi ac transduce. — GE. Di tibi, Demea,
bene faciant, quom te uideo nostrae familiae
tam ex animo factum uelle. DE. Dignos arbitror.

quid tu ais? AE. Sic opinor. DE. Multo rectius
quam illam puerperam huc nunc duci per uiam
aegrotam. AE. Nil enim uidi melius, mi pater.
DE. Sic soleo. sed eccum Micio egreditur foras.

MICIO DEMEA AESCHINVS SENE DVO ADVLESCENS

MI. Iubet frater? ubi is est? tun iubes hoc, Demea?
DE. Ego uero iubeo et hac re et aliis omnibus
quam maxime unam facere nos hanc familiam,
colere adiuuare adiungere. AE. Ita quaeso, pater.
MI. Haud aliter censeo. DE. Immo hercle ita nobis decet:
primum huius uxori est mater. MI. Est. quid postea?
DE. Proba et modesta. MI. Ita; aiunt. DE. Natu grandior.
MI. Scio. DE. Parere iam diu haec per annos non potest:
nec qui eam respiciat quisquam est: solast. MI. Quam hic rem agit?
D:E. Hanc te aequomst ducere, et te operam ut fiat dare.
MI. Me ducere autem? DE. Te. MI. Me? DE. Te inquam. MI. Ineptis.
DE. Si tu sis homo,
hic faciat. AE. Mi pater! MI. Quid tu autem huic, asine, auscultas?
DE. Nihil agis:
fieri aliter non potest. MI. Deliras. AE. Sine te exorem, mi pater.
MI. Insanis: aufer te. DE. Age, da ueniam filio. MI. Satin sanus es?
ego nouos maritus anno demum quinto et sexagesumo
fiam atque anum decrepitam ducam? idne estis auctores mihi?
AE. Fac: promisi ego illis. MI. Promisti autem? de te largitor, puer.

DE. Age, quid siquid te maius oret? MI. Quasi non hoc sit maxumum.

DE. Da ueniam. AE. Ne grauare. DE. Fac, promitte. MI. Non omittitis?

AE. Non, nisi te exorem. MI. Vis est haec quidem. Age prolixè, Micio.

MI. Etsi hoc mihi prauom ineptum absurdum atque alienum a uita mea

uidetur, si uos tanto opere istuc uoltis, fiat. AE. Bene facis.

DE. Merito te amo. uerum quid ego dicam, hoc quom confit quod uolo?

MI. Quid? numquid restat? DE. Hegio cognatus his est proximus, adfinis nobis, pauper: bene nos aliquid facere illi decet.

MI. Quid facere? DE. Agelli est hic sub urbe paulum quod locitas foras:

huic demus qui fruatur. MI. Paulum id autemst? DE. Si multumst, tamen

faciundumst: pro patre huic est, bonus est, noster est, recte datur.

postremo nunc meum illud uerbum facio, quod tu, Micio,

bene et sapienter dixi dudum: `uitium commune omniumst,

quod nimium ad rem in senecta attenti sumus'. hanc maculam nos decet

ecfugere: et dictumst uere et re eapse fieri oportet. AE. Mi pater!

MI. Quid istic? ager dabitur Hegioni, quandoquidem hic uolt. AE.

Gaudeo.

DE. Nunc tu mihi es germanus frater pariter animo et corpore. suo sibi gladio hunc iugulo.

SYRVS DEMEA MICIO AESCHINVS

SERVOS SENES DVO ADULESCENS

SY. Factumst quod iussisti, Demea.

DE. Frugi homo's. ergo edepol hodie mea quidem sententia

iudico Syrum fieri esse aequom liberum. MI. Istunc liberum?

quodnam ob factum? DE. Multa. SY. o noster Demea, edepol uir bonus:

ego istos uobis usque a pueris curauim ambos sedulo;

docui, monui, bene praecepi semper quae potui omnia.

DE. Res apparet: et quidem porro haec, opsonare cum fide, scortum adducere, adparare de die conuiuium: non mediocris hominis haec sunt officia. SY. O lepidum caput!

DE. Postremo hodie in psaltria ista emunda hic adiutor fuit, hic curauit: prodesse aequomst. alii meliores erunt. denique hic uolt fieri. MI. Vin tu hoc fieri? AE. Cupio. MI. Si quidem

tu uis: Syre, eho accede huc ad me: liber esto. SY. Bene facis; omnibus gratiam habeo, et seorsum tibi praeterea, Demea.

DE. Gaudeo. AE. Et ego. SY. Credo: utinam hoc perpetuum fiat gaudium,

Phrygiam ut uxorem meam una mecum uideam liberam!

DE. Optumam istam mulierem. SY. Et quidem tuo nepoti huius filio hodie prima mammam dedit haec. DE. Hercle uero serio, siquidem prima dedit, hau dubiumst quin emitti aequom siet.

MI. Ob eam rem? DE. Ob eam: postremo a me argentum quantist sumito.

SY. Di tibi, Demea, omnia omnes semper optata offerant!

MI. Syre, processisti hodie pulcre. DE. Siquidem porro, Micio, hi tuom officium facies, atque huic aliquid paulum prae manu dederis, unde utatur: reddet tibi cito. MI. Istoc uilius.

AE. Frugi homost. SY. Reddam hercle, da modo. AE. Age, pater!

MI. Post consulam.

DE. Faciet. SY. O uir optume! AE. O pater mi festiuissime!

MI. Quid istuc? quae res tam repente mores mutauit tuos quod prolubium? quae istaec subitast largitas? DE. Dicam tibi: ut id ostenderem, quod te isti facilem et festiuom putant, id non fieri ex uera uita neque adeo ex aequo et bono, sed ex adsentando indulgendo et largiendo, Micio.

nunc adeo si ob eam rem uobis mea uita inuisa, Aeschine, est, quia non iusta iniusta prorsus omnia omnino obsequor, missam facio: ecfundite, emite, facite quod uobis lubet.

sed si id uoltis potius, quae uos propter adulescentiam minus uidetis, magis inpense cupitis, consulitis parum, haec reprehendere et corrigere quem, obsecundare in loco: ecce me qui id faciam uobis. AE. Tibi, pater, permittimus:

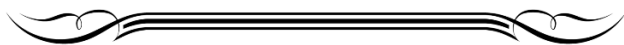
plus scis quod opus factost. sed de fratre quid fiet? DE. Sino:
habeat; in istac finem faciat. MI. Istuc recte. CANTOR. Plaudite.

The Biographies



A portrait of Terence from the Codex Vaticanus Latinus

THE LIFE OF TERENCE by Suetonius



De Vita Terenti

Translated by J. C. Rolfe.

I. Publius Terentius Afer, born at Carthage, was the slave at Rome of Terentius Lucanus, a senator, who, because of the young man's talent and good looks, not only gave him a liberal education, but soon set him free. Some think that he was taken in war, but Fenestella shows that that could not possibly be, since Terentius was born and died between the end of the second Punic war and the beginning of the third [201-149 B.C.E.]; and even if he had been taken by the Numidians and Gaetulians, he could not have come into the hands of a Roman general, since commerce between the Italic and the African races did not begin until after the destruction of Carthage [146 B.C.E.]. He lived on intimate terms with many men of high rank, in particular with Scipio Africanus and Gaius Laelius. It is even thought that he won the favor of these two men by his youthful beauty, but Fenestella denies this too, maintaining that he was older than either of them. Nepos, however, writes that they were all three of an age, and Porcius rouses a suspicion of too great intimacy in the following words: "Though he courted the wantonness of great men and their counterfeit [*vocem divinam inhiat*, Muretus; *voce dum et inhuus et*, A; the other manuscripts have *voce divina inhiat*] praise, though with greedy ears he drank in the divine voice of Africanus, though he thought it fine to frequent the tables of Philus and Laelius, though he was often taken to the Alban villa because of his youthful charms, he later found himself stripped of his all and reduced to utmost want. So he withdrew from the sight of men to a remote part of Greece and died at Stymphalus, a town of Arcadia. Naught availed him Publius Scipio, naught Laelius, naught Furius, the three wealthiest nobles of that time. Their help did not give him even a rented house, to provide at least a place where his slave might announce his master's death."

II. He wrote six comedies, and when he offered the first of these, the “Andria,” to the aediles, they bade him first read it to Caecilius. Having come to the poet’s house when he was dining, and being meanly clad, Terentius is said to have read the beginning of his play sitting on a bench near the great man’s couch. But after a few lines he was invited to take his place at table, and after dining with Caecilius, he ran through the rest to his host’s great admiration. Moreover, this play and the five others were equally pleasing to the people, although Vulcatius in enumerating them all, writes thus:

“The sixth play, the ‘Hecyra,’ will not be included” [text and meaning are uncertain; Dziatzko suggested “submaeret poeta Hecyra sextaa exclusa fabula”]. The “Eunuch” was even acted twice in the same day and earned more money than any previous comedy of any writer, namely eight thousand sesterces; and for this reason the sum is included in the title-page [the didascalia]. Indeed Varro rates the beginning of the “Adelphoe” above that of Menander [that is, presumably, the beginning of the play of Menander on which the Adelphoe is based].

III. It is common gossip that Scipio and Laelius aided Terentius in his writings, and he himself lent color to this by never attempting to refute it, except in a half-hearted way, as in the prologue to the “Adelphoe”: “For as to what those malicious critics say, that men of rank aid your poet and constantly write in concert with him; what they regard as a grievous slander he considers the highest praise, to please those who please you all and all the people, whose timely help everyone has used without shame in war, in leisure, in business.” Now he seems to have made but a lame defense, because he knew that the report did not displease Laelius and Scipio; and it gained ground in spite of all and came down even to later times. Gaius Memmius in a speech in his own defense says: “Publius Africanus, who borrowed a mask from Terentius, and put upon the stage under his name what he had written himself for his own amusement at home.” Nepos says that he learned from a trustworthy source that once at his villa at Puteoli Gaius Laelius was urged by his wife to come to dinner at an earlier hour than common on the Kalends of March, but begged her not to interrupt him. When he at last entered the dining-room at a late hour, he said that he had seldom written

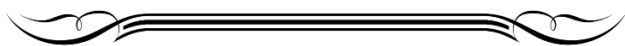
more to his own satisfaction; and on being asked to read what he had written, he declaimed the lines of the "Heautontimorumenos," beginning: "Impudently enough, by Heaven, has Syrus lured me here by promises."

IV. Santra thinks that if Terentius had really needed help in his writing, he would not have been so likely to resort to Scipio and Laelius, who were then mere youths, as to Gaius Sulpicius Gallus, a scholarly man, at whose consular games he brought out his first play, or to Quintus Fabius Labeo and Marcus Popillius, both of whom were ex-consuls and poets; and that it was for that reason that he spoke, not of "young men" who were said to help him, but "men whose mettle the people had tried in war, in leisure, in business." After publishing these comedies before he had passed his twenty-fifth year, either to escape from the gossip about publishing the work of others as his own, or else to become versed in Greek manners and customs, which he felt that he had not been wholly successful in depicting in his plays, he left Rome and never returned. Of his death Vulcatius writes in these words: "But when Afer had presented six comedies to the people, he journeyed from here to Asia, but from the time he embarked was never seen again; thus he vanished from life."

V. Quintus Cosconius writes that he was lost at sea as he was returning from Greece with one hundred and eight plays adapted from Menander; the rest of our authorities declare that he died at Stymphalus in Arcadia, or at Leucadia, in the consulship of Gnaeus Cornelius Dolabella and Marcus Fulvius Nobilior [159 B.C.E.], having fallen ill from grief and annoyance at the loss of his baggage, which he had sent on to the ship, and with it of the new plays which he had written. He is said to have been of moderate height, slender and of dark complexion. He left a daughter, who afterwards became the wife of a Roman eques; also gardens twenty acres in extent on the Appian Way, near the villa of Mars. This makes me feel the more surprised that Porcius should write: "Naught availed him Scipio, naught Laelius, naught Furius, the three wealthiest nobles of that time. Their aid did not even give him a rented house, to provide at least a place where his slave might announce his master's death." Afranius ranks Terentius above all other writers of comedy, writing in his "Compitalia": "Declaring that no one is the equal of

Terentius.” But Vulcatius a puts him not only below Naevius Plautus, and Caecilius, but even below Licinius and Atilius. Cicero in his “Limo” [“Meadow”, a fanciful title for a book of miscellaneous contents, like the “Sylvae” of Statius, the “Pratum” of Suetonius, and the like] gives him this much praise: “You, Terentius, who alone do reclothe Menander in choice speech, and rendering him into the Latin tongue, do present him with your quiet utterance on our public stage, speaking with a certain graciousness and with sweetness in every word.” Also Gaius Caesar: “You too, even you, are ranked among the highest, you half-Menander, and justly, you lover of language undefiled. But would that your graceful verses had force as well, so that your comic power might have equal honor with that of the Greeks, and you might not be scorned in this regard and neglected. It hurts and pains me, my Terentius, that you lacked this one quality.”

ROMAN COMEDY AND TERENCE by C. E. Freeman



First beginnings of Dramatic Representations at Rome.

The natural bent of the Roman character was too serious and too prosaic to favour the growth of a national drama. More than five hundred years had elapsed since the foundation of the city, before a play of any kind was produced on the Roman stage, and even then it was but a rude adaptation by a foreign author of a foreign work.

Fescennine Verses.

Yet there had long existed the germs whence a drama might, under other circumstances, have sprung. The unrestrained merriment of the harvest-home at time of vintage found expression, in Latium as in Greece, in extemporised dialogues more or less metrical in character, and much more than less coarse in expression. The lively genius of the Greeks had from such rude beginnings developed a regular Comedy as early as the sixth century B. C. But, among the Romans, although these rustic effusions were at a very early date sufficiently well established to receive a definite name, *Carmina Fescennina*, from Fescennia, a town in Etruria; yet they never rose above gross personalities and outrageous scurrility. When this license was checked by a stringent clause in the Laws of the Twelve Tables, the Fescennine verses became merely a generic name for improvised songs, not always very refined, at weddings, triumphs, or other festal occasions.

Saturae.

According to Livy 7. 2, the first '*ludi scenici*' were introduced at Rome 361 B.C. to appease the anger of the gods who had sent a pestilence on the city.

It seems certain that about this time a stage was erected in the

Circus at the *Ludi Maximi*, and the first three days of the festival were henceforth occupied with recitations, music, and dancing. Performers from Etruria, called *ludiones*, danced to the music of the flute without words or descriptive action; but the strolling minstrels of Latium (*grassatores, spatiatores*) soon took advantage of the stage to recite their chants with appropriate music and gesture. These performances were named from their miscellaneous character *Saturae*¹. They were composed in the rugged Saturnian metre, with no connected plot, and did not admit of dialogue.

1 From *lanx satura*, a dish of mixed food. The later *Saturae* or Miscellanies, with which we are familiar from the works of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, were introduced by Lucilius, who died 103 B.c. Cf. Hor. Sat i. 10.

Fabulae Atellanae.

A nearer approach to dramatic form was made in the *Tabulae Atellanae*, broad farces with stock characters, e.g. *Maccus*, *Pappus*, *Bucco*, and *Dossenus*, analogous to the clown, pantaloon, and harlequin of an English pantomime. Each character had its traditional mask, and the pieces were originally played only by amateurs at private theatricals; but when translations from Greek dramas had monopolised the Roman stage, the Atellan farce was adopted as an after-piece, like the Satyric drama among the Greeks, and was regularly performed by professional actors. The name *Atellanae*, from Atella, an Oscan town near Capua, gave rise to the erroneous supposition that these farces were performed at Rome in the Oscan dialect; whereas it was only in accordance with Roman custom to give to dramatic performances a local name which could offend no national prejudices. The records of these plays are scanty, but they appear to have presented extravagant caricatures of special classes, trades, or occurrences, and their grotesque situations and lively humour secured them a lasting place in popular favour.

Laws regulating Dramatic Performances.

The failure of the Romans to produce a national drama was due not

only to their national 'gravity' but also to the rigid censorship of the laws. Any personal lampoon, any ill-advised criticism of public affairs, met with summary chastisement. *Fuste feritor* was the laconic edict of the Twelve Tables: and the magistrates seem to have had plenary power to scourge any actor at any time or place that they deemed fit.

Public opinion at Rome.

To legal harshness was added a moral stigma. No Roman citizen could venture to appear on a public stage without losing his character for ever. The composition and performance of plays were handed over entirely to freedmen and slaves, who did not dare to represent Roman life, or introduce Roman topics. Even the rustic raillery and amateur farces of early Rome had to lay their scene in Tuscan Fescennia or Oscan Atella.

Contact with Greek civilisation.

Moreover, in addition to a national deficiency of literary instinct, and ignominious legal penalties, a third cause had operated powerfully in checking any development of dramatic originality. For nearly five centuries the Romans had been engaged in a varying, yet almost ceaseless struggle for supremacy, or even for existence. The defeat of Pyrrhus, 274 B. C., and the final conquest of Tarentum and the other cities of Magna Graecia a few years later, left them undisputed masters of the whole peninsula. They were thus brought into close contact with Greek civilisation at the very moment when they had leisure to attend to it. There began at once to arise an ever-increasing demand for a better education for the Roman youth, and for more varied amusements for the Roman populace. The satisfaction of these demands was delayed by the First Punic War, 264-241 B.C.

Livius Andronicus.

In the next year Livius Andronicus, a Tarentine captive who received his freedom for educating the sons of Livius Salinator, produced on the Roman stage a drama translated from the Greek. He also

translated the Odyssey into Saturnian verse as an educational textbook, which was still in use in the boyhood of Horace. Thus at Rome the beginnings both of Epic and Dramatic poetry were due not so much to poetical inspiration as to the needs of the school-room and the Circus. As might be expected in work thus done to order, there was little artistic merit. The few fragments which remain seem crude and barbarous, and we may well believe that the books were never again opened when the rod of an Orbilius was no longer dreaded.

Old Athenian Comedy.

There could be no doubt as to the school of Attic Comedy to be chosen for imitation. The Old Comedy of Eupolis, Cratinus or Aristophanes, essentially political in its subjects, abounding in topical allusions and trenchant satire of public men and public matters, could not have been reproduced on a Roman stage.

Middle Comedy.

Even the poets of the Middle Comedy, who satirised classes rather than individuals or travestied schools of philosophy, would have seemed far too free to the stern censors of the Republic, and would have been almost unintelligible to the majority of Romans.

New Comedy. The New Comedy was alone available. This was the name given to a school of dramatists, of whom the best known are Philemon, Diphilus, Apollodorus of Carystus, and above all Menander. They wrote at a period (340-260 B. c.) when the power of Macedon had crushed the liberty of Greece. Political life was dead; social life was idle and corrupt. The natural products of such a period of decay were the 'Society' plays of the New Comedy. Their aim was merely to give amusing sketches of every day life¹. The savage satire of Aristophanes only survived in good-humoured banter. The keen strife of Conservatism against Democracy was replaced by intrigues of amorous youths or crafty slaves to out-wit the head of the family. The interest of these plays was not local but cosmopolitan. Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages, and so these plays were naturally suited for the Roman stage. They were

amusing, without the slightest tendency to criticise points of national interest, or otherwise offend against the strict regulations of the Roman magistrates.

1 Cf. Cic. Rep. 4. 11 *imitationem vitae, speculum consuetudinis, imaginem veritatis*.

Cn. Naevius.

Naevius, 235-204 B.C., the first imitator of Livius Andronicus, a Campanian of great ability and force of character, did indeed dare to write with something of Aristophanic freedom. But his temerity in assailing the haughty Metelli, and even the mighty Africanus himself, led first to imprisonment and afterwards to banishment. The experiment was not repeated.

Plautus and Terence.

Between 230 and 160 B. C. the writers of Comedy were fairly numerous², but only two have bequeathed to posterity more than scattered fragments. These two are Titus Maccius Plautus and Publius Terentius Afer.

1 e g. Caecilius, Licinius, Atilius, and others. Ennius, whose fame rests on his Epic poem, also adapted Greek plays, chiefly tragedies, to the Roman stage.

Life and Works of Terence.

Plautus died in 184 B. c. Terence was born in 195 B.C. at Carthage, whence his cognomen 'Afer.' He was a slave, but must early have shown signs of ability for his master Terentius Lucanus gave him a good education, and before long his freedom. His talents gained him admission to the literary clique, known as the Scipionic circle, the fashionable representatives of the new Hellenic culture. Scipio Aemilianus was the centre of the coterie, which included Laelius and Furius Philo, Sulpicius Gallus, Q. Fabius Labeo, M. Popillius, the philosopher Panaetius, and the historian Polybius. These being men

of education and taste, unreservedly recognised the immeasurable superiority of Greek literature as compared with the rude efforts of their native writers. To present to a Roman audience a faithful reproduction of the best Hellenic models, in pure and polished Latin, seemed to them the ideal of literary excellence. Style was more valued than strength, correctness of form more than originality of thought. Such was the literary atmosphere which Terence breathed; and his enemies, not confining themselves to gross aspersions on his moral character, openly affirmed that the plays produced under his name were really the work of his distinguished patrons. How far Scipio or Laelius may have had some hand in his plays can never be known, Terence at any rate did not care to refute the report which doubtless flattered his noble friends, but rather prided himself on the intimacy and approbation of so select a circle. All the plays of Terence, as of Plautus, were *Comoediae palliatae*, i. e. plays wherein the scene and characters are Greek, as opposed to *Comoediae togatae*, where the scene is laid in Rome or at least in Italy. *Praetextatae* was a name given to historic or tragic plays.

Terence's first comedy, the *Andria*, was produced 166 B.C. Suetonius relates that when this play was offered to the Aediles, the young author was told to submit it to the judgment of Caecilius. Terence arrived when the veteran poet was at supper, and being in mean attire was seated on a stool near the table. But he had read no more than a few lines, when Caecilius bade him take a place upon his couch, and bestowed high commendation on the play. As Caecilius died in 168 B.C., the *Andria* must have been in manuscript at least two years before its performance, and some colour is given to the above anecdote by the mention which Terence makes in the Prologue of the ill-natured criticisms of Luscius Lanuvinus. The *Hecyra*, his second play, proved his least successful one. At its first performance in 165 B. c., the audience deserted the theatre to look at some boxers; a similar fate attended a second representation in 160 B.C., and only the personal intercession of the manager. Ambivius Turpio, secured it a hearing at all. The *Hauton Timorumenos* appeared in 163, the *Eunuchus* and *Phormio* in 161, the *Adelphi* in 160. In the same year Terence visited Greece, either to study for himself Athenian manners and customs, or, as some assert, to escape the persecution of his

enemies. According to one account he perished by shipwreck in 159 B. C., as he was returning to Italy with no less than 108 of Menander's comedies translated into Latin. A more general belief was that he died at Stymphalus, in Arcadia, from grief on hearing of the loss of his MSS., which he had sent on before him by sea. Porcius Licinus narrates that his noble patrons suffered him to die in such abject poverty that he had not even a lodging at Rome whither a slave might have brought news of his death.

1 Cf. Suetonius, Vita Terenti 4-5.

This is probably untrue, for Suetonius writes that he left gardens of twenty jugera in extent on the Appian Way, and his daughter afterwards married a Roman knight.

In personal appearance Terence is said to have been of middle height, with a slight figure and reddish-brown hair. Of his character we know nothing, save what can be gathered from his prologues. These indicate a lack of independence and confidence. He evidently feels that he is not a popular poet. He never professes to be more than an adapter from Greek models; imitation, not creation, was the object of his art.

Contrast of Plautus and Terence.

This sensitive *protégé* of patrician patrons has none of the vigorous personality of Plautus. Indeed, though the literary activity of the two poets is only separated by a single generation, their works belong to different epochs of literature. Plautus wrote for the people, he aimed at the broad effect on the stage, his fun was natural and not unfrequently boisterous. Circumstances forced him to adapt foreign plays and lay his scenes in foreign cities, but he was not careful to disguise his true nationality, and freely introduced Roman names, allusions, and customs wherever they might contribute to the dramatic effect on the heterogeneous audience which crowded to the gratuitous entertainments of a Roman holiday; Between such plays and the polished productions of Terence there is a world of difference. Terence sought the approbation, not of the uncultured

masses, but of a select circle of literary men. His highest aim was to produce in the purest Latin a perfect representation of the comedies of Menander and his school. His cardinal virtues, as a writer, were correctness of language and consistency of character. His scene is always laid at Athens, and not once in his six plays is to be found an allusion which is distinctively Roman. Indeed, the whole tone of his writings was cosmopolitan. Human nature, under the somewhat common-place conditions of every-day life in a civilised community, was his subject; *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, was his motto. His plays breathe a spirit of broad-minded liberality, and their simple unaffected style, the easy yet pointed dialogue, the terse and dramatic descriptions, and the admirable delicacy of the portrayal of character, won for Terence from the cultured taste of the Augustan age a more favourable verdict than he could have expected from the rude and unlettered masses who most enjoyed the broad fun of a boisterous farce. The above characteristics secured for Terence considerable attention at the Renaissance in Europe. In England several of the minor dramatists are under obligations to him, while in France his influence profoundly affected Molière, and is in no small degree responsible for the long-continued servitude of the French drama to the 'unities' of time and place which have so cramped its free development. The *Andria* has been adapted to the French stage by Baron as *L'Andrienne*, while Sir Richard Steele has presented it in an English dress as *The Conscious Lovers*.

As might be expected, the characters in Terence, though admirably drawn, are rather commonplace. No personality in his plays stands out in the memory like that of Tyndarus in the *Captivi*, or Stasimus in the *Trinummus*. His morality does not rise above a conventional respectability and a civilised consideration for others, except where the natural impulses inspire a generous disposition with something of nobility.

The discerning criticism of Caesar nearly expresses the more matured judgment of modern times:

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris et merito, puri sermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adiuncta foret vis*

*Comica, ut aequato virtus polleret honore
Cum Graecis, neque in hac despectics parte iaceres;
Unum hoc maceror ac doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.*

Not that Terence was devoid of humour; but his humour is so delicate and refined that it must often have fallen flat upon the stage. When his plays are well known their subtle satire and polished wit can be appreciated; but there is without doubt an absence of energy and action (Caesar's *vis comica*), which prevented his pieces from being dramatically successful. An audience must be educated up to his plays before it can perceive their many excellences.



Very little is known of Terence's life, with Rome being most likely the location of his death